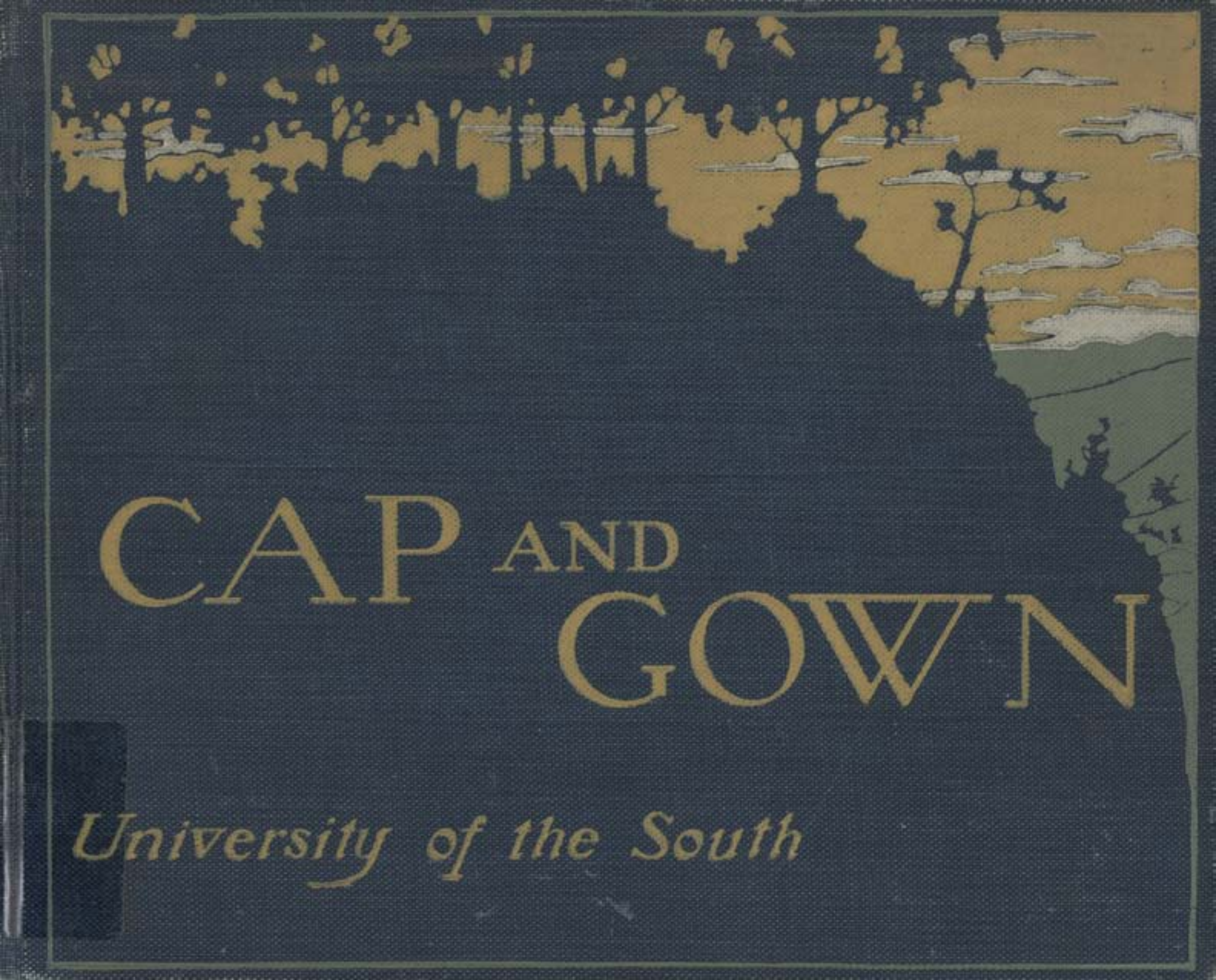


CAP AND GOWN

University of the South



Published by the Students

Volume VI (1898)

The University of the South

Sewanee, Tenn.


PRESS OF
BRANDON PRINTING CO
NASHVILLE



THE LATE RT. REV. CHARLES TODD QUINTARD, D.D., S.T.D., LL.D.

TO THE

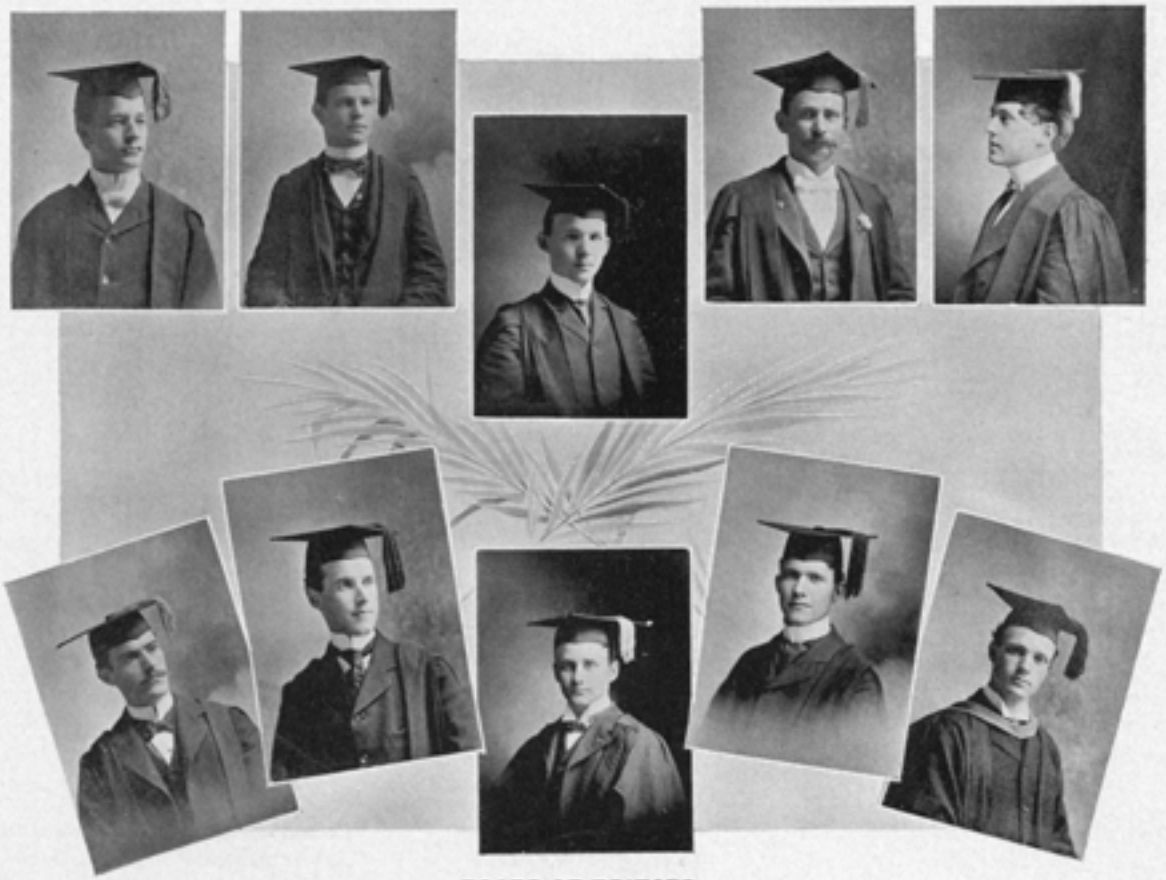
Right Reverend Charles Todd Quintard

D. D., S. T. D., LL. D.

Late Bishop of Tennessee, Second Founder, First Chaplain,
and First Vice-Chancellor of the University of the South,
this volume is affectionately dedicated.



To him who hath with toilsome labor brought
Unto a consummation passing grand
His own memorial, who hath only sought
To labor under guidance of God's hand,
We pay this tribute small, and humbly pray
That Love Divine will Faith Divine repay.



BOARD OF EDITORS

MATTHEWS
WITSELL

RISLEY
HODGSON

GREEN
HOGUE

BOYD
LEA

DE OVIES
NOÉ



The Late Rt. Rev. Charles Todd Quintard, D.D., S.T.D., LL.D. 2
Dedication . . . 7
Board of Editors Photo . . . 8
Board of Editors, Signatures . . . 9
Thanks . . . 10
Greeting . . . 11
Bishop Quintard . . . 12-16
Calendar . . . 17
Board of Trustees . . . 18-19
Fulford Hall (Residence of Bishop Quintard) . . . 20
Academic Faculty Photo . . . 21
The Medical Faculty Photo . . . 22
Officers of Instruction and Government . . . 23-24
Alumni Directory . . . 25
Mappe of Ye Ancient Town of Sewanee—Year 1 . . . 26
Academic Department . . . 27-31
St. Luke's Hall Photo . . . 32
Theological Department . . . 33-36
The Law Department . . . 37-40
Medical Department . . . 41-50
Summary of Students . . . 51
In Memoriam . . . 52
The Editor and the Sensitive Student . . . 53
"In Old Forensic" . . . 54
Commencement, 1897 . . . 55-58
The Class of '97 . . . 59-60
The Class of '98 . . . 61
The Class of '98 Photo . . . 62
The Class of '98 Records . . . 63-64
Fraternities . . . 65
In Order of Establishment . . . 66
Alpha Tau Omega . . . 67-70
Sigma Alpha Epsilon . . . 71-74
Fraternities—Continued—Kappa Sigma . . . 75-78
Phi Delta Theta . . . 79-82
Delta Tau Delta . . . 83-86
Kappa Alpha . . . 87-90
Pi Kappa Alpha . . . 91-94
Fraternity Men without Chapters . . . 95-96
Pan-Hellenic Convention . . . 97
Near Slope Wall—Photo . . . 98
The Literary Societies . . . 99
Sigma Epsilon . . . 100-102
Pi Omega . . . 103-106
The Chelidon . . . 107
Homiletic Society . . . 108
The English Club of Sewanee . . . 109
E. Q. B. . . . 110-111
Vanderbilt-Sewanee Debate . . . 112-116
Southern Interstate Oratorical Association . . . 117
Sewanee Alumni Association of New York . . . 118
Rev. Charles Edward Hoffman, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L. . . . 119
Association of the Texas Alumni of Sewanee . . . 120-121
Breslin Tower and the Walsh Building . . . 122
Sewanee Publications . . . 123
Sewanee Literary Magazine . . . 124
Cap and Gown . . . 125
University of the South Magazine . . . 126
Purple Staff Photo . . . 127
Editors of the Purple . . . 128-129
The Sewanee Times . . . 130
The Sewanee Review . . . 131
Books of the Year . . . 132
Literary Department . . . 133
"After Exams"—Photo . . . 134
Sewanee—Poem—Illustrated . . . 135

Literary Department—Continued
Totum aut Nihil . . . 136
A Chelidon Banquet . . . 136–142
"Nailed to Flagpole"—Poem . . . 143
Fabula . . . 144
To Swinburne—Poem . . . 144
Ye Song of Ye Academic Gownsmen . . . 145
A Name—Verse . . . 146
The Phantom House-Party; or Ships that Repass . . . 146–152
Seventy-first Elegiac, Catullus—Verse . . . 153
A Grammar School Tragedy . . . 153–155
Sonnets to the Sea . . . 156
"My Dear Ponto" . . . 157–160
The World's Praise—Poem . . . 160
War . . . 161–162
"O What a Fool a Poet Is" . . . 163
"I Neatly Tuned My Rosy Violin" . . . 163
Billy's Plagiarism . . . 164–167
A Tennessee Mountaineer—Photo . . . 168
Cupid vs. Mars . . . 169–171
A 'Varsity Man's Excuse—Poem . . . 172
A Question—Poem . . . 172
Jim Bradlow's Nemesis . . . 173–180
A Plantation Love Song of 1812 . . . 181
Of a Robbery—Verse . . . 181
"Before"—Poem . . . 182
"After"—Poem . . . 183
Sokrates' Second Visit to Sewanee . . . 184–186
A Mid-Summer Night's Dream . . . 187–188
To Orra—Verse . . . 188
College vs. Country . . . 189–191
To the Sphynx—Poem . . . 192
Of Dead Love—Poem . . . 193
A Thanksgiving Day Game . . . 194–197
Morgan Steep—Photo . . . 198
Two Tempests in One Tea-Pot . . . 199–200
With a Lesson . . . 201–204
The Two Philosophers . . . 205
Around the Doctor's Table . . . 206–208
Repeated History . . . 209–211
Ye Angel and Ye Prophet—Poem . . . 212
Church College Scholarships . . . 213
My Cigarette—Verse . . . 214
Athletics . . . 215
Sewanee Athletic Association . . . 216
Southern Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association . . . 217
Track Team . . . 218
Track Team Photo . . . 219
Best Sewanee Records . . . 220
Football . . . 221
Athletics—Continued
Football Team Photo . . . 222
Football Team . . . 223
Football Team Records . . . 224–225
Baseball Team '97—Photo . . . 226
Baseball Team '97 . . . 227
Baseball Team '98—Photo . . . 228
Baseball Team '98 . . . 229
Baseball Records . . . 230–231
Hardee-Sewanee Championships . . . 232
Sewance and Vanderbilt . . . 232
Hall League, 1898 . . . 233
Young America in the National Game . . . 234
Clubs and Organizations . . . 235
College Choir Photo . . . 236
College Choir . . . 237
Glee Club . . . 238
Tennis Club . . . 239
Senior German Club . . . 240–241
Junior German Club . . . 242–243
U. A. C. . . . 244
Chess Club . . . 245
11+1 . . . 246
O. G. R. . . . 250
Galleher Hall Photo . . . 251
Galleher Hall Devils and Baseball Team . . . 252
The Hermitage . . . 253
St. Luke's Hall . . . 254–256
Missionary Society . . . 257
Law Club . . . 258
Alabama Club . . . 259
Georgia Club . . . 260
Louisiana Club . . . 261
South Carolina Club . . . 262
Tennessee Club . . . 263
Texas Club . . . 264
Virginia Club . . . 265
Prizes . . . 266–267
Gags . . . 268
An Apology . . . 269
Recent Books . . . 270
Order of the Sacred Toe . . . 271–272
The Only Cloud in the Sky . . . 272
Jove and Dogs . . . 273
A Tribute . . . 274
When the Quadrangle is Completed—Poem . . . 275
Representing Five Puzzling Students . . . 276
Applied Quotations . . . 277–278
Charge of the Student Brigade, and other poems . . . 279–284
Advertisements . . . 285


BOARD
EDITORS
Richard Walker Hogue.
Editor-in-Chief
Douglas Matthews
Howard Sauk Rasley.
William Postell Witsell.
Thomas Pastan Noé
Charles William Boyd
Associate Editors
Burmeister Hunnicutt.
art Editor



Contributors

RT. REV. THOS. F. GAILOR, D. D., S. T. D.

REV. LOUIS TUCKER, M. A.
REV. GARDINER L. TUCKER, M. A.
W. H. MACKELLAR, M. A.
H. J. MIKELL, M. A.
M. G. JOHNSTON
G. B. THOMAS, M. D.
C. S. PARTRIDGE
H. W. STARR
H. W. JERVEY, B. A.
J. F. MATTHEWS, B. A.
R. C. HALL
E. E. TUCKER



Kimbrough

In the hope that this volume may successfully portray, as far as it is possible to portray them, the life, the activities, and the thought of Sewanee; in the hope that it may prove a memorial to him whose greatest memorial is the fair cloudland city that his faith and zeal raised from the ashes of an earlier foundation; and in the further hope that its shortcomings may be pardoned for the sake of those things which have been attempted, however inadequately, in its pages, Cap and Gown '98 is offered to Sewanee and those of Sewanee.

—The Editors

Bishop Quintard



SEWANEE has ever been a place of striking personalities. The University of the South has been built up on men, not on things. For thirty years the mountain life has been singular, remarkable, picturesque with strong and vigorous and unusual types of manhood. The creators of its social and academic atmosphere have been men out of the common mould, men of mark and men of tremendous individuality—and this, after all, is the real secret of Sewanee's power. Hardly another institution in the land, in the short period of thirty years, can count up so many unique and dominant characters who have given to it not only their friendship, but their very life. It is a splendid roll of names, each shining out from the canvas with clear and inspiring distinctness. Take them any way you please, and the list is wonderful. Beginning with Polk and Otey and Elliott, who originated the University, and going on to Quintard, who refounded and reëstablished it, then to the men who made it what it is, Shoup, Dabney, Harrison, Gorgas, Kirby-Smith, Du Bose, Hodgson, Green Wilmer, Gregg, Galleher—there is not a name that does not carry with it the memory of an individuality as clear-cut as any cameo in its fineness and force.

And of all the men who, by toil and sacrifice and loving interest, helped to create the social and academic life of this place, there was none so completely and utterly identified with it, and none whose spirit and ideals permeated it so thoroughly, as Bishop Quintard. For the first twenty years of the University's existence, at least, it could almost be said that Bishop Quintard was Sewanee and Sewanee was Bishop Quintard.

And he certainly deserved the honour. He made the place, not only building up the University, but giving his very heart and soul to the community. The tone, the temper, the social and religious atmosphere came from him more than from anyone else. It could almost be said that the trees and flowers in the yards about Sewanee would not be what they are without him. He loved the mountain and the University and the people with a great, unwavering love that time and trial could not weaken but only deepen and increase.

It is to this great bishop, this good man, this dearest friend of hers, that Sewanee dedicates this number of the CAP AND GOWN, and hereby records her love and reverence, her everlasting gratitude.

It is not the object of this article to give a biography of the Bishop, but to tell, if possible, in a simple way, what manner of man he was. For his life, it may suffice to say that he was born December 22, 1824, consecrated Bishop October 11, 1865, reopened the University September 18, 1866, and died February 15, 1898. He was Bishop of Tennessee for thirty-three years, lived at Sewanee for nearly thirty years, being its first Vice-Chancellor. He was a preacher of remarkable eloquence, a stalwart Churchman, a gentleman of the finest type; a lover of all good things in art, literature, and science; a man of culture and refined taste; a loyal friend, generous to a fault and boundless in his hospitality. His nature was bright, joyous, and impulsive, and age did not diminish the exceeding tenderness of his love and sympathy for young men and his delight in their society. He lived the larger life here, and passed on to its full fruition, in his ripe age, before his eye was dim or his natural force abated.



CONSECRATED 1865

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

Bishop Quintard's character was marked by three special qualities, which stand out conspicuously in any portrait we may draw of him. He had great conviction and great courage and a great heart.

Few men have believed more deeply than he did, and still fewer have had his courage to declare and defend convictions. This made him a powerful factor in any movement, and gave him the wonderful success in his appeals for Sewanee in the early days: for in this work he was enthusiastic, persistent and simply invincible. The files of the newspapers in most of the Southern cities during the years between 1868 and 1875 are filled with notices of the Bishop's visits on behalf of the University of the South, with praises of his eloquence, his energy, his personal magnetism, not without reference to his "high churchmanship" and the fact that people of all shades of opinion thronged the churches to hear him speak.

No one who knew the Bishop in those days can forget his quick and nervous figure, his bright eye, his strong face imprisoned in the jet-black beard, his voice—like no other voice we ever heard—as musical as the lute and resonant as a silver bugle; his tremendous earnestness, his ringing words, his passionate richness and force of expression. When he went to England in 1867 the newspapers there were captivated by his power in the pulpit. One of the Liverpool dailies said that "the Bishop of Tennessee speaks English better than an Englishman, and preaches with the fire and clearness of La Cordaire."

In private conversation his graceful and gracious manner and his ready wit enabled him to stand up for his opinions with singular outrightness and fearlessness, and yet generally without giving personal offense. When a friend in New York twitted him with building a church at Sewanee and calling it St. Paul's-on-the-Mountain, and asked why there should be such a combination, the Bishop readily replied: "Because St. Paul preached on *Mars* Hill." (It was a favorite theory at that time, based on the statement of some Cherokee Indians, that "Sewanee" meant "Mother's Mountain.")

Just before the battle of Franklin, Tenn., in 1864, a famous Confederate General, renowned not only for his personal bravery but also for his remarkable profanity, had ridden up with his staff to a place where a piece of artillery was stalled in the mud, and in great rage had begun to curse the mules and the drivers in his unrivaled vocabulary. The members of the staff sat on their horses in dumb silence. The air seemed almost thick with oaths. Just then Dr. Quintard rode up to the group of officers, listened for a single moment, and then, spurring his horse straight against the General's, in his extraordinary and impulsive way, seized the General's coat with his left hand and shaking his right forefinger in his face, with vehemence said: "Stop, sir! Stop, sir! Respect that God into whose presence you may go before this day is over."



ELECTED VICE-CHANCELLOR
FEBRUARY 14, 1867

The General for half a second looked at him with amazed anger, and then very gently removed the Chaplain's hand from his coat and said: "Doctor, I beg your pardon," and turning to his staff, "Gentlemen, I apologize for my hasty temper and my passionate words."

After the war, when Dr. Quintard made his first visitation to Nashville, as Bishop of Tennessee, that General presented himself for confirmation, and after the service he went into the vestry-room and said, "Bishop, I have tried hard since that day at Franklin to overcome my evil habit and, by God's help, I believe that I am succeeding."

Almost innumerable are the stories told of him when he was Chaplain in the army, all illustrating the courage and the positiveness of his opinions, the kindness of his heart. The writer remembers a railway conductor saying to him one day: "You know, I belong to Bishop Quintard. He saved my leg and perhaps my life at Chickamauga." "How was that?" "Well, you see, I was badly wounded in the right leg, and had been taken to a log house near by. When the surgeons came they said at once that the leg must be amputated, and I begged them not to do it. But it was of no use. They got their saws ready, and just as they were about to begin, in came Dr. Quintard, and I appealed to him. He examined the wound and said to the surgeons: 'What are you going to do?' And they replied, 'We've got to amputate

the leg.' 'Nonsense!' said the Chaplain, 'I'll take care of him.' And he did. He nursed me there for two weeks, and now that leg is as good as the other.''

After the battle of Franklin Dr. Quintard went over the field and found the bodies of six officers whom he knew. He hired a negro man to make six plain wooden coffins, helped him to put them into a wagon, and then drove with them himself about sixteen miles to Ashwood, where he interred them with the service of the Church.



CHAPLAIN OF THE ORDER OF THE HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM, FEBRUARY, 1868

There was an incident which the Bishop used to tell for the encouragement of his younger clergy. He said: "You know, there was one man in the army that I could never get at, and that was the Commander-in-Chief, General Bragg. He had the reputation of being so stern, and so sharp in his sarcasm, that many men were afraid to go near him. Yet I often thought of him in connection with my work. He never came to the Communion, and I never heard of his being a member of any religious denomination. So, when the army was camped at Shelbyville, and Bishop Elliott had given me notice of a visitation, I determined to have a talk with General Bragg. It was late in the afternoon when I started for his headquarters. I found two tents and a sentry at the outer one. I asked for General Bragg, and the sentry said: 'You can not see him. He is very busy, and has given positive orders not to be disturbed, except for a matter of life and death.' That cooled my enthusiasm, and I returned to my own quarters, and all the night long blamed myself for my timidity. The next day I started out again. I found the same sentry, and received the same reply. This time, however, I was resolved to see the General, no matter what happened. I said: 'It is a matter of life and death.' The sentry withdrew, and in a few minutes returned and said: 'You can see the General, but I advise you to be brief. He is not in a good humor.' This chilled me, but I went in. I found the General dictating to two secretaries. He met me and said: 'Well, Dr. Quintard, what can I do for you. I am quite busy.' I stammered out that I wanted to see him by himself. He said that was impossible, but I persisted. Finally, he dismissed the secretaries, and said: 'Your business must be of grave importance, sir.' I was very much frightened, but I asked the General



LONDON, 1870

please to be seated, and then I fixed my eye upon a knot-hole in the pine board floor, and I talked about Our Blessed Lord, and about the responsibilities of a man in his position. I looked up and saw tears in the General's eyes. Then I took courage and urged him to be confirmed. At last he came to me, and took both my hands in his, and said: 'I have been waiting for twenty years to have someone say this to me, and I thank you from my heart. Certainly I shall be confirmed, if you will give me the necessary instruction.' And so, a few weeks afterward, General Bragg was confirmed by Bishop Elliott, in the presence of his army, and made his first communion."

These are characteristic incidents of a really wonderful career. And yet how simple and unreserved he was to us at Sewanee! How well he knew the students individually, and how free they felt in their intercourse with him! How he jested with them, and teased or scolded them, in his warm-hearted and demonstrative way—always ready to hear the tale of sin or sorrow, to comfort the mourner, and help the weak! It seems impossible that there should be Sewanee without him, and even now we hardly realize that he will not return, that it is all over, that he is gone from this earthly life forever. Yet the spirit he helped to create shall live on. His influence can not die. His work shall remain. His name and memory shall be sacred and beloved, while one stone stands upon another, and while one generation of students succeeds another in the University of the South.



1898

March 17 Lent Term begins in all Departments of the University, except the Medical.
April 8 Good Friday; a holiday.
April 10 Easter Day.
April 11 Easter Monday; a holiday.
May 18.....Opening of preliminary term, Medical Department.
May 19.....Ascension Day; a holiday.
June 16.....Medical Department opens.
June 24.....Nativity of St. John the Baptist; a holiday.
July 4 National holiday.
July 18.....General Examinations begin.
July 27.....The Commencement Exercises of the Sewanee Grammar School.
July 28.....Board of Trustees meet and Commencement Exercises begin.
July 29.....Contest in Declamation for the Knight Medal.
July 31.....Commencement Sermon, 11 A. M. Annual Sermon before the St. Luke's Brotherhood, 8 P. M.
August 1 Contest in Oratory between the Pi Omega and Sigma Epsilon Literary Societies.
August 2 Address before the Literary Societies.
August 3 Lent Term ends. Public Literary Exercises of the Associate Alumni.

Trinity Term

August 4 COMMENCEMENT DAY. Trinity Term begins in all Departments of the University.
August 5 Three days recess.
August 8 Examination and Classification of new students.
August 11 Special Service in St. Augustine's Chapel, with address by the Vice-Chancellor.
September 5 Labor Day; a holiday.
September 18.....Foundation Day; a holiday.
October 18.....St. Luke's Day; a holiday.
November 1 All Saints Day; a holiday.
November 24 Thanksgiving Day; national holiday.
December 11.....General Examinations begin.
December 22.....Trinity Term ends.

The Scholastic Year begins with the Trinity Term.

Board of Trustees

The Bishops

RT. REV. THOMAS U. DUDLEY, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.
Bishop of Kentucky, Chancellor and President of the Board, Louisville

RT. REV. RICHARD H. WILMER, D.D.
Bishop of Alabama, Spring Hill

RT. REV. HENRY N. PIERCE, D.D., LL.D.
Bishop of Arkansas, Little Rock

RT. REV. ALEXANDER C. GARRETT, D.D., LL.D.
Bishop of Dallas, Dallas, Texas

RT. REV. HUGH MILLER THOMPSON, D.D., D.C.L.
Bishop of Mississippi, Jackson

RT. REV. ALFRED A. WATSON, D.D., D.C.L.
Bishop of East Carolina, Wilmington

RT. REV. EDWIN G. WEED, D.D.
Bishop of Florida, Jacksonville

RT. REV. JAMES S. JOHNSTON, D.D.
Missionary Bishop of Western Texas, San Antonio

RT. REV. HENRY M. JACKSON, D.D.
Bishop-Coadjutor of Alabama, Eufaula

RT. REV. DAVIS SESSUMS, D.D.
Bishop of Louisiana, New Orleans

RT. REV. CLELAND K. NELSON, D.D.
Bishop of Georgia, Atlanta

RT. REV. GEORGE H. KINSOLVING, D.D.
Bishop of Texas, Austin

RT. REV. WILLIAM C. GRAY, D.D.
Missionary Bishop of Southern Florida, Orlando

RT. REV. ELLISON CAPERS, D.D.
Bishop of South Carolina, Columbia

RT. REV. THOMAS F. GAILOR, D.D., S.T.D.
Bishop of Tennessee, Memphis

RT. REV. JOSEPH BLOUNT CHESHIRE, D.D.
Bishop of North Carolina, Raleigh

RT. REV. LEWIS W. BURTON, D.D.
Bishop of Lexington, Lexington

Clerical and Lay Trustees

Alabama

Rev. W. D. Powers, D.D., Montgomery
O. F. Cawthon, Mobile
J. L. Coons, Montgomery

Arkansas

Rev. John Gass, Little Rock
John M. Daggett, Mariana
R. B. Bancroft, Hot Springs

Asheville

Rev. McNeely DuBose, B.D., Asheville
T. W. Patton, Asheville

East Carolina

Rev. Stewart McQueen, Goldsboro
Wm. B. Shepard, Edenton
Graham Daves, New Berne

North Carolina

Rev. F. J. Murdock, D.D., Salisbury
William L. London, Pittsboro
William A. Smith, Ansonville

South Carolina

Rev. James G. Glass, Summerville
H. E. Young, Charleston
Thomas Pinckney, Charleston

Dallas

Rev. Hudson Stuck, Dallas
W. S. Simkins, Dallas
J. L. Autry, Corsicana

Florida

Rev. R. E. Grubb, Jacksonville
G. R. Fairbanks, M. A., Fernandina
W. W. Hampton, Gainesville

Southern Florida

Rev. Charles M. Gray, Ocala
R. W. Mackey, Orlando
B. A. Weathers, Ocala

Georgia

Rev. F. F. Reese, Macon
W. K. Miller, Augusta
Z. D. Harrison, Atlanta

Kentucky

Rev. R. Estill, D.D., Louisville
J. G. McCullough, Louisville
A. M. Rutledge, Louisville

Lexington

Rev. D. D. Chapin, B. D., Maysville
F. H. Dudley, Winchester
Fayette Hewitt, Frankfort

Louisiana

Rev. W. P. D. Dalzell, D.D., Shreveport
J. B. Elliott, Jr., M.A., M.D., New Orleans
W. Guion, Napoleonville

Mississippi

Rev. Walter R. Dye, Columbus
H. F. Simrall, LL.D. Glass
G. W. Howard, M. D., Vicksburg

Tennessee

Rev. J. E. Martin, D.D., Jackson
H. H. Lurton, Nashville
A. T. McNeal, Bolivar

Texas

Rev. T. J. Crosby, Belton
A. S. Cleveland, B. A., Houston
R. L. Brown, Austin

Western Texas

Rev. F. R. Starr, Gonzales
W. P. Finley, M. A., San Antonio
David Gregg, Luling

Associate Alumni Trustees

Rev. Albion W. Knight, Atlanta, Ga.
John D. Shaffer, B. S., Hillendale, La.
Silas McBee, Lincolnton, N. C.

Officers

Rev. John Kershaw, Charleston, S. C., *Secretary of the Board of Trustees*
Rev. W. Dudley Powers, D.D., Montgomery, Ala., *Commissioner of Endowment*
Rev. F. W. Tremlett, D.C.L., Belsize Park, London, *Commissary to the University*

Standing Committees

TO ACT DURING THE RECESS OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Executive Committee

Rt. Rev. T. U. Dudley, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., Louisville, Ky., *Chairman*
Rt. Rev. T. F. Gailor, S.T.D., Memphis, Tenn. (1899)
Rt. Rev. C. K. Nelson, D.D., Atlanta, Ga. (1898)
Rt. Rev. Davis Sessums, D.D., New Orleans, La. (1900)
Rev. J. A. Van Hoose, B.Lit., Birmingham, Ala. (1899)
Rev. W. D. Powers, D.D., Montgomery, Ala. (1900)
Rev. A. W. Knight, Atlanta, Ga. (1898)
G. R. Fairbanks, M.A., Fernandina, Fla. (1899), *Secretary*
A. T. McNeal, Bolivar, Tenn. (1898)
Z. D. Harrison, Atlanta, Ga. (1900)

Endowment Committee

Rt. Rev. C. K. Nelson, D.D., Atlanta, Ga.
Rev. W. D. Powers, D.D., Montgomery, Ala.
W. K. Miller, Augusta, Ga.



FULFORD HALL—RESIDENCE OF BISHOP QUINTARD



ACADEMIC FACULTY

PROF. GUERRY
PROF. SPARKS
PROF. NAUTS

DEAN DUBOSE
VICE-CHANCELLOR WIGGINS
PROF. BARTON

PROF. STARR
DEAN TRENT
DEAN RAMAGE

PROF. WELLS
PROF. WHITE
R. M. DUBOSE



THE MEDICAL FACULTY

(FULL PROFESSORS)

PROF. BASS
PROF. NICHOL
PROF. BARBOUR

PROF. PIGGOTT
DEAN CAIN
PROF. HALL

PROF. YOUNG
PROF. WOOD
PROF. THOMAS

The University of the South

Officers of Instruction and Government

B. LAWTON WIGGINS, M. A., *Vice-Chancellor*

B. LAWTON WIGGINS, M. A.
Professor of Ancient Languages

REV. WILLIAM P. DuBOSE, M. A., S. T. D.
Dean of the Theological Department and Professor of Exegesis and Moral Science

CAMERON PIGGOT, M. D.
Professor of Chemistry and Geology

WILLIAM P. TRENT, M. A.
Dean of the Department of Arts and Sciences and Professor of English and History

BENJAMIN W. WELLS, PH. D.
Professor of Modern Languages

JOHN S. CAIN, M. D.
Dean of the Medical Department and Professor of Medical Practice and Clinical Medicine

T. HILLIARD WOOD, M. D.
Professor of Diseases of the Eye, Ear, and Throat

J. B. MURFREE, M. D.
Professor of Surgery

BURR J. RAMAGE, PH. D.
Dean of the Law Department and Professor of Common and Statute Law

WILLIAM B. YOUNG, M. D.
Professor of Gynæcology

WILLIAM B. HALL, M. A., M. D.
Professor of Physiology, Materia Medica, and Botany

REV. WILLIAM A. GUERRY, M. A., B. D.
Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology

REV. GREENOUGH WHITE, M. A., B. D.
Professor of Ecclesiastical History

REV. REGINALD H. STARR, M. A., D. D.
Professor of Dogmatic Theology

SAMUEL M. BARTON, PH. D.
Professor of Mathematics

L. P. BARBOUR, M. D.
Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women

W. L. NICHOL, M. D.
Professor of Instrumental Obstetrics

GEORGE BRUCE THOMAS,
Professor of General Pathology

WILLIAM B. NAUTS, M. A.
Associate Professor of Ancient Languages

JAMES W. HANDLY, M. D.
Associate Professor of Genito-Urinary Surgery

JOSEPH PETTYJOHN,
Lecturer on Genito-Urinary Diseases

GEORGE RENEAU RAU, M. D.
Professor of Anatomy and Microscopy

JOHN M. BASS, M. D.
Associate Professor of Children's Diseases

SAMUEL S. BRIGGS, M. D.
Associate Professor of Minor and Clinical Surgery

RT. REV. THOMAS U. DUDLEY, D. D., LL. D., D. C. L.
Lecturer in Theology

RT. REV. THOMAS F. GAILOR, M. A., S. T. D.
Lecturer in Canon Law

RT. REV. HENRY M. JACKSON, D. D.
Lecturer in Theology

RT. REV. DAVIS SESSUMS, D. D.
Lecturer in Theology

ROBERT B. LEES, M. D., D. D. S.
Lecturer in Oral and Dental Surgery

JOHN LOWRY, M. A.
Instructor in Elocution

J. EDWARD MILES
Instructor in Physical Culture

S. D. WILCOX
Instructor in Commercial Courses

R. H. PETERS, MUS. D.
Instructor Summer School of Music

CHARLES FIRMAN SMITH, B. S., LL. B.
Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence

REV. CHARLES B. SPARKS
Instructor in Hebrew

M. P. W. RAINOLD, M. D., D. D. S.
Lecturer in Medical Dentistry

W. L. BROWN, M. D., D. D. S.
Dental Surgery

J. Q. SUTTON, M. D.
Lecturer on Venereal Diseases

W. D. HAGGARD, JR., M. D.
Lecturer on Gynæcology

FRED J. CREASE, PH. G.
Professor of Pharmacology and Toxicology

PAUL M. K. LUCK, PH. G.
Professor of Practical Pharmacy

REV. W. A. GUERRY, M. A., B. D.
Chaplain

ROBERT M. DU BOSE
Treasurer

W. B. HALL, M. A., M. D.
Health Officer

ROBERT L. COLMORE
Commissary

S. D. WILCOX
Registrar and Acting Librarian

C. B. K. WEED, M. A.
M. G. JOHNSTON
Proctors

Hebdomadal Board

This Board is elected by the Board of Trustees to act as a council of advice in the government of the University

B. LAWTON WIGGINS, M. A., VICE-CHANCELLOR, *Chairman ex officio*

REV. W. P. DU BOSE, M. A., S. T. D.
CAMERON PIGGOT, M. D.
W. P. TRENT, M. A.
B. W. WELLS, PH. D.
J. S. CAIN, M. D.
B. J. RAMAGE, PH. D.
W. B. HALL, M. A., M. D.
REV. W. A. GUERRY, M. A., B. D.
REV. R. H. STARR, M. A., D. D.
S. M. BARTON, PH. D.

Alumni Directory

President of the Association

RT. REV. DAVIS SESSUMS, M. A., D. D., Bishop of Louisiana

Vice-Presidents

B. LAWTON WIGGINS, M. A., Vice-Chancellor, Sewanee

REV. F. L. COYLE, M. A., New Orleans, Louisiana

REV. W. A. GUERRY, M. A., B. D., Chaplain, Sewanee

E. H. HINTON, Georgia

W. P. FINLEY, M. A., San Antonio, Texas

Secretary

W. H. MACKELLAR, M. A., Sewanee

Treasurer

W. B. HALL, M. A., M. D., Sewanee

Corresponding Secretary

W. B. NAUTS, M. A., Sewanee

Executive Committee

B. L. WIGGINS

REV. H. STUCK

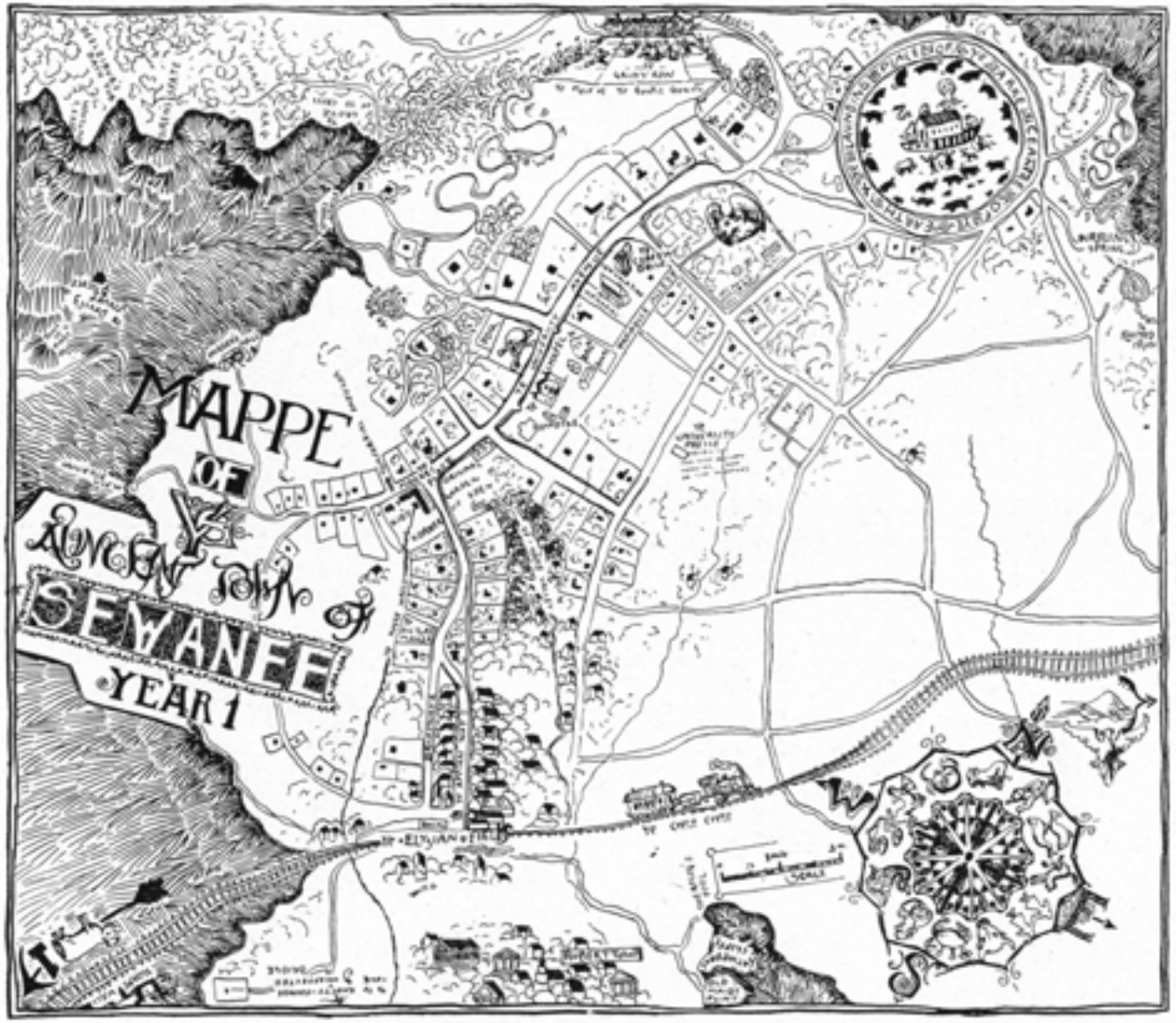
W. B. HALL

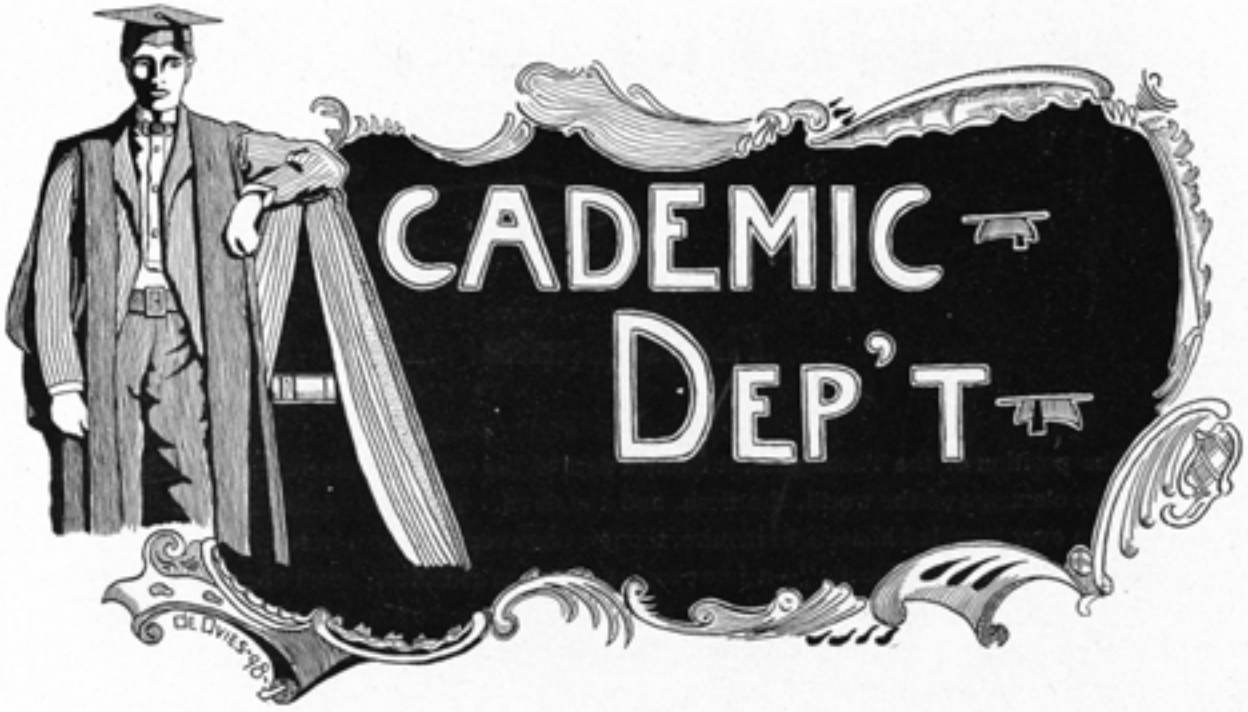
W. H. MACKELLAR

REV. R. HALE

Chairman Bureau of Information

W. H. MACKELLAR


MAPPE
OF
ANCIENT TOWN OF
SEWANEE
YEAR 1


ACADEMIC
DEP'T
CE. DAVIES '98



The Academics

Looked at from the position of the Theologues, it forms a part of the vast unregenerate; an untouched field for future work, combining all the elements of the world, the flesh, and the devil. How the Meds regard it has never been determined, since no Academ ever troubled himself to inquire, though there seems to be a prevalent belief amongst the Medicos that "Academic" is a distortion of "epidemic"—a just conclusion if one considers the number of invalids about quiz time. How the Profs view it no one ever knew; that is a secret hidden deep in the bosoms of the Hebdomadal Board. And how do they regard themselves? That is certainly no secret. But space prevents even an abridged list of the virtues which the Academ possesses—from his own standpoint.

The visitor sees in them only a collection of young men, some who have gowns and are thoroughly conscious of it, more who have not, and who are painfully conscious of it. Technically they are divided into Juniors and Seniors.

To begin with a Junior in the beginning, when he first reaches the mountain (and before he has had his toe pulled) and attempt to classify him, is an almost impossible thing. He comes in so many strange forms. He develops in



so many different ways. You can never tell what he is going to do or be. He may come pale and weak, and develop into a brawny football player. He may arrive with trousers short enough to show vast expanses of white cotton socks, and in a twelve month be leading a german in Forensic. You can never tell. Nothing seems impossible to the Junior. It is a proud day for the Junior when the V. C. "reads him out" in chapel, and he becomes a gownsman; almost as proud a day as when his name is posted on an athletic team.

Roughly speaking, the Academs may be divided into four classes: the students, the athletes, the society men, and those who don't do anything in particular. Considering the delicacy of their constitutions (judging, of course, from the "excused on account of illness" in the Proctor's books), the mortality of this body is very small.

The athlete, whom a quiz in Latin will drive into nervous dyspepsia, can arise smiling and blood-stained from the bottom of the hottest football scrimmage perfectly able to continue the game to the end.

The society man, who would drop off his chair with sleep if he attempted a half-hour's work, can stay up far into the "wee sma'" hours at a german.

The youth who "never does anything in particular" can be heard giving the yell from one end of the Hardee field to the other, yet can not speak above a whisper in the classroom.

Yet no one can doubt that it is in this department that the old Sewanee spirit was born and is nurtured. It is from their midst that our athletic teams go forth, and often some of our best students. It is this body that the summer girl especially loves, and well may she, for they have earned her appreciation by generations of tried devotion. They are faithful, too, these Academs—faithful to the summer girl as long as she smiles on them; faithful to their old brothers, for they cherish traditions of "Blackie," and "Brown," and "Billy Cleveland," their pet heroes; faithful above all to Sewanee. To be sure, they will skip classes, and they will fall in love, and they sometimes get mysterious packages from "J. Davis," but watch them when there is a 'Varsity game, and you'll see the old Sewanee spirit in their eyes and you'll hear it in their shouts as they applaud success or encourage to victory—the same spirit that makes us love, we don't know how or why, everything connected with Sewanee.



JOHN BENNETT.

Academic Department

W. P. TRENT, M. A., DEAN

Gownsmen

ALLEN, LEWIS * Charleston, S. C.
BEALE, PHELAN Montgomery, Ala.
BENJAMIN, HARBERT WILSON Illawara, La.
BIRD, STEPHEN MOYLAN Galveston, Texas
BLOUNT, EUGENE HARMON Nacogdoches, Texas
BRANCH, AUSTIN THOMAS Augusta, Ga.
BRANCH, ROBERT IRVINE Augusta, Ga.
CADMAN, GODFREY WILLIAM RADCLYFFE . . Narcoossee, Fla.
COBBS, WILLIAM ADDISON Greensboro, Ala.
COLMORE, CHARLES BLAYNEY Sewanee, Tenn.
COLMORE, LEONEL HENRY Sewanee, Tenn.
DEWEY, CHAUNCEY McKinney, Texas
EDWARDS, GEORGE CLIFTON Dallas, Texas
FARRAR, EDGAR HOWARD, JR. New Orleans, La.
FRANKLIN, RICHARD WEST Houston, Texas
FURNISS, JOHN NEILSON Selma, Ala.
GILLETT, WILLIAM LOWRY Evansville, Ind.
GRAY, CAMPBELL Orlando, Fla.
GRAY, CHARLES QUINTARD Ocala, Fla.
HAMILTON, JOSEPH GRÉGOIRE DE ROULHAC . Hillsboro, N. C.
HARRISON, JESSE MCVEIGH Hannibal, Mo.
HODGSON, TELFAIR Sewanee, Tenn.
JEMISON, ROBERT SORSBY Birmingham, Ala.
JERVEY, HUGER WILKINSON Charleston, S. C.
JOHNSON, BERTRAM PAGE Sewanee, Tenn.
JOYNER, EDMUND NOAH, JR. Columbia, S. C.
KING, ALFRED NEWELL Nashville, Tenn.
LANDAUER, HORACE HAAS Natchez, Miss.
LEA, LUKE Nashville, Tenn.
LEA, OVERTON, JR. Nashville, Tenn.
MATTHEWS, JAMES FOUCHÉ Anniston, Ala.
MEMMINGER, LUCIEN Flat Rock, N. C.
PARTRIDGE, CHARLES STEVENS Selma, Ala.
POOLE, WILLIAM HENRY Glyndon, Md.
RISLEY, HOWARD SANK Georgetown, S. C.
SCOTT, FREDERICK MYERS, JR. Atlanta, Ga.
SEIBELS, HENRY GOLDTHWAITE Montgomery, Ala.
SELDEN, JOSÉ MARTIN Augusta, Ga.
SHEPHERD, DAVID ALEXANDER Sewanee, Tenn.
SHIELDS, BAYARD BENOIST Jacksonville, Fla.
SLACK, CHARLES JOHN Sewanee, Tenn.
SOUTHWELL, RALPH DE LANEY New Iberia, La.
STARR, HOMER WORTHINGTON San Angelo, Texas
THOMPSON, WILLIAM BESS, II Dallas, Texas
TITUS, JAMES LEWIS Murfreesboro, Tenn.
TUCKER, ERNEST ECKFORD Mobile, Ala.
WESTCOTT, WILLIAM BEVERLY Montgomery, Ala.
WILLIAMS, LUTHER GEORGE HALLAM . . . Macon, Ga.
WILLIAMS, THOMAS CHAPMAN Uniontown, Ky.
WOOLF, WINFIELD PINSON Atlanta, Ga.
YEANDLE, WILLIAM HENRY, JR. Atlanta, Ga.

* Killed by Accident.

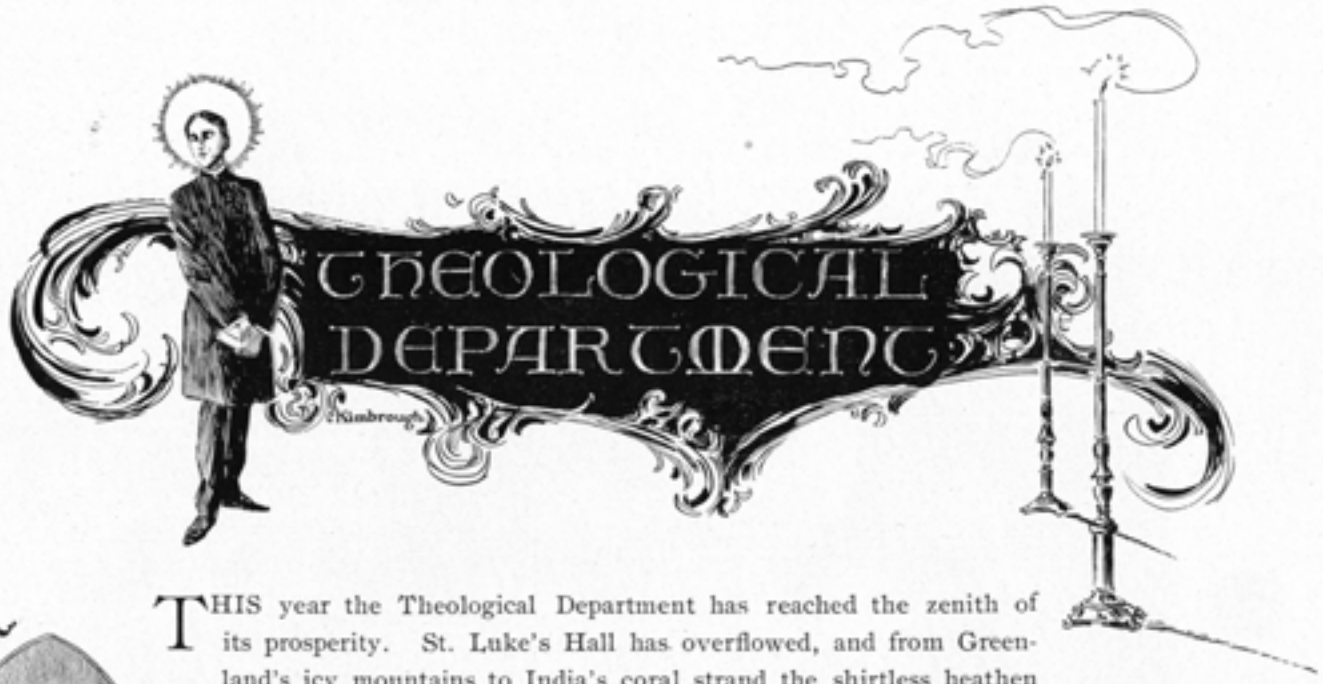
Juniors

Adams, Egbert	North Ontario, Cal.
Arrington, Robert Goldthwaite	Montgomery, Ala.
Avery, John Campbell, Jr.	Pensacola, Fla.
Bacon, Milton	De Witt, Ga.
Barnes, John Stovall	Atlanta, Ga.
Barnett, Harlow	Jacksonville, Fla.
Barnwell, Bower Williamson	Sewanee, Tenn.
Black, Ralph Peters	Atlanta, Ga.
Blair, Thomas Henry	Alto, Tenn.
Bolling, Richard Elliott	Edna, Texas
Brooks, Preston Smith, Jr.	Sewanee, Tenn.
Buntin, Charles Erwin	Nashville, Tenn.
Cade, Robert	New Iberia, La.
Caffey, Guy Hamilton	Verbena, Ala.
Chafee, Henry Campbell	Augusta, Ga.
Cleveland, Robert	Spartanburg, S. C.
Coleman, Samuel Carey	New Orleans, La.
Cundell, Frank Arthur	Atlanta, Ga.
Daniel, Richard Potts, Jr.	Jacksonville, Fla.
Davidson, Albert Treat	Augusta, Ga.
Dozier, Edwin Jordan	Cedar Keys, Fla.
Du Bose, Marion Porcher	Sewanee, Tenn.
Dunbar, Barnard Savage	Augusta, Ga.
Easley, Robert Waters	Harriman, Tenn.
Edwards, William Macklin, Jr.	Dallas, Texas
Egleston, George Pendleton	Nashville, Tenn.
Elam, Joseph Barton	Mansfield, La.
Faison, James Pellew	Faisonia, Miss.
Ford, John McWilliams	Shreveport, La.
Freeman, James Page	Dallas, Texas
Gibbs, George Wildy	Dallas, Texas
Hall, Richard Conklin	Trenton, Tenn.
Harrison, George Hendree	Atlanta, Ga.
Heaney, Henry Gilbert	Corpus Christi, Texas
Hogue, Bradley Brown	Marion Ala.
Houghton, John Henry, Jr.	Austin, Texas
Howard, Benjamin Rollins	Selma, Ala.
Johnson, Otis Hackett	Waco, Texas
Keely, Robert Wyndham	Atlanta, Ga.
Kilpatrick, Ringland Fisher	Bridgeport, Ala.
Kirkpatrick, Burgess Wade	Nashville, Tenn.
Laird, Edgar Stockton	Birmingham, Ala.
Lonberg, Charles Frederick Christian	Louisville, Ky.
McBee, Richard Cunliffe	Lexington, Miss.
Micou, Morgan Turrentine	Montgomery, Ala.
Murray, Cornelius Macpherson	Jackson, Tenn.
Nash, Douglas Williams	Paducah, Ky.
Nesbit, Ralph, Jr.	Waverly Mills, S. C.
Owen, James Lewis	Chattanooga, Tenn.
Parker, Henry Bragg	Montgomery, Ala.
Pearce, Hugh Miller Thompson	Jackson, Miss.
Porter, Anthony Toomer, Jr.	Charleston, S. C.
Robbe, Charles Arthur, Jr.	Augusta, Ga.
Selden, Karl Wilmans	Augusta, Ga.
Simkins, Ormond	Dallas, Texas
Sims, Bartlett Et Ultimus	Bryan, Texas
Smith, Charles Edwin	Trenton, Tenn.
Smith, Joseph Bruce	Shreveport, La.
Stewart, Edward McGhee	Laurel Hill, La.
Stringfellow, Horace	Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Stuart, Garden Clarkson	Washington, D. C.
Swink, Robert Burle	Medon, Tenn.
Theobald, Carl Frederick	Biloxi, Miss.
Waties, George Collins	Houston, Texas
Williams, Bradlee	Wabon, Mass.
Williams, Lawrence Moore	Patterson, La.
Wilson, Calhoun	Lexington, Miss.
Wilson, James, Jr.	New Orleans, La.
Wilson, Thomas Buffington	Baton Rouge, La.
Wilson, William Blackburn, Jr.	Rock Hill, S. C.
Yarborough, Eri Huntington	Navasota, Texas
Yarborough, John Milton	Navasota, Texas
Young, Joseph Underwood Rutledge	Charleston, S. C.



ST. LUKE'S HALL


Theological
Dept:





THIS year the Theological Department has reached the zenith of its prosperity. St. Luke's Hall has overflowed, and from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand the shirtless heathen tremble at the army of missionaries who will soon issue forth, led by the zealous upholder of Calhoun.

There is a theory that there are twenty-eight names on the Dean's roll of the Exegesis Class, but it can not be verified, as they are seldom seen at one time, at chapel, class, or Homiletic Society.

The prayer for "all sorts and conditions of men" must have been especially designed for St. Luke's, so aptly does it describe its heterogeneous inhabitants.

There is Weed, the orthodox, the only man in the department who can walk sure-footed on the razor edge which divides Nestorianism and Eutychianism; and Johnston, the heresiarch, who has invented a new heresy of his own—the worship of the State, with G. Washington as its high-priest, and the stars and stripes as a sort of reserved sacrament. There are those who burn to advance to Cuba under General Lee, and those who prefer a retreat under a Holy Cross Father. There are missionaries to Tracy City like Breezy Nine,

and to Winchester like Witsell. There are High Churchmen like Spears and Beean, Broad Churchmen like Waring, and Low Churchmen like Brown and Boberg.

The grave, and soon to be reverend, Senior Class is composed of six promising theologians, noted for their love for Missionary and Homiletic Society, and their regular attendance on the Hebrew Class. The Intermediate Class is the largest, and also the heaviest. They make broad their phylacteries, and appear unto men to fast—some of them appear fast unto old and uncharitable ladies. Most of them are also in love, and one has applied to his bishop for permission to be engaged.





The characteristics of the Junior Class, if they exist at all, are still dormant. After the manner of Juniors, they know more dogmatics than Dr. Starr, and more exegesis than the Dean. The Juniors also indulge in theological discussions with the Postulants, and are more unsparing critics of the Chaplain's sermons than the Academic Faculty.

Besides the purple-tasseled theologue, St. Luke's also shields from the toe-pulling depredations of the academic students certain Postulants, which term, being interpreted, signifies one who some day expects to be a bishop. In the meantime they meditate upon how much better an article of theologue they would make than the present members of the department, some leaning towards Rome, and some of them are genuflectors of amazing agility.

The presiding geniuses at St. Luke's, however, are the Dean and the janitor—Dr. Du Bose, the ideal of the theologue, and Sam, the terror of the postulants. But beyond even these joves are the Fates who rule the theological existence—Uncle Bob, who deals them their monthly allowance of cash, and Mr. Colmore, who promptly confiscates the same for board.





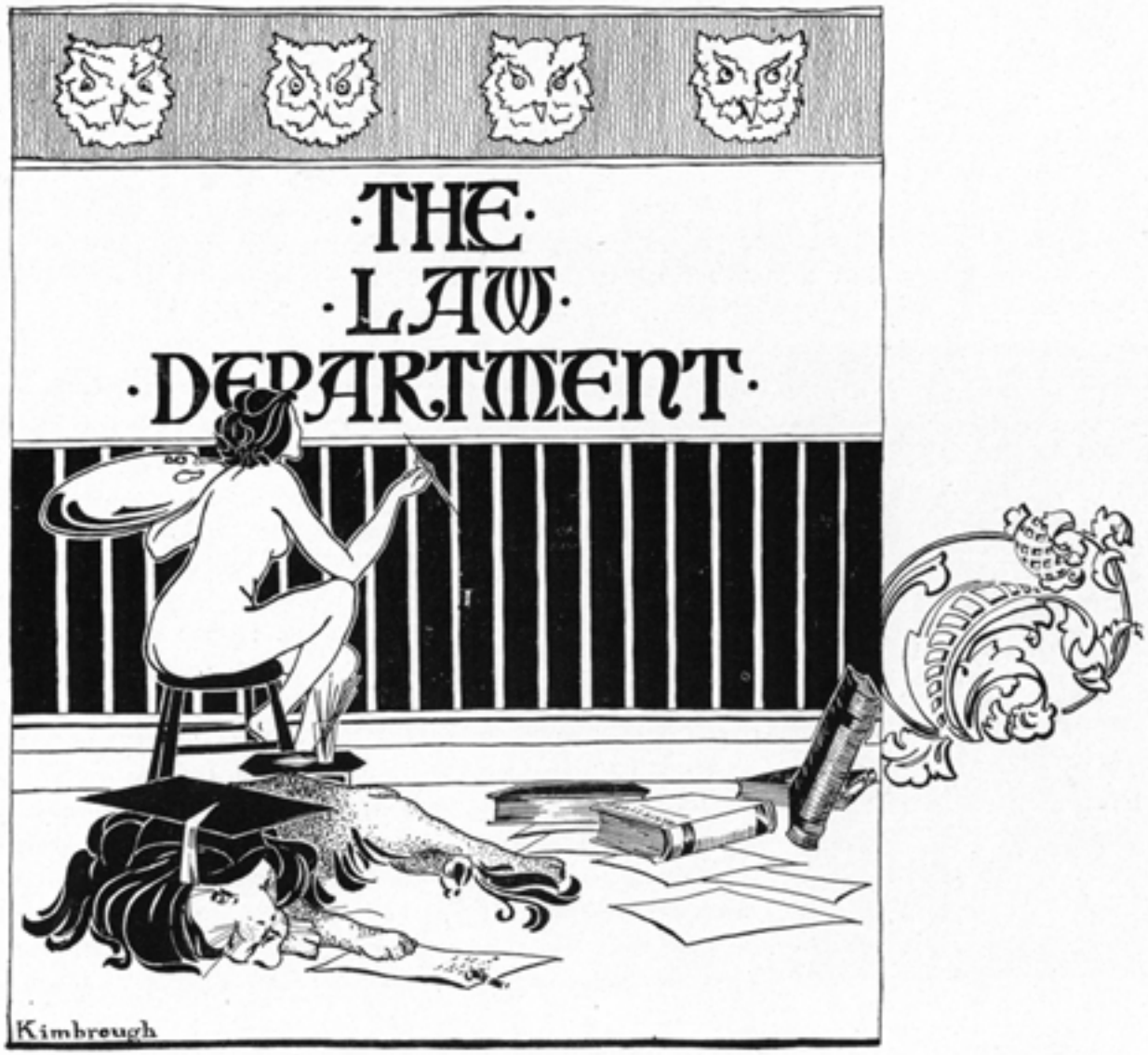
But the theological student has made his influence felt in every phase of University life He thunders from the platforms of the literary societies, he has invaded Chelidon, he wields the mystic gavels of the fraternities, he rules the college publications, he makes his fascinations felt by the summer girl, he is crack pitcher on the baseball team, and one of the gods of the gridiron.

In short, St. Luke's is the receptacle for the brains and brawn of the University, as well as the museum for its freaks.

Theological Department

REV. W. P. DU BOSE, S. T. D., DEAN

AMBLER, FRANCIS WILLIS	Atlanta, Ga.
ANDERSON, BENJAMIN MACKENZIE, B. A.	Stateburg, S. C.
BECKWITH, SAMUEL CARY, M. A.	Petersburg, Va.
BEHAN, JOHN	Sewanee, Tenn.
BENEDICT, ROBERT	Fort Meade, Fla.
BOBERG, FRANCIS OSCAR HENRY	New Orleans, La.
BOYD, CHARLES WILLIAM	Glenn Spring, S. C.
BROWN, JOHN HENRY	Columbia, S. C.
CLAIBORNE, WILLIAM STERLING	Lynchburg, Va.
CRAIGHILL, FRANCIS HOPKINSON, B. A.	Forestville, Md.
DU BOSE, REV. WILLIAM HASKELL, M. A.	Sewanee, Tenn.
GREEN, WILLIAM MERCER, JR., B. A.	Sewanee, Tenn.
HARDING, FREDERICK HARRIMAN, M. A.	Washington, N. C.
HARRADEN, EDWARD BUCKLEY MONROE	Philadelphia, Pa.
HOGUE, RICHARD WALLACE, B. A.	Marion, Ala.
JOHNSTON, MERCER GREEN	San Antonio, Texas.
LA FIELD, HOWARD, B. A.	Bridgeport, Conn.
MATTHEWS, WARNER DOUGLAS	Jacksonville, Fla.
MCBEE, CROSWELL, B. Litt.	Greenville, S. C.
MIKELL, HARRY JUDAH, M. A.	Sumter, S. C.
NOË, THOMAS PASTEUR, M. A.	Beaufort, N. C.
de OVIES, RAIMUNDO GEORGE	Sewanee, Tenn.
RICHEY, FRANCIS HAMMOND	New York City, N. Y.
SMITH, FREDERICK LA GRANGE	Rochester, N. Y.
SPEARS, HENRY ESTEN, B. A.	Paris, Ky.
THOMAS, HAROLD	Columbia, S. C.
TUCKER, GARDINER LEIGH, M. A.	Mobile, Ala.
WALDEN, HAROLD THOMAS	New Decatur, Ala.
WARING, JAMES CASH, M. D.	Florence, S. C.
WEED, CALEB BRINTNALL KNEAVALS, M. A.	East Orange, N. J.
WINDIATE, THOMAS D.	Manitowoc, Wis.
WITSELL, WILLIAM POSTELL, B. Litt.	Walterboro, S. C.


THE
LAW
DEPARTMENT
Kimbrough

Law Department

The Law Department was founded five years ago, and so rapid has been its rise that it bids fair to become the peer of its brother departments and the "*Ecce Quam Bonum*" of the University. Upon a windy day in March, in an upper chamber of the Walsh Memorial, two neophytes enrolled their names as followers of Blackstone. With hard work and earnest endeavor, led by our devoted Dean, they struggled up the slippery steep and won the prize we would attain—the elusive diploma. Since then many legal lights have been lit at Sewanee, many a noted lawyer points with pride to his *alma mater*, and "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."



Combining, as we do, the calm judgment of the South, the vigor of the West, and the ruggedness of the North, only the best results are possible through the synthesis of these characteristics. To this end a Law Club has been organized, and our social education is not neglected. Several banquets have been held and the "flow of spirit and feast of soul" has brightened the eye, refreshed the memory, and quickened the fancy. Our Library is increasing, and with every addition comes greater opportunity for wider study. Among our periodicals might be found all the leading magazines, including Town Topics, Ladies' Home Journal, and the Police Gazette. Our House Committee has purchased several appropriate mottoes: "God Bless Our Home," "Don't Spit on the Floor," etc., which, together with a large collection of curios, complete our "chattels." Our real property is of the nature of an "*estate tail*" and is not assignable.

We dislike to make odious comparisons or "toot our own horn." We would prefer not to bring in evidence to prove that we are the élite, the brain, the bone and sinew of this University, but if an indictment were brought we could introduce the best testimony and prove our case by preponderance of evidence and "beyond a reasonable doubt." Some of our brightest stars abandoned their wicked ways, left the "fields of felony" and their unprofit-

able companions, and with us they have found a haven of rest, for to know the law is to live in peace.



Some of our past number have gone so far as to forget the awful warnings laid down in the Law of Domestic Relations and by the law of conversion, make one and one into one, and some of us will soon ride on the willowy wave of the matrimonial sea, but the majority stand firm for the conviction that male soles should be immune from the blandishments of the fair sex, and as we are not guilty of any co-educational ideas, no femê overt or covert or otherwise will be allowed to cross the sacred portals of our magnificent library.

What visitor could help but be overawed, when listening to the drops of golden wisdom he hears our fair-haired prize beauty explain that "a bailment is the act of removing water from a boat to keep the femê soles of your chose in action from becoming liquidated," or the brawny captain of a former base ball team defining premises of a deed as house and lot.

Then, too, the revered Doctor's "pooh!" of satisfaction when personalty is described as a mortal's moral character. How feelingly our Jersey Justice spoke of Benefit of Clergy as being the last sad rites of the church administered to the pilferer of signs to "keep off the grass," and other trite warnings.

But Bouvier and Blackstone turned over in their tombs when the junior member from Texas declared mayhem to be the "dismembering of a man's member."

But through it all, there is one who presides with dignity and strives day in, day out, sometimes hopeless of result, but never despairing. And whatever success in after life we achieve, we will ascribe to him a large share in our advancement and thank him who has labored with heart and brain for the good and betterment of the followers of a true profession.

"Gentlemen—The Dean."

Law Department

B. J. RAMAGE, PH. D., DEAN

ADOUE, JULIEN BAPTISTE	Calvert, Texas
BARRET, ROBERT LEIGHTON CRAWFORD	Louisa, Va.
DAVIS, ALBERT HUELING	Louisville, Ky.
DOUGHERTY, JAMES SMITH	Atlanta, Ga.
GREEN, DUNCAN CAMERON	Sewanee, Tenn.
JAYNE, J. GERE	Berwick, Pa.
LAIRD, SAMUEL BODEN	Birmingham, Ala.
LIDSTONE, LAMAR WORSHAM	San Saba, Texas
MANN, JAMES TIFT	Albany, Ga.
MCKEE, GEORGE POWERS	New Orleans, La.
PARROTT, THOMAS SARGENT	Newnan, Ga.
PINCKNEY, CHARLES COTESWORTH	Charleston, S. C.
SMITH, DANA TYRRELL	St. Louis, Mo.
THOMPSON, ROBERT LUCKETT	Boyce, La.
WATSON, MATTHEW	Clarksville, Texas
WATSON, SIDNEY POWELL, JR.	Atlanta, Ga.
WILDER, OSCAR	Louisville, Ky.


MEDICAL DEPARTMENT
Kimbrough

Medical Department

THE Medical Student is chiefly interesting as a study in evolution. His prototype is to be found very far back indeed, but his first appearance as a distinct species is said to have been in the witch-finders and rain-makers of the stone age. With this early development the Med of to-day offers some striking points of similarity and contrast. He still follows his ancient practice of witch-hunting, but more as a recreation than a serious occupation. The witches, like everything else, have been modified by civilization, and their pursuit and capture demand different methods. Soda water and tickets to the concerts and baseball games are now used instead of incantations and ordeals; but it is said the "finder" sometimes makes a magic circle about the witch's waist to assure himself of her substantial presence; but the evidence on this point is conflicting and of the nature of hearsay.

The Med's job as a rain-maker, seems to have become obsolete, unless some of his sallies of wholesale profanity are intended as experiments in nebular precipitation. The Sewanee Med is characterized by his contempt for neckties and his genius for affairs. A party of Meds have been known to buy a wagonload of watermelons from a Covite, without a cent, and send him away thinking that he had done a good day's business.

Where the Meds come from nobody knows, and we have never heard of anyone rash enough to inquire. About the full moon in May, when the spring strawberry, in a more or less demoralized condition, begins to find its way to the boarding-house table, and the voice of the grasshopper is heard in the land, the Meds of all sizes, sorts, and conditions, begin to materialize in Sewanee. The Med quickly makes himself at home among us, and remains until the rigors of approaching winter force him to seek a climate suitable to his wearing apparel.



The Med is largely nocturnal in his instincts. Under what diversity soever of environment, his fondness for moonshine (whisky) and (mountain) dew is said never to be lost.

The belated wanderer, as he passes the medical building, sees a dull, sepulchral glow emanating from its upper windows, like that which Dante saw through the gates of

the *Inferno*. If he is wise (and a ritualist), he crosses himself, and hurries on; for there he knows the midnight Med is engaged in practicing the dark and secret mysteries of his trade of murder.

The Med quickly becomes possessed with the Sewanee spirit, is a jovial fellow, and, except when under the influence of valley tanglefoot, a peaceable citizen. The Med regards his fellow students from an elevation of superior knowledge and experience. He is both an academician and a man of the world. You may have on patent leather shoes, stylishly cut clothes, and the latest thing in neckties, but the Med knows that you have a posterior scapular region and a pterygoidus externus; you feel his scientific eye measuring you with the critical interest of a wielder of the dissecting knife, and you stand abashed in his presence. In spite of all, the Med is an accession to the life of Sewanee. Our athletics, or concerts, and our social life would suffer without him. He is found in Chelidon, in Sigma Epsilon, and Pi Omega, and in our frats. May his tribe increase, and may he live long and prosper.



Medical Department, 1897-98

ADAMSON, B. G., New Orleans, La.
ASH, JAMES CAIN, Fitzgerald, Ga.
BALLARD, CLINTON, Garland, Texas.
BARRYT, EMANUEL LUCIEN, B.A., Moscow, Russia.
BATHURST, WILLIAM RAY, Philadelphia, Pa.
BECK, LUCIEN PINKSTON, San Antonio, Texas.
BEVERLEY, EDWARD PERCY, Broad Run, Va.
BIGHAM, GEORGE EDWARD, Franklin, S. C.
BLACKWELL, JOSHUA MELVIN, Cooper, Texas.
BLACKWELL, WILLIAM GARY, Parksville, S. C.
BOLLING, RICHARD ELLIOTT, Edna, Texas.
BOONE, MALCOME ALVAH, Thaxton, Miss.
BOYER, CHARLES ALONZO, Bolivar, Mo.
BRAKE, RALPH EMERSON, M.D., Findlay, O.
BROWN, WILLIAM ALEXANDER, M.D., Cornwall, Canada.
BROWN, QUARLES DOWSING, Talladega, Ala.
BROWN, HORATIO HENRY, Clinton, Ky.
BROWN, GEORGE THOMAS, Summertown, Ga.
CADE, SAMUEL TINSLEY, Bordeaux, S. C.
CHANDLER, HENRY HAWES, Louisa, Va.
CANON, GRIFFITH GHASTON, Beef Range, Tenn.
CARTER, GEORGE WASHINGTON, Cadiz, Ky.
CHADWICK, ISAAC ALMON, Walnut Grove, Miss.
CHAPMAN, CHARLES EDWARD, Evergreen, Ala.
COHEN, HAYMAN, New York, N. Y.
CREASE, FREDERICK J., Providence, R. I.
CUMMINGS, WM. EDWARDS, Sewanee, Tenn.
DEAN, F. W. S., Liberty, S. C.
DUNCAN, GUY FRANKLIN, B.L., Sparta, N. C.
EDWARDS, WANZIE W., Tazewell, Ga.
EGLESTON, WILLIAM, Weimsboro, S. C.
ENGEL, FREDER'K CHRISTIAN, Houston, Tex.
ELLISON, WILLIAM THOMAS, Glasgow, Ky.
ENOCH, GEORGE FIELD, Homesburg, Pa.
EVANS, ISAAC CUTHBERT, Seale, Ala.
FELTS, WILLIE EDGAR, Pleasant View, Tenn.
FRANK, MYRTILE, Strasbourg, Alsace.
GANNON, JOHN HENRY, Wheeling, W. Va.
GARRARD, JAMES BRITAIN, Cooper, Texas.
GASKELL, CHARLES WILFRED, London, England.
GOUDCHAUX, CHARLES ABRAM, Big Cane, La.
GRAHAM, CHARLES RICHARDSON, Myrtle, Miss.
GRAY, ROBERT MUNCASTER, Oxford, Md.
GRIFFIN, WALTER, Darlington, S. C.
GRIMES, JOHN WALTER, Weogufka, Ala.
GRUVER, FLEETWOOD, Charleston, S. C.
GUTHRIE, JAMES BIRNEY, JR., New Orleans, La.
HAGGARD, DOUGLAS, Nashville, Tenn.
HAMILTON, WILLIAM ALEXANDER, Garrison, Iowa.
HANNUM, WILLIAM HENRY, Capon Springs, W. Va.
HARDING, LEON KNIGHT, Nashville, Tenn.
HARRIS, ESAU A., Cold City, Ala.
HAYS, WILLIAM JASPER, Pleasant Hope, Mo.
HERVES, GEORGE W., Sewanee, Tenn.
HIGGINS, ABNER, Eunice, N. C.
HILL, ARTHUR THOMAS, Blackdad, Miss.
HILDEBRAND, J. HAMILTON, East Berlin, Pa.
JAMES, PAUL ANTHONY C., Lamourie, La.
JAMES, SPENCER THOMPSON, JR., Pickton, Tex.
JENNINGS, ROBERT THOMAS, Augusta, Ga.
JOHNSON, WILLIAM MARTIN, Sparta, Tenn.
JONES, JOHN WILLIAM, Wilkesbarre, Pa.
JONES, LEE GASTRELL, Evans, Ga.
KELLOGG, WILLIAM FREDRICK, Monteagle, Tenn.
KELTON, LESLIE EUGENE, Corsicana, Texas.
KERR, JAMES RUFUS WHITFIELD, Mt. Pleasant, Miss.
KINDER, WM. JOHN, Chambersburg, Ohio.
LAIN, EVERETT SAMUEL, Bolivar, Texas.
LAWS, JOSEPH HIRAM, Wildersville, Tenn.
LEVERT, MARK WILLIAM, Mark, La.
LILES, WILLIAM W., Flowery Branch, Fla.
LITTLE, JESSE TRAWIN, Cumberland, Md.
LOGAN, HERSCHEL JOSEPHUS, Tropic, Ga.
LOGAN, SAMUEL, New Orleans, La.
LUCAS, JAMES WALTER, French Camp, Miss.
LUCK, PAUL MAXIMILIAN KARL, Hamburg, Germany.
MCCOWN, OSWELL STUART, Shannon, Miss.
MCDANIEL, JOHN R., Mud Creek, Miss.
MCDOWELL, THOMAS C., Isabella, Ga.
MCKINNEY, JOHN CHARLES, Absalom, Ga.
MCINNIS, JOHN MCCALLUM, Hattiesburg, Miss.
MCMILLIN, JAMES, Mackville, Ky.
MAHAN, JABEZ ALEXANDER, Ellensburg, Wash.
MALLICOAT, LESTER ADONNIS, Summerville, Ga.
MARTIN, HARRY CHARLES, Dundee, N. Y.
MASON, JAMES TUNSFORD, Beech Grove, Tenn.
MASON, RICHARD, Marshall, Va.
MAXWELL, WALTER JOHN, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
MAY, FRANK HOWARD, Birmingham, Ala.
MECKLIN, JAMES NAYLOR, French Camp, Miss.
MILLER, ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, Wascahatchie, Texas.
MILTON, TALIAFERRO, Berryville, Va.

MITCHELL, LEWIS THAYER, Braddock, Pa.
MOCK, JOHN HERMAN, Thomasville, N. C.
MYERS, GEORGE THOMAS, Bentonville, Mo.
NEWMAN, OSCAR CLARENCE, Jaybird, Ohio.
NOBLIN, WILLIAM EARL, Edwards, Miss.
NOEL, HENRY LELAND, Lexington, Miss.
OATES, JOSHUA CAMILLUS, Montgomery, Ala.
OSTROWSKY, MICHAEL, Chersau, Russia.
OVERTON, VALDY CLINTON, Monterey, Mexico.
PEEK, WILLIAM ALLEN, Mars Hill, N. C.
PENNINGTON, S. A., Chunckey, Miss.
PETTYJOHN JOSEPH, Augusta, Ga.
PIERCE, WALTER BELL, Silver Creek, Miss.
PIRKLE, MAT GROVER, Buford, Ga.
PULLEN, ALBERT JOHN, Brattleboro, Vt.
RAU, ERNEST, Pontotoc, Miss.
RINGOLD, JAMES OSCAR, Susie, Miss.
ROBERT, JOSEPH CLARK, Starksville, Miss.
ROBERTS, JOHN WATERS, Sewanee, Tenn.
RUFFIN, JOSEPH BLONT, Powellsville, N. C.
SANDERS, JAMES WOFFORD, Franklin, La.
SANDIFER FREDERICK M., Tylertown, Miss.
SCOTT, FRED M., JR., Atlanta, Ga.
SEARCY, GEORGE HARRIS, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
SEARCY, JOSEPH ALEXANDER, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
SELDEN, JOHN ARMISTEAD, Augusta, Ga.
SHIVERS, MARCUS ORELIUS, Boyle, Miss.
SILVERTHORNE, CHARLES ROBT., May Day, Kansas.
SLAYDEN, WILLIAM WALTER, Waverly, Tenn.
SIMS, BARTLETT, Bryan, Texas.
SMITH, DANIEL S., Clinton, N. J.
SMITH, REUBEN DECATUR, Greenville, S. C.
SMITH, JOHN WESLEY, Shambling's Mill, W. Va.
SMITH, SIDNEY BERTRAND, Rockvale, Tenn.
SMITH, WINFIELD SCOTT, Philippi, W. Va.
SOUTHARD, WALTER EDWARD E., Springfield, Mo.
SPARRENBERGER, FREDRICK HESSLER, Passaic, N. J.
STOLPER, JOSEPH H., Wilno, Russia.
TAYLOR, JOSEPH TALIAFERRO, B.Litt., Adams Run, S. C.
THOMAS, GEORGE BRUCE, M. D., Mobile, Ala.
TIMMONS, ERNEST ANDREW, Godwin, Tenn.
TOWNSEND, FRANK ALBERT, Putney, Vt.
TURNER, WILLIAM ALLEN, JR., Newnan, Ga.
TURNIPSEED, JESSE ANDREW, McCool, Miss.
TUTT, RICHARD HENRY, Aiken, S. C.
VANCLEAVE, HENRY SHIBLEY, Bee Creek, Tex.
VICK, FLETCHER MACK, Auburn, Texas.
WADSWORTH, DAN URIAH, Jackson, La.
WALDEN, VIRGIL ANDERSON, Alton Hill, Tenn.
WARD, JOHN HESTER, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
WARREN, JAMES WILLIS, Gadsden, Texas.
WHISLER, HORACE CLINTON, New Brighton, Pa.
WHITEHEAD, PAUL DAVID, Water Valley, Miss.
WHITEHURST, ALFRED FRANKLIN, Iuka, Miss.
WILMERDING, WILLIAM EDWARD, Austin, Texas.
WILFORD, GEORGE ARTHUR, Tamaqua, Pa.
WINE, ROBERT EUGENE, Quicksburg, Va.
YOUNG, HENRY TUTWILER, Greensboro, Ala.
YOUNG, ISAAC COPLING, Bold Spring, Tenn.
ZIMMERMANN, ALBERT SIDNEY, Norris City, Ill.



Medical Department

Class of '97-98

Officers

RALPH EMERSON BRAKE, Ohio *President*
HENRY LELAND NOEL, Mississippi *Vice-President*
FREDERICK HESSLER SPARRENBERGER, New Jersey *Secretary*
CHARLES ABRAM GOUDCHAUX, Louisiana *Treasurer*

Members

EVAN LUCIAN BARRYTE, B. A., Russia
RALPH EMERSON BRAKE, Ohio
WILLIAM ALEXANDER BROWN, M. D., Canada
HENRY HAWES CHANDLER, Virginia
CHARLES WILFRED GASKELL, England
FLEETWOOD GRUVER, South Carolina
CHARLES ABRAM GOUDCHAUX, Louisiana
WILLIAM JASPER HAYS, North Carolina
ABNER HIGGINS, North Carolina
LESLIE EUGENE KELTON, Texas
WILLIAM JOHN KINDER, Missouri
MARK WILLIAM LEVERT, Louisiana
JESSE TRAWIN LITTLE, Pennsylvania
HERSCHEL JOSEPHUS LOGAN, Georgia
JAMES WALTER LUCAS, B. A., Mississippi
LESTER ADONNUS MALLICOAT, Georgia
THOMAS C. MCDOWELL, Georgia
WILLIAM EARL NOBLIN, Mississippi
HENRY LELAND NOEL, Mississippi
JOSEPH PETTYJOHN, Georgia
WALTER BELL PIERCE, Mississippi
JAMES OSCAR RINGOLD, Mississippi
WILLIAM WALTER SLAYDEN, Tennessee
JOHN WESLEY SMITH, West Virginia
REUBEN DECATUR SMITH, South Carolina
FREDERICK HESSLER SPARRENBERGER, New Jersey
GEORGE ARTHUR WILFORD, Pennsylvania
ISAAC COPELING YOUNG, Tennessee
ALBERT SIDNEY ZIMMERMANN, Illinois

Joseph Pettyjohn, M. D., of Georgia, received the honour of the class.

Walter Bell Pierce, M. D., of Mississippi, received the award of honourable mention of the class.

Joseph Pettyjohn, M. D., of Georgia, received the appointment of interne of Sewanee Charity Hospital for the ensuing year.

Walter Bell Pierce, M. D., of Mississippi; James Walter Lucas, B. A., M. D., of Mississippi; James Oscar Ringold, M. D., of Mississippi, were recommended for appointment as internes to the Mississippi State Hospital, Vicksburg.

Class of '98-99

Officers

HENRY SHIBLEY VANCLEAVE, Texas *President*
ERNEST RAU, Arkansas *Vice-President*
WILLIAM EDGAR FELTS, Tennessee *Secretary*
FRANK HOWARD MAY, Alabama *Treasurer*
GEORGE WASHINGTON CARTER, Kentucky *Poet*
JABEZ ALEXANDER MAHAN, Indiana *Historian*
SIDNEY BERTRAND SMITH, Tennessee *Prophet*

Members

CLINTON BALLARD, Mississippi
HORATIO HENRY BROWN, Kentucky
GEORGE THOMAS BROWN, Georgia
GEORGE EDWARD BIGHAM, South Carolina
WILLIAM R. BATHURST, Pennsylvania
GEORGE WASHINGTON CARTER, Kentucky
ISAAC ALMON CHADWICK, Mississippi
FREDRICK J. CREASE, Rhode Island
SAMUEL TINSLEY CADE, South Carolina
FREDERICK WILLIAM SYMMS DEAN, New York
ISAAC CUTHBERT EVANS, Alabama
GEORGE FIELD ENOCH, Pennsylvania
FREDERICK CHRISTIAN C. ENGLE, Texas
W. W. EDWARDS, Georgia
WILLIAM EDGAR FELTS, Tennessee
JOHN WALTER GRIMES, Alabama
ESAU A. HARRIS, Alabama
ROBERT THOMAS JENNINGS, Georgia
L. G. JONES, Georgia
PAUL MAXMILLIAN K. LUCK, Massachusetts
JABEZ ALEXANDER MAHAN, Indiana
GEORGE THOMAS MYLES, Missouri
FRANK HOWARD MAY, Alabama
JOHN MCCALLUM MCINNIS, Mississippi
JOHN CHARLES MCKINNEY, Georgia
CHARLES HARRY MARTIN, New York
LEWIS THAYER MITCHELL, Pennsylvania
RICHARD MASON, Virginia
JOHN HERMAN MARK, North Carolina
VALDY CLINTON OVERTON, Mexico
MAT GROVER PIRKLE, Georgia
ALBERT JOHN PULLEN, Vermont
JOSEPH BLONT RUFFIN, North Carolina
ERNEST RAU, Arkansas
SIDNEY BERTRAND SMITH, Tennessee
DANIEL S. SMITH, New Jersey
GEORGE BRUCE THOMAS, M. D., Alabama
JOSEPH TALIAFERRO TAYLOR, B. Litt., South Carolina
FRANK ALBERT TOWNSEND, Vermont
N. E. TULLONS, Mississippi
HENRY SHIBLEY VANCLEAVE, Texas
ALFRED FRANKLIN WHITEHURST, Mississippi
DANIEL URIAH WADSWORTH, Louisiana
ROBERT EUGENE WINE, Virginia
V. A. WALDEN, Tennessee

Class of '99-00

YOUNG, HENRY TUTWILDER, Greensboro, Ala.	*President*
TIMMONS, ERNEST ANDREW, Godwin, Tenn.	*Vice-President*
BROWN, QUARLES DOWSING, Talladega, Ala.	*Secretary*
SHIVERS, MARCUS ORELIUS, Boyle, Miss.	*Treasurer*
GRAHAM, CHARLES RICHARDSON, Myrtle, Miss.	*Historian*
McCOWN, OSWELL STUART, Shannon, Miss.	*Prophet*
WARD, JOHN HESTER, Tuscaloosa, Ala.	*Poet*

Class of '00-01

HARDING, LEON KNIGHT, Nashville, Tenn.	*President*
MILTON, TALIAFERRO, Berryville, Va.	*Vice-President*
SEARCY, JOSEPH ALEXANDER, Tuscaloosa, Ala.	*Secretary*
SCOTT, FRED. M., Atlanta, Ga.	*Treasurer*
SIMS, BARTLETT, Bryan, Texas	*Historian*
BOLLING, RICHARD ELLIOTT, Edna, Texas	*Prophet*
BEVERELY, EDWARD PEARCY, Broad Run, Va.	*Poet*

The Sewanee College of Pharmacy

The Pharmacy department of the Medical College of the University of the South, of Sewanee, Tenn., was organized this session, under the name Sewanee College of Pharmacy, by John S. Cain, M. D., Dean of the Medical Department. The Faculty elected the following corps of Physicians and Pharmacists as Professors:

JOHN S. CAIN, M. D. *Dean*
FRED. J. CREASE, Ph. G., *Professor of Pharmacology and Toxicology*
PAUL M. K. LUCK, Ph. G. . . *Professor of Practical Pharmacy*
WM. B. HALL, M. A., M. D., *Therapeutics, Materia Medica, and Botany*
CAMERON PIGGOT, M. D. *Chemistry*
GEORGE R. RAU *Microscopy and Biology*

We have an elegant lecture-room on second floor all fitted up for general lecture purposes, and seated with new and comfortable opera chairs, in which we receive our lectures on Pharmacology and Toxicology.

The Pharmaceutical Laboratory, on second floor, opposite general lecture-room, is fitted out with the most modern and complete apparatus for a thorough course in Practical Pharmacy.

Our lectures on Materia Medica and Therapeutics are delivered in the general lecture-room. These lectures are simplified and made more impressive by access to a thorough and completely classified collection of drugs, both in their crude and more refined conditions. These drugs are kept in the museum arranged for that purpose and can be examined and studied by students at their leisure. The recently discovered preparations, of practical value, will be supplied from time to time. Special attention is given to Botany, which includes not only the study of those plants of therapeutical value, but of the numerous varieties of others, which are so abundantly supplied by the surrounding country.

There is a convenient Chemical Laboratory and lecture-room, which is amply provided with all apparatus and materials needed for a thorough and comprehensive course of instruction in Inorganic and Organic Chemistry. This is conducted on the most modern plan, especially with a view to its application in the practice of medicine.

There is also an ample Microscopical Laboratory, with the latest improved microscopes and all modern equipments necessary for a thorough course in this work. The laboratory is well lighted and comfortable, each student having his individual seat and microscope of most modern make for the study of Micro-Pharmacognosy and Biology.

Officers

F. H. MAY, Alabama *President*
A. J. PULLEN, Vermont *Vice-President*
G. P. MYERS, Missouri *Secretary*
C. H. MARTIN, New York *Treasurer*
V. C. OVERTON, Mexico *Historian*

Members

F. H. MAY, Alabama
G. P. MYERS, Missouri
V. C. OVERTON, Mexico
J. M. MCINIS, Mississippi
V. A. WALDEN, Tennessee
J. B. RUFFIN, North Carolina
H. COHEN, New York
GEO. B. THOMAS, M. D., Alabama
A. J. PULLEN, Vermont
C. H. MARTIN, New York
H. S. VANCLEAVE, Texas
S. T. CADE, South Carolina
W. E. FELTS, Tennessee
W. T. ELLISON, Kentucky
J. H. STOLPER, Russia

John S. Cain Medical and Surgical Society

The CAP AND GOWN of 1895 contains the following tersely unique announcement:

"The J. S. Cain Medical Society died from an overdose of disheveled comets, August, 1894."

This was a copy of the epitaph placed upon the grave of the supposedly dead organization. During the present session, however, by means of the new electrical apparatus for the cataphoric application of bioplasm (invented and held secret by our honoured Dean) it has broken the shackles of inanition and budded forth with the following officers:

J. A. MAHAN	*President*
F. M. VICK	*Vice-President*
C. BALLARD	*Secretary*
A. C. MILLER	*Treasurer*

By way of explanation it should be added that the above-named society was organized in 1894 and maintained with great interest throughout that session. As but few of the members returned in 1895 the society was allowed to pass out of existence. During the preliminary term of the present session, however, it was reorganized under the revised title of "The John S. Cain Medical and Surgical Society." Meetings are held each Saturday evening and papers upon medical and surgical subjects read and discussed by its members. The society is *thoroughly alive* and bids fair to become one of the leading features of the Medical Department.

Summary of Students

By States

Tennessee	44	Ohio	3
Texas	37	Massachusetts	3
Georgia	36	New York	3
Alabama	36	Russia	3
Mississippi	28	Vermont	2
South Carolina	27	Illinois	1
Louisiana	22	Iowa	1
Florida	11	District of Columbia	1
North Carolina	11	California	1
Kentucky	10	Connecticut	1
Virginia	9	Wisconsin	1
Pennsylvania	9	Canada	1
Indiana	5	England	1
Missouri	5	Mexico	1
Maryland	4	Alsace	1
New Jersey	4	Rhode Island	1
West Virginia	4	Kansas	1
Total	258		

By Departments

Academic	125	Theological	32
Medical	154	Law	17
Total	328		

In Memoriam

W. C. HILLYER
DIED
MAY 6, 1897

HENRY PINCKNEY BENEDICT
DIED
JULY 5, 1897

JOSEPH M. LOVELL, B. A., M D.
DIED
SEPTEMBER 22, 1897

W. D. BRATTON, B. A., M. D.
DIED
OCTOBER 3, 1897

LEWIS ALLEN
DIED
DECEMBER 28, 1897


THE EDITOR & THE
SENSITIVE STUDENT



"IN OLD FORENSIC"


COMMENCEMENT
C. DE OVIES. '98
SENANER.

Commencement 1897

Thursday, July 29

9 a. m.—Meeting of the Board of Trustees. Opening Service in St. Augustine's Chapel. Address by the Right Reverend Edwin G. Weed, D.D., Bishop of Florida.

8 p. m.—Organ Recital by R. H. Peters, Mus. Doc.

Friday, July 30

8 p. m.—Contest in Declamation for the "Knight Medal" in Forensic Hall.

Contestants—John Becan (Tenn.)
Frederic Harriman Harding (N. C.)
Charles John Slack (La.)
Charles William Boyd (S. C.)
Bertram Page Johnson (Tenn.)
Harold Thomas (S. C.)*



Saturday, July 31

8 p. m.—Anniversary Exercises of Sigma Pi Literary Society.

Sunday, August 1

7 a. m.—Celebration of Holy Communion in St. Augustine's Chapel.

11 a. m.—Commencement Sermon by the Right Reverend Thomas F. Gailor, S.T.D., Bishop Coadjutor of Tennessee.

8 p. m.—Annual Sermon before St. Luke's Brotherhood by the Reverend Samuel Ringgold, D.D., of Knoxville.

* Winner.



Commencement 1897

Continued

Monday, August 2

10 a. m.—Graduating Exercises of the Sewanee Grammar School, in St. Augustine's Chapel.

8 p. m.—Contest in Oratory between the Pi Omega and the Sigma Epsilon Literary Societies in Forensic Hall.
Decision Inter-Society Essay Contest.

Essayists:

Pi Omega—H. W. Starr (Tex.)*
Sigma Epsilon—C. C. Pinckney (S. C.)

Orators:

Sigma Epsilon—G. Croft Williams (S. C.)
Richard Wallace Hogue (Ala.)

Pi Omega—Gardiner Leigh Tucker (Ala.)
Harold Thomas (S. C.)*



Tuesday, August 3

9 p. m.—Vice-Chancellor's Reception, Fulford Hall.

* Winner.

Commencement 1897

Continued

Wednesday, August 4

8 p. m.—Concert by the Sewanee Choral Society,
Directed by R. H. Peters, Mus. Doc.
10 p. m.—Annual Banquet of the Alumni.

Commencement Day, Thursday, August 5

10.30 a. m.—Special Service in St. Augustine's Chapel.
Latin Salutatory by Thomas Pasteur Noë, of North Carolina.
University Oration by Leroy F. Youmans, of South Carolina.
Conferring of Degrees by the Vice-Chancellor.
Valedictory Oration, by Frederic H. Harding, of North Carolina.
Concluding Service.

Medals

Kentucky Medal for Greek - Gardiner Leigh Tucker (Ala.)

Master's Medal for Latin - Warner Douglas Matthews (Fla.)

Ruggles-Wright Medal for French - David Alexander Shepherd (Tenn.)

Price Medal for English - Homer Worthington Starr (Tex.)

Knight Medal for Declamation - Harold Thomas (S. C.)



The Class of '97

G. L. TUCKER *President*

T. P. NOË *Vice-President*

R. W. HOGUE *Secretary*

F. H. HARDING *Treasurer*

Members

FREDERICK HARRIMAN HARDING, M. A. North Carolina.

Phi Delta Theta; Pi Omega; Pan Hellenic Delegate, '96-'97; Treasurer Pi Omega, '95; Anniversary Orator Pi Omega, '95; Winner Pi Omega Declaimer's Medal, '95; Pi Omega Intersociety Orator, '96; Greek Play, '93-'95; Treasurer Class of '97. Entered University, '93.

WILLIAM HENDERSON, JR., B. A. Louisiana.

Alpha Tau Omega; Sigma Epsilon; Senior German Club; Critic Sigma Epsilon, '97; Treasurer Senior German Club, '96-'97; Editor *Purple*, '95-'96; Track Team, '96; Pan Hellenic Delegate. Entered University, '94.

RICHARD WALLACE HOGUE, B. A. Alabama.

Delta Tau Delta; Sigma Epsilon; Chelidon; Treasurer Sigma Epsilon, '94; Secretary Sigma Epsilon, '95; Sigma Epsilon Declaimer's Medal, '95; Sigma Epsilon Anniversary Orator, '96, '97; Sigma Epsilon Intersociety Orator, '95, '96, '97; Declaimer for Knight Medal, '94, '95, '96, '98; Greek Play, '94; Secretary Athletic Association, '97; Hill Scholarship, '96-'97; 'Varsity Nine, '96-'97, Manager, '97; Substitute 'Varsity Eleven, '95; Business Manager CAP AND GOWN, '96; Sewanee Dramatic Club, '97; Editor *Purple*, '95, Assistant Business Manager, '95; Secretary Class of '97; Manager Football Team, '97; Editor-in-Chief *Purple*, '98; President Alabama Club, '98; Editor-in-Chief CAP AND GOWN, '98; President Sigma Epsilon, '98; President U. A. C., '98; Pan Hellenic Delegate, '98; Executive Committee, '97-'98; Intersociety Orator, '98; Trent Debater, '98; Southern Intercollegiate Orator,' 98. Entered University, '93.

WILLIAM HAMMOND HURTER, B. A. Alabama.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon; Pi Omega; Senior German Club. Entered University, '94.

THOMAS PASTEUR NOËL, M. A. North Carolina.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon; Pi Omega; Chelidon; Senior German Club; Sigma Alpha Epsilon Delegate and Tutor Licentiate, '97; Vice-President Pi Omega, '95-'96, President, '96; Trent Debater, '95, '96, '97; Pan Hellenic Delegate; German Medal, '96; Latin Medal, '96; Librarian Homiletic Society, '97; Greek Play, '94-'95; Assistant Business Manager *Purple*, '95-'96; Pro Proctor of University, '96-'97; Salutatorian, '97; Vice-President Class of '97; Secretary Homiletic Society, '97-'98; Business Manager *Magazine*, '98; Editor CAP AND GOWN, '98; Treasurer St. Luke's Brotherhood; Pi Omega Anniversary Orator, '97. Entered University, '93.

GARDINER LEIGH TUCKER, M. A. Alabama.

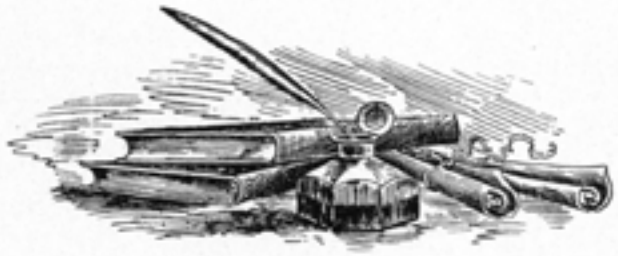
Delta Tau Delta; Pi Omega; Chelidon; Tutor Licentiate, '95, '97; Arch Chapter, Delta Tau Delta; Greek Play, '93, '95; Critic Pi Omega, '93, '95, '97, Treasurer, '94, President, '95; Trent Debater, '94-'95; Medallist, '95; Pi Omega Anniversary Orator, '96; Intersociety Orator, '97; Vanderbilt Debater, '96; *Purple*, '95, Managing Editor, '95, Editor-in-Chief, '97; CAP AND GOWN, '95, Editor-in-Chief, '96; Pan Hellenic Delegate; 'Varsity Eleven, '96, Manager, '96; Track Team, '97; Winner Half Mile, '97; German Medal, '95; President Class, '97. Entered University, '93. Voted Most Intellectual Student, '97.

PRENTISS TUCKER, B. A. Alabama.

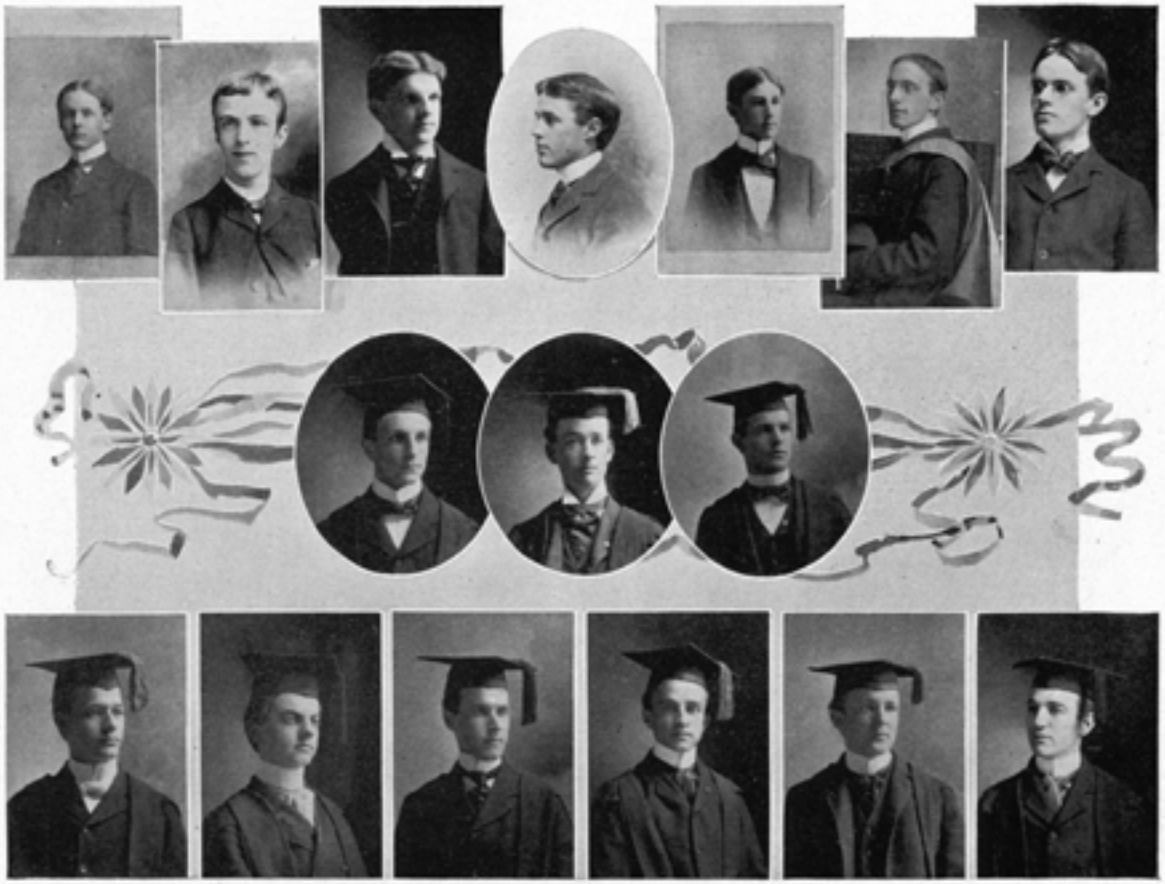
Delta Tau Delta; Sigma Epsilon; Chelidon; Secretary Sigma Epsilon, '93, Vice-President, '96; Trent Debater, '96; Managing Editor *Purple*, '96, Editor-in-Chief, '96; University Organist, '96; Greek Play, '94-'95. Entered University, '93.

EDWARD HENRY WICKS, LL. B. Texas.

Kappa Sigma; Pi Omega; Senior German Club; Secretary Pi Omega, '96.




CLASS OF '98
$ 000,000.00
LATIN
Raymond de Dries. '98



CLASS OF '98

BRANCH WOOLF CRAIGHILL SELDEN SHIELDS MIKELL MATTHEWS, J. F.

COLMORE THOMPSON RISLEY

MATTHEWS, W. D. JERVEY HODGSON BROWN POOLE EDWARDS

Class of 1898

BRANCH, ROBERT IRVINE *Classical* Augusta, Ga.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon; Pan-Hellenic Delegate, '97–'98; Treasurer Georgia State Club; Substitute Football Team, '97; Vice-President Junior German Club, '96; Treasurer Chess Club, '96; B. A., '98.

BROWN, JOHN HENRY *Theological* Columbia, S. C.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon; Pi Omega; Secretary Homiletic Society, '95–'96; Vice-President Theological Class, '98; Treasurer Missionary Society, '95–'96; President, '97–'98; Treasurer St. Luke's Brotherhood, '95–'98; Treasurer South Carolina Club, '96; Assistant Business Manager *Sewanee Purple*, '97; Business Manager, '97–'98; Assistant Manager Football Team, '97; Assistant Manager Baseball Team, '98; Receiver CAP AND GOWN, '96; Secretary and Librarian Theological Department, '96–'98; Delegate Pan-Hellenic Convention, '98; G. D., '98.

COLMORE, CHARLES BLAYNEY *Classical* Sewanee, Tenn.

Alpha Tau Omega; Sigma Epsilon; Track Team, '97; Substitute 'Varsity Football Team, '97; B. A., '98.

CRAIGHILL, FRANCIS HOPKINSON *Theological* Washington, D. C.

Kappa Alpha; Chelidon; Secretary Pan-Hellenic Convention, '96 and '98; Secretary and Treasurer University Tennis Club, '96–'97; Track Team, '95–'96; Captain Second Eleven, '95–'96; Associate Editor CAP AND GOWN, '95–'96; Secretary Sewanee Missionary Society, '97; B. D., '98.

EDWARDS, GEORGE CLIFTON *Classical* Dallas, Texas.

Kappa Sigma; Sigma Epsilon; Senior German Club; Chess Club; Choral Society, '95 and '97; Pan-Hellenic Delegate, '98; Sigma Epsilon Anniversary Essayist, '97; Anniversary Orator, '98; Managing Editor *Sewanee Purple*, '98; Tutor Licentiate; Hill Scholarship; First Prize in Intercollegiate Examinations, '97 and '98; B. A., '98.

HODGSON, TELFAIR *Classical* Sewanee, Tenn.

Phi Delta Theta; Pi Omega; Secretary Pi Omega, '97; Vice-President Senior German Club, '97; Secretary, '97–'98; Editor CAP AND GOWN, '98; Treasurer Tennessee Club, '98; B. A. '98.

JERVEY, DANIEL ELLIOTT HUGER WILKINSON . *Classical* Charleston, S. C.

Alpha Tau Omega; Sigma Epsilon; Associate Editor *Purple*, '97–'98; Glee Club, '96; Director, '98; U. A. C.; Treasurer South Carolina Club, '98; President Class, '98; B. A., '98.

MATTHEWS, JAMES FOUCHÉ *Classical* Anniston, Ala.

Alpha Tau Omega; Sigma Epsilon; Winner Intercollegiate Prize, '97 and '98; B. A., '98.

MATTHEWS, WARNER DOUGLAS *Classical* Jacksonville, Fla.

Pi Omega; Homiletic Society; Historian Pi Omega, '95–'96; Secretary, '95; Vice-President, '95; President, '97; Critic, '98; Associate Editor *Sewanee Purple*, '96; Anniversary Essayist Pi Omega, '96; Editor CAP AND GOWN, '98; Tutor Licentiate; Greek Play, '95; Douglas Medal, '95; Inter-Society Essay Cup, '96; Price Medal for English, '96; Master's Medal for Latin, '97; M. A., '98.

MIKELL, HARRY JUDAH *Theological* Sumter, S. C.

Kappa Alpha; Pi Omega; Chelidon; Van Hoose Medal for German, '94; President South Carolina Club, '96; Vice-President, '98; Pan-Hellenic Delegate, '94, '95, '96, '97, '98; Inter-Society Cup for Essay, '95; Price Prize for English, '95; President Theological Class, '98; Treasurer Class, '95; B. A., '95; Associate Editor *University of South Magazine*, '97; Critic Homiletic Society, '96; Secretary Missionary Society, '96; Greek Play, '95–'96; M. A., '98; B. D., '98.

POOLE, WILLIAM HENRY *Classical* Baltimore, Md.

Delta Tau Delta; Sigma Epsilon; Secretary Sigma Epsilon, '97; Critic, '98; Anniversary Essayist, '98; Inter-Society Orator, '98; Senior German Club; Substitute 'Varsity Football, '97; B. A., '98.

RISLEY, HOWARD SANK *Classical* Georgetown, S. C.

Kappa Alpha; Sigma Epsilon; Chelidon; Critic Sigma Epsilon, '96; Best Old Member's Medal, '96; Vice-President, '98; Football Team, '95–'96; Trent Debater, '96; Editor CAP AND GOWN, '98; Pan-Hellenic Delegate, '98; Vice-President Class, '98; Vanderbilt Debater, '98; B. A., '98.

SELDEN, JOSÉ MARTIN *Scientific* Augusta, Ga.

Delta Tau Delta; Sigma Epsilon; Senior German Club; Delegate to Pan-Hellenic; Captain Sewanee Baseball Team, '93–'94; 'Varsity Baseball Team, '95, '96, '97, '98; Captain, '96 and '98; Manager, '98; Track Team, '94, '95, '96, '97; Sewanee Record for Mile Run, '94; B. A., '98.

THOMPSON, ROBERT LUCKETT *Law* Alexandria, La.

Kappa Sigma; Pi Omega; Proctor Law Department, '97; Secretary Pi Omega, '98; Treasurer of Class, '98; LL. B., '98.

WOOLF, WINFIELD PINSON *Classical* Atlanta, Ga.

Pi Omega; Winner of Inter-Collegiate Scholarship, '97; Pi Omega Essayist, '98; B. A., '98.



FRATERNITIES

Fraternities

IN ORDER OF ESTABLISHMENT

Alpha Tau Omega	1877
Sigma Alpha Epsilon	1881
Kappa Sigma	1882
Phi Delta Theta	1883
Delta Tau Delta	1883
Kappa Alpha	1883
Pi Kappa Alpha	1898



ALPHA TAU OMEGA CHAPTER HOUSE

Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity

FOUNDED AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, 1865

COLORS—Sky Blue and Old Gold FLOWER—White TEA ROSE

Active Chapters

ALABAMA ALPHA EPSILON . . A. and M. College, Auburn
ALABAMA BETA BETA . . Southern University, Greensboro
ALABAMA BETA DELTA . . University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa
GEORGIA ALPHA BETA . . . University of Georgia, Athens
GEORGIA ALPHA THETA Emory College, Oxford
GEORGIA ALPHA ZETA . . . Mercer University, Macon
GEORGIA BETA IOTA . . . School of Technology, Atlanta
ILLINOIS GAMMA ZETA . . University of Illinois, Champaign
INDIANA GAMMA GAMMA, Rose Polytechnic Institute, Terre Haute
LOUISIANA BETA EPSILON . Tulane University, New Orleans
MASSACHUSETTS GAMMA BETA . . Tufts College, Medford
MAINE BETA UPSILON State College, Orono
MAINE GAMMA ALPHA . . . Colby University, Waterville
MICHIGAN ALPHA MU Adrian College, Adrian
MICHIGAN BETA KAPPA . . . Hillsdale College, Hillsdale
MICHIGAN BETA OMICRON . . . Albion College, Albion
NEBRASKA GAMMA THETA . . . University of Nebraska
NORTH CAROLINA ALPHA DELTA, University of N. C., Chapel Hill
NORTH CAROLINA XI Trinity College, Durham
NEW YORK ALPHA OMICRON . St. Lawrence University, Canton
NEW YORK BETA THETA . . Cornell University, Ithaca
OHIO ALPHA MU Mt. Union College, Alliance
OHIO ALPHA PSI . . . Wittenberg College, Springfield
OHIO BETA ETA . . . Wesleyan University, Delaware
OHIO BETA MU Wooster University, Wooster
OHIO BETA RHO Marietta College, Marietta
OHIO BETA OMEGA State University, Columbus
PENNSYLVANIA ALPHA IOTA . Muhlenburg College, Allentown
PENNSYLVANIA ALPHA RHO, Lehigh University, South Bethlehem
PENNSYLVANIA ALPHA UPSILON, Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg
PENNSYLVANIA TAU . University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia
RHODE ISLAND GAMMA DELTA Brown University, Providence
TENNESSEE ALPHA TAU, S. W. Presbyterian University, Clarksville
TENNESSEE BETA PI . . Vanderbilt University, Nashville
TENNESSEE BETA TAU . . . S. W. B. University, Jackson
TENNESSEE LAMBDA . . . Cumberland College, Lebanon
TENNESSEE OMEGA . . University of the South, Sewanee
TEXAS GAMMA EPSILON Austin College, Sherman
TEXAS GAMMA ETA . . . University of Texas, Austin
VERMONT BETA ZETA . . University of Vermont, Burlington
VIRGINIA BETA . Washington and Lee University, Lexington
VIRGINIA DELTA . . University of Virginia, Charlottsville

Alumni Associations

Alabama Alumni Association
Allentown Alumni Association
Boston Alumni Association
Chicago Alumni Association
Cleveland Alumni Association
District of Columbia Alumni Association
Georgia Alumni Association
New York Alumni Association
Ohio Alumni Association
Pennsylvania Alumni Association
Pittsburgh Alumni Association
Springfield Alumni Association
Tennessee Alumni Association
Texas Alumni Association

Tennessee Omega of Alpha Tau Omega

ESTABLISHED 1877

Fratres in Urbe

PRESTON SMITH BROOKS — ROBERT LIONEL COLMORE — ALEXANDER R. SHEPHERD
REV. JAMES DANIEL WARREN

In Facultate

B. LAWTON WIGGINS, M. A. — WILLIAM BOONE NAUTS, M. A.

Adjutores

WILLIAM HENRY MacKELLAR, M. A. — CHAS. BYFIELD SPARKS

In Officio

STEPHEN MOYLAN BIRD

In Theologia

WILLIAM HASKELL DuBOSE

In Medicina

BARTLETT ET ULTIMUS SIMS

In Lege

CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY — MATTHEW WATSON

In Academia

PRESTON SMITH BROOKS, Jr. — AUSTIN MILLER McNEAL — BURGISS WADE KIRKPATRICK
HENRY FREDERICK EASTER — WILLIAM BESS THOMPSON — OVERTON LEA, Jr.
RICHARD WEST FRANKLIN — CHAS. BLANEY COLMORE — LUCIEN MEMMINGER
CHAS. DeVANE JOHNSTON — EDGAR HOWARD FARRAR, Jr. — FRANCIS HARRIMAN RICHEY
LUKE LEA — HUGER WILKINSON JERVEY — JAMES LEWIS TITUS
JAMES FOUCHE MATTHEWS — JOSEPH UNDERWOOD RUTLEDGE YOUNG



OMEGA OF ALPHA TAU OMEGA



SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON CHAPTER HOUSE.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity

FOUNDED AT UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA, 1856

COLORS — Purple and Gold . FLOWER — Violet

Active Chapters

Province Alpha

MASSACHUSETTS BETA UPSILON	Boston University
MASSACHUSETTS IOTA TAU	Massachusetts Institute of Technology
MASSACHUSETTS GAMMA	Harvard University
MASSACHUSETTS DELTA	Worcester Polytechnic Institute
CONNECTICUT ALPHA	Trinity College

Province Beta

NEW YORK ALPHA	Cornell University
NEW YORK MU	Columbia University
NEW YORK SIGMA PHI	St. Stephens College
PENNSYLVANIA OMEGA	Alleghany College
PENNSYLVANIA SIGMA PHI	Dickinson College
PENNSYLVANIA ALPHA ZETA	Pennsylvania State College
PENNSYLVANIA ZETA	Bucknell University

Province Gamma

VIRGINIA OMICRON	University of Virginia
VIRGINIA SIGMA	Washington and Lee University
NORTH CAROLINA XI	University of North Carolina
NORTH CAROLINA THETA	Davidson College
SOUTH CAROLINA PHI	Furman University
SOUTH CAROLINA GAMMA	Wofford College
GEORGIA BETA	University of Georgia
GEORGIA PSI	Mercer University
GEORGIA EPSILON	Emory College
GEORGIA PHI	Georgia School of Technology

Province Delta

MICHIGAN IOTA BETA	University of Michigan
MICHIGAN ALPHA	Adrian College
OHIO SIGMA	Mt. Union College
OHIO DELTA	Ohio Wesleyan University
OHIO EPSILON	Cincinnati University

Province Delta — Continued

OHIO THETA	Ohio State University
INDIANA ALPHA	Franklin College
INDIANA BETA	Purdue University
ILLINOIS PSI OMEGA	Northwestern University

Province Epsilon

KENTUCKY KAPPA	Central University
KENTUCKY IOTA	Bethel College
TENNESSEE ZETA	Southwestern Presbyterian University
TENNESSEE LAMBDA	Cumberland University
TENNESSEE NU	Vanderbilt University
TENNESSEE KAPPA	University of Tennessee
TENNESSEE OMEGA	University of the South
TENNESSEE ETA	Southwestern Baptist University
ALABAMA MU	University of Alabama
ALABAMA IOTA	Southern University
ALABAMA ALPHA MU	Alabama A. & M. College
MISSISSIPPI GAMMA	University of Mississippi

Province Zeta

IOWA SIGMA	Simpson College
MISSOURI ALPHA	University of Missouri
MISSOURI BETA	Washington University
NEBRASKA LAMBDA PI	University of Nebraska

Province Eta

ARKANSAS ALPHA UPSILON	University of Arkansas
TEXAS RHO	University of Texas
COLORADO CHI	University of Colorado
COLORADO ZETA	Denver University
CALIFORNIA ALPHA	Leland Stanford, Jr., University
CALIFORNIA BETA	University of California
LOUISIANA UPSILON	Louisiana State University
LOUISIANA TAU UPSILON	Tulane University

Alumni Associations

New York City Association
Boston Association
Atlanta Association
Cincinnati Association
Chicago Association
Savannah Association
Pittsburgh Association
Augusta Association
Alliance, Ohio, Association
Knoxville Association
Chattanooga Association
Kansas City Association
Jackson, Miss., Association
Detroit Association

Tennessee Omega of Sigma Alpha Epsilon

ESTABLISHED 1881

Fratres in Facultate

BENJAMIN W. WELLS, Ph. D. — CAMERON PIGGOTT, M. D.
WILLIAM B. HALL, M. A., M. D. — WILLIAM A. GUERRY, M. A., B. D.
GEORGE RENAU RAU, M. D.

Adjutor

SAMUEL CARY BECKWITH, M. A.

In Lege

JAMES TIFT MANN

In Theologia

SAMUEL CARY BECKWITH, M. A.
CROSWELL McBEE, B. Litt.
HAROLD THOMAS
JOHN HENRY BROWN
THOMAS PASTEUR NOË, M. A.
JAMES CASH WARING, M. D.

In Medicina

JOHN ARMISTEAD SELDEN
ERNEST RAU
FREDERICK HESSLER SPARRENBERGER

In Academia

LEWIS ALLEN*
BOWER WILLIAMSON BARNWELL
ROBERT IRVINE BRANCH
HENRY CAMPBELL CHAFEE
JOHN McWILLIAMS FORD
GEORGE HENDREE HARRISON
RALPH NESBIT, Jr.
JOSEPH BRUCE SMITH
WILLIAM BEVERLY WESTCOTT
THOMAS BUFFINGTON WILSON
MILTON BACON
AUSTIN THOMAS BRANCH
WILLIAM ADDISON COBBS
GEORGE PENDLETON EGLESTON
JAMES PAGE FREEMAN
ALFRED NEWELL KING
ANTHONY TOOMER PORTER, Jr.
JOSEPH CUMMING THOMAS
GEORGE FRASER WILSON

* Deceased



TENNESSEE OMEGA OF SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON

THOMAS, H. CHAFEE HARRISON M'BEE BARNWELL BRANCH, A. T. THOMAS, J. C. BRANCH, R. I. WARING
BROWN HALL WELLS KING GUERRY PIGGOTT
WILSON BECKWITH SMITH MANN FORD
EGLESTON NOE NESBIT



KAPPA SIGMA CHAPTER HOUSE

Kappa Sigma Fraternity

FOUNDED AT UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, 1867

COLORS — Old Gold, Maroon, and Peacock Blue FLOWER — Lily of the Valley

Active Chapters

GAMMA	Louisiana State University
DELTA	Davidson College, North Carolina
EPSILON	Centenary College, Louisiana
ZETA	University of Virginia
ETA	Randolph-Macon College, Virginia
THETA	Cumberland University, Tennessee
IOTA	Southwestern University, Texas
KAPPA	Vanderbilt University, Tennessee
LAMBDA	University of Tennessee
MU	Washington and Lee University, Virginia
NU	William and Mary College, Virginia
XI	University of Arkansas
PI	Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania
SIGMA	Tulane University, Louisiana
TAU	University of Texas
UPSILON	Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia
PHI	Southwestern Presbyterian University, Tennessee
CHI	Purdue University, Indiana
PSI	University of Maine
OMEGA	University of the South, Tennessee
ETA, PRIME	Trinity College, North Carolina
ALPHA ALPHA	University of Maryland
ALPHA BETA	Mercer University, Georgia
ALPHA GAMMA	University of Illinois
ALPHA DELTA	Pennsylvania State College
ALPHA EPSILON	University of Pennsylvania
ALPHA ZETA	University of Michigan
ALPHA ETA	Columbian University, District of Columbia
ALPHA THETA	Southwestern Baptist University, Tennessee
ALPHA IOTA	U. S. Grant University, Tennessee
ALPHA KAPPA	Cornell University, New York
ALPHA LAMBDA	University of Vermont
ALPHA MU	University of North Carolina
ALPHA NU	Wofford College, South Carolina
ALPHA XI	Bethel College, Kentucky
ALPHA OMICRON	Kentucky University
ALPHA PI	Wabash College, Indiana
ALPHA RHO	Bowdoin College, Maine
ALPHA SIGMA	Ohio State University
ALPHA TAU	Georgia School of Technology
ALPHA UPSILON	Millsap's College, Mississippi
ALPHA PHI	Bucknell University, Pennsylvania
ALPHA CHI	Lake Forest University, Illinois
ALPHA PSI	University of Nebraska
ALPHA OMEGA	Wm. Jewell College, Missouri
BETA ALPHA	Brown University, Rhode Island
BETA BETA	Richmond College, Virginia
BETA GAMMA	University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.
BETA DELTA	Washington and Jefferson, Washington, Pa.

Alumni Associations

Yazoo City, Miss., Alumni Association
Philadelphia, Pa., Alumni Association
Pittsburgh, Pa., Alumni Association
New York City Alumni Association
New Orleans, La., Alumni Association
Chicago, Ill., Alumni Association
Indianapolis, Ind., Alumni Association
Ruston, La., Alumni Association
St. Louis, Mo., Alumni Association

Omega Chapter of Kappa Sigma

ESTABLISHED 1882

Fratres in Medicina

SIDNEY BERTRAND SMITH
CHARLES HENRY MARTIN
HENRY HAWES CHANDLER
WILLIAM ALLEN TURNER, JR.
LEWIS THAYER MITCHELL
WILLIAM EGLESTON
ALBERT C. DASPIT

In Lege

DUNCAN CAMERON GREEN
ROBERT LUCKETT THOMPSON
ROBERT LEIGHTON CRAWFORD BARRET

In Theologia

WILLIAM MERCER GREEN, JR., B. A.

In Academia

GEORGE CLIFTON EDWARDS
OTIS HACKETT JOHNSON
CHARLES FREDERICK CHRISTIAN LONBERG
WILLIAM MECKLIN EDWARDS, JR.
JAMES WILSON, JR.



OMEGA OF KAPPA SIGMA

THOMPSON
JOHNSON

GREEN, W. M.
GREEN, D. C.

TURNER
EDWARDS, W. M.

SMITH
BARRET

EDWARDS, O. C.
LONBERG



PHI DELTA THETA CHAPTER HOUSE

Phi Delta Theta Fraternity

FOUNDED AT MIAMI UNIVERSITY, 1848

COLORS—White and Blue FLOWER—White Carnation

Active Chapters

Alpha Province

MAINE ALPHA	Colby University
NEW HAMPSHIRE ALPHA	Dartmouth College
VERMONT ALPHA	University of Vermont
MASSACHUSETTS ALPHA	Williams College
MASSACHUSETTS BETA	Amherst College
RHODE ISLAND ALPHA	Brown University
NEW YORK ALPHA	Cornell University
NEW YORK BETA	Union University
NEW YORK DELTA	Columbia University
NEW YORK EPSILON	Syracuse University
PENNSYLVANIA ALPHA	La Fayette College
PENNSYLVANIA BETA	Gettysburg College
PENNSYLVANIA GAMMA	Washington and Jefferson College
PENNSYLVANIA DELTA	Allegheny College
PENNSYLVANIA EPSILON	Dickinson College
PENNSYLVANIA ZETA	University of Pennsylvania
PENNSYLVANIA ETA	Lehigh University

Beta Province

VIRGINIA BETA	University of Virginia
VIRGINIA GAMMA	Randolph-Macon College
VIRGINIA ZETA	Washington and Lee University
NORTH CAROLINA BETA	University of North Carolina
KENTUCKY ALPHA	Centre College
KENTUCKY DELTA	Central University
TENNESSEE ALPHA	Vanderbilt University
TENNESSEE BETA	University of the South

Gamma Province

GEORGIA ALPHA	University of Georgia
GEORGIA BETA	Emory College
GEORGIA GAMMA	Mercer University
ALABAMA ALPHA	University of Alabama
ALABAMA BETA	Alabama Polytechnic Institute
MISSISSIPPI ALPHA	University of Mississippi
LOUISIANA ALPHA	Tulane University
TEXAS BETA	University of Texas
TEXAS GAMMA	Southwestern University

Delta Province

OHIO ALPHA	Miami University
OHIO BETA	Ohio Wesleyan University
OHIO GAMMA	Ohio University
OHIO ZETA	Ohio State University
OHIO ETA	Case School of Applied Science
INDIANA ALPHA	Indiana University
INDIANA BETA	Wabash College
INDIANA GAMMA	Butler College, University of Indianapolis
INDIANA DELTA	Franklin College
INDIANA EPSILON	Hanover College
INDIANA ZETA	De Pauw University
INDIANA THETA	Purdue University
MICHIGAN ALPHA	University of Michigan
MICHIGAN BETA	State College of Michigan
MICHIGAN GAMMA	Hillsdale College

Epsilon Province

ILLINOIS ALPHA	Northwestern University
ILLINOIS BETA	The University of Chicago
ILLINOIS DELTA	Knox College
ILLINOIS ZETA	Lombard University
ILLINOIS ETA	University of Illinois
WISCONSIN ALPHA	University of Wisconsin
MINNESOTA ALPHA	University of Minnesota
IOWA ALPHA	Iowa Wesleyan University
IOWA BETA	University of Iowa
MISSOURI ALPHA	University of Missouri
MISSOURI BETA	Westminster College
MISSOURI GAMMA	Washington University
KANSAS ALPHA	University of Kansas
NEBRASKA ALPHA	University of Nebraska
CALIFORNIA ALPHA	University of California
CALIFORNIA BETA	Leland Stanford, Jr., University

Alumni Chapters

Boston, Mass., Alpha
New York, N. Y., Alpha
Pittsburgh, Pa., Alpha
Philadelphia, Pa., Beta
Baltimore, Md., Alpha
Washington, D. C., Alpha
Richmond, Va., Alpha
Louisville, Ky., Alpha
Nashville, Tenn., Alpha

Columbus, Ga., Alpha
Atlanta, Ga., Beta
Macon, Ga., Gamma
Montgomery, Ala., Alpha
Selma, Ala., Beta
Birmingham, Ala., Gamma
Mobile, Ala., Delta
New Orleans, La., Alpha
Cincinnati, Ohio, Alpha

Akron, Ohio, Beta
Cleveland, Ohio, Gamma
Franklin, Ind., Alpha
Indianoplis, Ind., Beta
Detroit, Mich., Alpha
Chicago, Ill., Alpha
Galesburg, Ill., Beta
La Crosse, Wis., Alpha
Milwaukee, Wis., Beta

Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minn., Alpha
Kansas City, Mo., Alpha
St Louis, Mo., Beta
Denver, Col., Alpha
Salt Lake City, Utah, Alpha
San Francisco, Cal., Alpha
Los Angeles, Cal., Beta
Spokane, Wash., Alpha

Tennessee Beta of Phi Delta Theta

ESTABLISHED 1883

Fratres in Facultate

REV. GREENOUGH WHITE, M. A., B. D. GEORGE BRUCE THOMAS, M. D.

In Officio

ROBERT MARION DuBOSE CALEB BRINTNALL KNEVALS WEED, M. A.

In Theologia

FRANCIS OSCAR HENRY BOBERG FREDERICK HARRIMAN HARDING, M. A.
FREDERICK LaGRANGE SMITH HENRY ESTEN SPEARS, B. A.
CALEB BRINTNALL KNEVALS WEED, M. A. HARRY THOMAS WALDEN

In Lege

THOMAS SARGENT PARROTT OSCAR WILDER

In Medicina

WILLIAM RAY BATHURST GEORGE FIELD ENOCH RALPH EMERSON BRAKE, M. D.
CHARLES WILFRED GASKELL DOUGLASS HAGGARD MARK WILLIAM LEVERT
GEORGE HARRIS SEARCY JOSEPH ALEXANDER SEARCY

In Academia

HARBERT WILSON BENJAMIN CHARLES ERWIN BUNTIN WILLIAM ALLISON BUNTIN
MARION PORCHER DuBOSE JOHN NEILSON FURNISS
WILLIAM LOWRY GILLETT TELFAIR HODGSON ROBERT SORSBY JEMISON
EDGAR STOCKTON LAIRD DOUGLAS WILLIAM NASH
CHARLES JOHN SLACK LAURENCE MOORE WILLIAMS THOMAS CHAPMAN WILLIAMS



TENNESSEE BETA OF PHI DELTA THETA

NASH GILLETT LAIRD WILLIAMS, L. M. SLACK
DU BOSE BENJAMIN SPEARS
WILDER WEED
PARROTT HODGSON HARDING BUNTIN WILLIAMS, T. C.
JEMISON



DELTA TAU DELTA CHAPTER HOUSE

Delta Tau Delta Fraternity

FOUNDED AT BETHANY COLLEGE 1860

COLORS—Purple, White, and Old Gold FLOWER—Pansy

Active Chapters

Grand Division of the South

LAMBDA	Vanderbilt University, Tennessee	BETA EPSILON	Emory College, Georgia
PI	University of Mississippi	BETA THETA	University of the South, Tennessee
PHI	Washington and Lee University, Virginia	BETA XI	Tulane University, Louisiana
BETA DELTA	University of Georgia	BETA IOTA	University of Virginia

Grand Division of the West

OMICRON	University of Iowa	BETA RHO	Leland Stanford, Jr., University, California
BETA GAMMA	University of Wisconsin	BETA TAU	University of Nebraska
BETA ETA	University of Minnesota	BETA UPSILON	University of Illinois
BETA KAPPA	University of Colorado	BETA OMEGA	University of California
BETA PI	Northwestern University, Illinois		

Grand Division of the North

BETA	Ohio University	BETA ALPHA	Indiana University
DELTA	University of Michigan	BETA BETA	De Pauw University, Indiana
EPSILON	Albion College, Michigan	BETA ZETA	Butler College, University of Indianapolis, Indiana
ZETA	Adelbert College, Ohio	BETA PHI	Ohio State University
KAPPA	Hillsdale College, Michigan	BETA PSI	Wabash College, Indiana
MU	Ohio Wesleyan University	GAMMA ALPHA	University of Chicago
XI	Kenyon College, Ohio		

Grand Division of the East

ALPHA	Allegheny College, Pennsylvania	BETA LAMBDA	Lehigh University, Pennsylvania
GAMMA	Washington and Jefferson College, Pennsylvania	BETA MU	Tufts College, Massachusetts
RHO	Stevens Institute of Technology, New Jersey	BETA NU	Massachusetts Institute of Technology
UPSILON	Renssalaer Polytechnic Institute, New York	BETA OMICRON	Cornell University, New York
OMEGA	University of Pennsylvania	BETA CHI	Brown University, Rhode Island

Alumni Chapters

New York Alumni Association	Pittsburgh Alumni Association	Grand Rapids Alumni Association
Chicago Alumni Association	Nebraska Alumni Association	New Orleans Alumni Association
Nashville Alumni Association	Cleveland Alumni Association	New England Alumni Association
Twin City Alumni Association	Detroit Alumni Association	Cincinnati Alumni Association

Beta Theta Chapter of Delta Tau Delta

ESTABLISHED 1883

Frater in Urbe

REV. ROWLAND HALE

In Officio

MERCER GREEN JOHNSTON

In Theologia

FRANCIS WILLIS AMBLER
MERCER GREEN JOHNSTON
RICHARD WALLACE HOGUE
RAIMUNDO GEORGE de OVIES
GARDINER LEIGH TUCKER

In Lege

ALBERT HUELING DAVIS
DANA TYRRELL SMITH

In Medicina

WILLIAM EDWARD WILMERDING

In Academia

JOHN CAMPBELL AVERY
RALPH PETERS BLACK
BERNARD SAVAGE DUNBAR
BRADLEY BROWN HOGUE
BERTRAM PAGE JOHNSON
CHARLES STEVENS PARTRIDGE
RINGLAND FISHER KILPATRICK
PHELAN BEALE
ROBERT CADE
GEORGE WILDY GIBBS
BENJAMIN ROLLINS HOWARD
HUGH MILLER THOMPSON PEARCE
WILLIAM HENRY POOLE
ORMOND SIMKINS
ERNEST ECKFORD TUCKER
JOHN COLLINS WATIES
JOSÉ MARTIN SELDEN
HOMER WORTHINGTON STARR
CARL THEOBALD



BETA THETA OF DELTA TAU DELTA

TUCKER, G. L. TUCKER, E. E.

PARTRIDGE HOGUE, R. W.

POOLE STARR BEALE JOHNSON DAVIS DE OVIES

JOHNSTON AVERY SIMKINS SMITH GIBBS CADE

DUNBAR HOGUE, B. B. AMBLER THEOBALD KILPATRICK BLACK PEARCE WATIES SELDEN

Chapter House of Alpha Alpha Chapter

THE Chapter House of Alpha Alpha Chapter of Kappa Alpha was burned Tuesday night, March 30, 1898. A new building of stone is in progress of erection on the same spot, and will be completed August 15, 1898.

Fraternity of Kappa Alpha

FOUNDED AT WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY, 1865

COLORS — Crimson and Gold FLOWERS — Magnolia and Rose

Chapter Roll

ALPHA . . Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.	PSI Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
GAMMA University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.	OMEGA Centre College, Danville, Ky.
DELTA Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.	ALPHA ALPHA . . University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.
EPSILON Emory College, Oxford, Ga.	ALPHA BETA . . . University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
ZETA Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va.	ALPHA GAMMA . . Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La.
ETA Richmond College, Richmond, Va.	ALPHA DELTA . . . William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo.
THETA Kentucky State College, Lexington, Ky.	ALPHA EPSILON . . S. W. P. University, Clarksville, Tenn.
IOTA Furman University, Greenville, S. C.	ALPHA ZETA . William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.
KAPPA Mercer University, Macon, Ga.	ALPHA ETA Westminster College, Fulton, Mo.
LAMBDA . . . University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.	ALPHA THETA . . . Kentucky University, Lexington, Ky.
NU . Polytechnic Institute, A. & M. College, Auburn, Ala.	ALPHA IOTA Centenary College, Jackson, La.
XI . . . Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas	ALPHA KAPPA . . Missouri State University, Columbia, Mo.
OMICRON University of Texas, Austin, Texas	ALPHA LAMBDA . Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.
PI University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.	ALPHA MU Millsaps College, Jackson, Miss.
SIGMA . . . Davidson College, Mecklenburg Co., N. C.	ALPHA NU . . Columbian University, Washington, D. C.
UPSILON . . University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.	ALPHA XI . . . University of California, Berkely, Cal.
PHI Southern University, Greensboro, Ala.	ALPHA OMICRON . University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
CHI Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.	ALPHA PI . Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Stanford Univ. P. O., Cal.
	ALPHA RHO University of West Virginia, Morgantown, W. Va.

Alumni Chapters

Richmond, Va.	Norfolk, Va.	Raleigh, N. C.	Macon, Ga.	New York City
Washington, D. C.	Mobile, Ala.	Atlanta, Ga.	Athens, Ga.	Dallas, Texas
Higginsville, Mo.	Franklin, La.	Lexington, Ky.	Petersburg, Va.	Talladega, Ala.

Alpha Alpha Chapter of Kappa Alpha

ESTABLISHED 1883

Fratres in Theologia

ROBERT BENEDICT FRANCIS HOPKINSON CRAIGHILL, B. A. HENRY JUDAH MIKELL, B. A.

In Lege

JULIEN BAPTISTE ADOUE LAMAR WORSHAM LIDSTONE

In Medicina

CLINTON BALLARD ROBERT MUNCASTER GRAY TALIAFERRO MILTON
JAMES WOFFORD SANDERS FREDERICK MYERS SCOTT
QUARLES DOWSING BROWN

In Academia

ROBERT GOLDTHWAITE ARRINGTON
RICHARD POTTS DANIEL
EDWIN JORDAN DOZIER
JOSEPH BARTON ELAM
RICHARD CONKLIN HALL
JESSE McVEIGH HARRISON
MORGAN TURRENTINE MICOU
CHARLES ARTHUR ROBBE, JR.
BAYARD BENOIST SHIELDS
GUY HAMILTON CAFFEY
ALBERT TREAT DAVIDSON
ROBERT WATERS EASLEY
CHARLES QUINTARD GRAY
JOSEPH GREGOIRE DE ROULHAC HAMILTON
ROBERT WYNDHAM KEELY
HOWARD SANK RISLEY
HENRY GOLDTHWAITE SEIBELS
JOHN STEWART TANNER



ALPHA ALPHA OF KAPPA ALPHA

DANIEL ARRINGTON ELAM GRAY MILTON SEIBELS HALL
SHIELDS RISLEY HAMILTON CRAIGHILL BENEDICT
CAFFEY KEELEY MIKELL SCOTT DAVIDSON LIDSTONE ROBBE

Pi Kappa Alpha

[For Baird's American College Fraternities.]

Pi Kappa Alpha was founded at the University of Virginia, March 1, 1868. Frederick Southgate Taylor, of Norfolk, Va., is honored as chief founder among six. The session of 1867–68 found F. S. Taylor and L. W. Tazewell, of Norfolk, Va., in the Law Department of the University. These two classmates were of the same age; had always been bosom friends, and their aims and aspirations in life were very much the same. We believe that in this pure friendship is to be found the germ that gave birth to Pi Kappa Alpha. The Fraternity idea conceived by the first, and warmly espoused by the second, was readily accepted by three other students—James B. Sclater, Julien E. Wood, and Robertson Howard—who thus became the five founders of Pi Kappa Alpha. The first meeting was held in room 39, West Range, March 1, 1868. William Alexander (now Secretary New York Equitable Life Assurance Society) was the first initiate, and A. W. Knox (now of Raleigh, N. C.) was the second. F. S. Taylor gave the name for, and William Alexander designed the badge of, the Fraternity.

At this time everything at the South was in a state of chaos; uncertainty pervaded every enterprise, hung over its birth, and attended its course. This was especially true of education, and at educational institutions. The exigencies of the late period had greatly diminished the number of students; had closed some colleges and rendered uncertain the fate of others. The founders of the Fraternity seem to have intended it only for Southern institutions, a principle rigidly adhered to throughout its history, so that under the existing order of things rapid growth was impossible. Yet extension was zealously undertaken. Beta Chapter was placed at Davidson College, N. C., in 1869, but was killed within a year by decree of the Faculty, since repealed. Here the Fraternity established its second great principle, that it will not tolerate *sub rosa* Chapters. Gamma was established at William and Mary College, Virginia, in 1871, and lived seven years. The same story of birth and death would describe Delta, Epsilon, Zeta, Eta, and Kappa. Thus after twenty years of checkered fortunes the Fraternity had in 1888 only three living Chapters—Alpha, Theta, and Iota. In 1889, Lambda was placed at the South Carolina Military Academy, Charleston, S. C., only to go under next year by act of the Board of Visitors, and Alpha failing just at this time left only two Chapters to continue the struggle. But here the story changes. There was the right material in Theta and Iota and extinct Lambda just at this time, and we would name Robert A. Smyth, Lambda; D. J. Brimm and T. H. Rice, of Theta; and H. B. Arbuckle and J. T. McAllister, of Iota, as the second founders of the Fraternity. By reviving extinct and chartering new ones it has grown from two Chapters in 1890 to thirteen in 1896, with six Alumni Chapters. Besides this increase of Chapters they have achieved other and more important gains, such as the establishment of a successful form of government, publication of a catalogue and magazine, etc., so that Pi Kappa Alpha, as a strictly Southern Order, is enabled to assert itself more boldly and successfully in the Fraternity world.

Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity

FOUNDED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, 1868

COLORS—Old Gold and Garnet FLOWER—Lily of the Valley

Active Chapters

ALPHA	University of Virginia
BETA	Davidson College, North Carolina
GAMMA	William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.
ZETA	University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
THETA	Southwestern Presbyterian University, Clarksville, Tenn.
IOTA	Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia
MU	Presbyterian College, Clinton, S. C.
NU	Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.
PI	Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
RHO	Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn.
SIGMA	Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
TAU	University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.
UPSILON	Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala.
PHI	Roanoke College, Salem, Va.
CHI	University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.

Alumni Chapters

Alpha—Richmond, Va.
Beta—Memphis, Tenn.
Gamma—White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.
Delta—Charleston, S. C.
Epsilon—Norfolk, Va.
Zeta—Dellon, S. C.
Eta—New Orleans, La.
Theta—Dallas, Texas

Chi Chapter of Pi Kappa Alpha

ESTABLISHED 1898

Frater in Facultate

GEORGE E. McLAURINE

In Theologia

WILLIAM STERLING CLAIBORNE

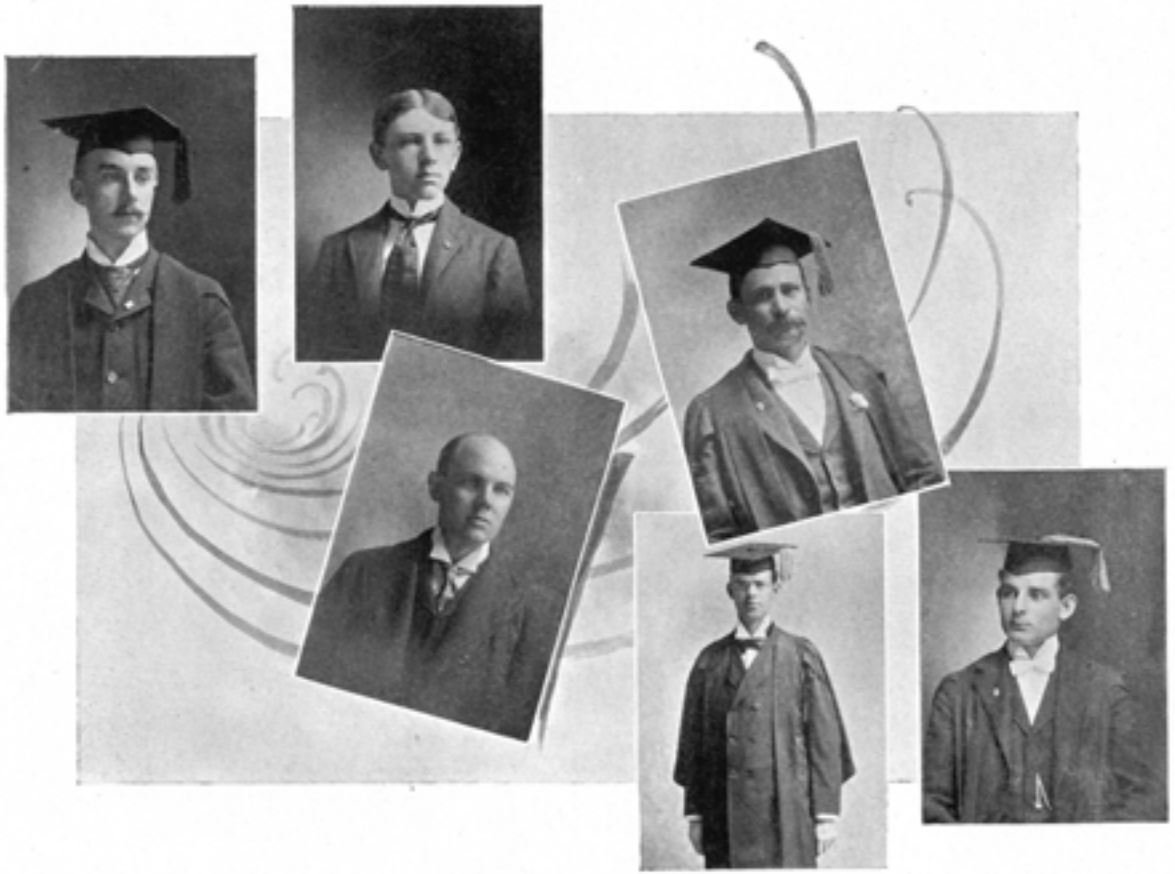
CHARLES WILLIAM BOYD

In Academia

GODFREY WILLIAM RADCLYFFE CADMAN

LUTHER GEORGE HALLAM WILLIAMS

HENRY BRAGG PARKER



CHI OF PI KAPPA ALPHA

CADMAN

PARKER

M'LAURINE

BOYD

CLAIBORNE

WILLIAMS

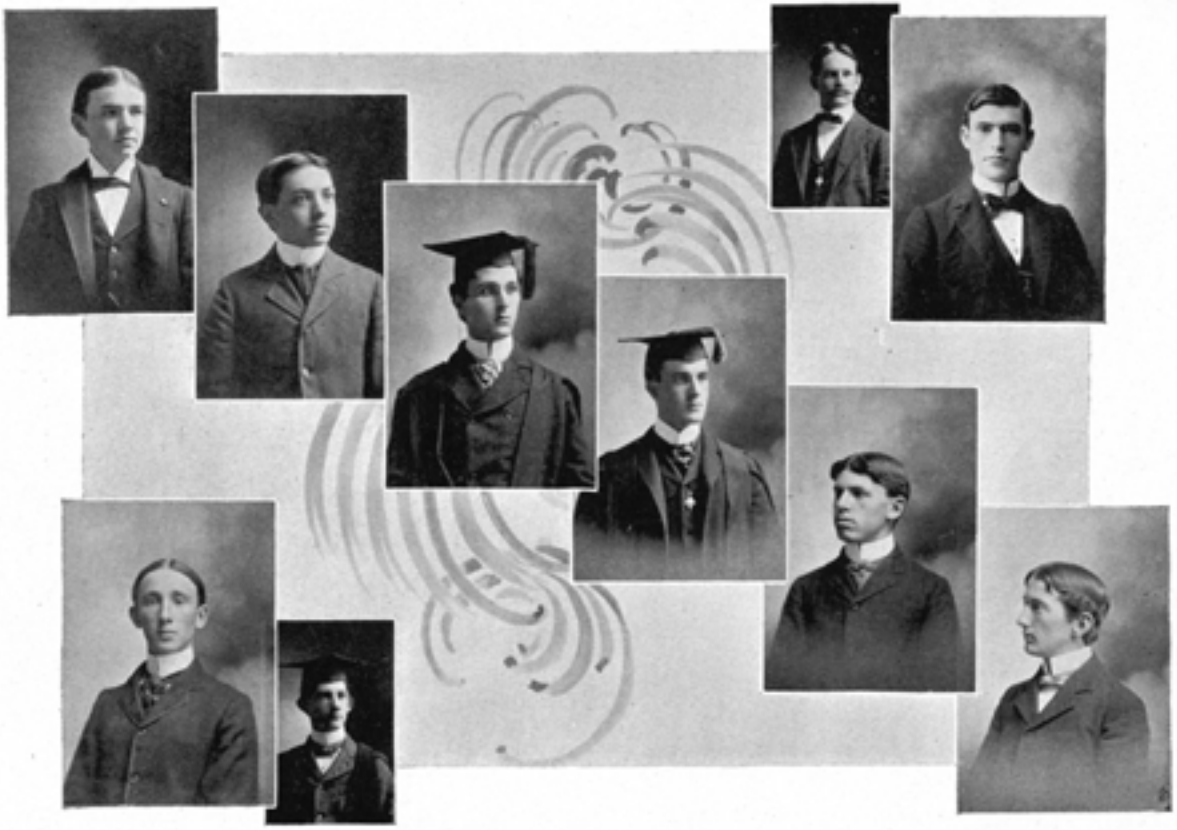
Fraternity Men

Who Have no Chapter at the University

BENJAMIN MACKENZIE ANDERSON, B. A.	Phi Beta Kappa, Kappa Alpha, Hobart
JAMES SMITH DOUGHERTY	Chi Phi, Eta Chapter, University of Georgia
EDMUND NOAH JOYNER, JR.	Sigma Nu, Delta Chapter, South Carolina College
RICHARD CUNLIFFE McBEE	Beta Theta Pi, Beta Beta Chapter, University of Mississippi
HORACE STRINGFELLOW	Delta Kappa Epsilon, Psi Chapter, University of Alabama
JOSEPH TALIAFERRO TAYLOR, B. Litt.	Kappa Alpha, Hobart
CALHOUN WILSON	Delta Psi, Phi Chapter, University of Mississippi
WILLIAM BLACKBURN WILSON, JR.	Chi Psi, Beta Chapter, South Carolina College
WILLIAM POSTELL WITSELL, B. Litt.	Kappa Alpha, Hobart
WILLIAM HENRY YEANDLE, JR.	Sigma Nu, Xi Chapter, Emory College
REV. W. P. DU BOSE, M. A., S. T. D.	Delta Kappa Epsilon
PROF. W. P. TRENT, M. A.	Phi Kappa Psi
PROF. BURR J. RAMAGE, PH D.	Chi Phi
CHARLES W. BAIN, M. A.	Chi Phi
S. D. WILCOX	Kappa Alpha

Summary, 1897-98

	INITIATED	OLD MEN	TRANSFERS	TOTAL
ALPHA TAU OMEGA	7	23	..	30
SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON	6	26	2	34
KAPPA SIGMA	9	6	1	16
PHI DELTA THETA	11	17	4	31
DELTA TAU DELTA	8	20	..	28
KAPPA ALPHA (S. O.)	9	18	1	28
PI KAPPA ALPHA	4	2	..	6
KAPPA ALPHA	..	4	..	4
CHI PHI	..	3	..	3
DELTA KAPPA EPSILON	..	2	..	2
SIGMA NU	..	2	..	2
BETA THETA PI	..	1	..	1
CHI PSI	..	1	..	1
PHI KAPPA PSI	..	1	..	1
DELTA PSI	..	1		1
				189



FRATERNITY MEN WITHOUT CHAPTERS

M'BEE STRINGFELLOW JOYNER ANDERSON TAYLOR WILSON, W. B. WITSELL DOUGHERTY

WILSON, C. YEANDLE

Pan-Hellenic Convention

Officers

CALEB B. K. WEED, M.A. *President*
F. H. CRAIGHILL, B.A. *Secretary*

Delegates

A T Ω

C. C. PINCKNEY
W. B. THOMPSON, II
E. H. FARRAR, JR.

Φ Δ Θ

F. H. HARDING, M.A.
R. S. JEMISON
T. S. PARROTT

Σ A E

J. C. WARING, M.D.
R. I. BRANCH
J. H. BROWN

Δ T Δ

M. G. JOHNSTON
J. M. SELDEN
R. W. HOGUE, B.A.

K Σ

W. M. GREEN, JR., B.A.
R. L. C. BARRET
R. L. THOMPSON

K A

H. S. RISLEY
H. G. SEIBELS
F. H. CRAIGHILL, B.A.

Π K A

W. S. CLAIBORNE
C. W. BOYD
L. G. H. WILLIAMS



NEAR SLOPE WALL

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES



SIGMA EPSILON



Officers

R. W. HOGUE	*President*
H. S. RISLEY	*Vice-President*
L. G. H. WILLIAMS	*Secretary*
LUKE LEA	*Treasurer*
W. H. POOLE	*Critic*

Trinity, 1897

C. C. PINCKNEY	*President*
R. W. HOGUE	*Vice-President*
W. H. POOLE	*Secretary*
L. G. H. WILLIAMS	*Treasurer*
W. P. WITSELL	*Critic*

Anniversary, 1897

R. W. Hogue, *Orator* — C. J. Slack,† B. P. Johnson, *Declaimers* — G. C. Edwards, *Essayist*

Anniversary 1898

G. C. Edwards, *Orator* — M. P. Du Bose,† L. G. H. Williams, *Declaimers* — W. H. Poole, *Essayist*

Presidents

'72, F. W. Royster
'73, B. B. Myles (2*)
C. M. Gray (2)
'74, B. B. Myles (3)
T. M. Scruggs
'75, T. M. Scruggs
H. D. Higgins (3)
'76, A. M. Rutledge (2)
H. D. Higgins
T. Worthington (2)
'77, D. Sessums (2)
F. A. De Rossett (2)
J. B. Mayfield
'78, E. E. G. Roberts
D. A. Crump (2)
J. Gass (2)
'79, L. Percy
'79, A. C. Murdock
J. Gass
L. W. Smith
G. A. Reid
'80, G. A. Reid
H. W. Blanc
W. A. Percy
'81, H. M. Garwood (2)
W. A. Polk
W. R. Bremond
'82, W. R. Bremond
J. W. Percy (2)
J. A. Harris (2)
'83, H. M. Garwood
R. E. Grubb
W. R. Bremond
'84, E. S. Elliott (2)
'84, H. O. Riddell
W. B. Thompson
'85, W. H. MacKellar (2)
N. B. Harris
J. A. McConnell
'86, C. L. Steele (2)
G. L. Crockett (2)
'87, C. T. Wright
W. H. MacKellar
J. W. Spratt
E. G. Murphy
'88, E. G. Murphy
R. E. L. Craig (2)
W. H. MacKellar
'89, W. H. MacKellar (2)
P. T. Gadsden (2)
'91, H. Stuck (2)
F. E. Shoup
'92, F. E. Shoup
H. Stuck
'93, W. S. Holmes
W. C. Robertson (2)
'94, R. A. Lee
S. Burford (2)
C. S. Wood
'95, J. W. C. Johnson
C. S. Wood (2)
'96, C. S. Wood
A. G. Blacklock
'97, A. G. Blacklock
C. C. Pinckney
'98, R. W. Hogue

* Number of terms served during year. † Winner.

Orators, Debaters, and Essayists of Sigma Epsilon

Anniversary Orators

'73, C. M. Gray
'74, W. M. Harlow
'75, C. E. Gass
'76, W. C. Harrison
'77, J. B. Mayfield
'78, J. H. F. La Roche
'79, F. A. DeRossett
'80, L. W. Smith
'81, J. A. Harris
'82, R. E. Grubb
'83, W. R. Bremond
'84, R. T. Brownrigg
'85, W. B. Thompson
'86, C. T. Wright
'87, G. L. Crockett
'88, P. T. Gadsden
'89, J. B. Elliott
'90, C. P. Cocke
'91, A. Y. Scott
'92, L. Guerry
'93, J. W. C. Johnson
'94, W. C. Robertson
'95, F. T. Constant
'96, R. W. Hogue
'97, R. W. Hogue
'98, G. C. Edwards

Southern Inter-Collegiate Orators

'91, P. T. Gadsden
'92, Hudson Stuck
'93, H. C. Semple
'97, J. S. Tanner ‖
'98, R. W. Hogue

Tennessee Inter-Collegiate Orators

'83, H. M. Garwood
'84, J. A. Harris
'85, N. B. Harris
'86, W. B. Thompson
'87, W. H. MacKellar
'88, E. G. Murphy
'89, R. E. L. Craig
'90, P. T. Gadsden

Inter-Society Orators

'73, B. B. Myles
W. Gregg
'74, J. R. Gray°
T. M. Scruggs
'75, W. Gregg
'76, H. D. Higgins*
J. J. Stout
'77, D. Sessums°
T. Worthington
'78, John Gass
F. A. DeRossett
'79, F. A. DeRossett
G. P. Smith
'80, G. A. Reid
N. B. Harris
'81, N. B. Harris*
H. M. Garwood
'82, J. A. Harris
'96, F. T. Constant
R. W. Hogue
'82, W. R. Bremond
'83, J. A. Harris*
N. B. Harris
'84, J. A. Harris
N. B. Harris
'85, W. H. MacKellar
E. W. Western
'86, W. H. MacKellar*
W. B. Thompson
'97, R. W. Hogue
G. C. Williams
'87, W. H. MacKellar*
E. D. Smith
'88, E. G. Murphy
R. E. L. Craig
'89, R. E. L. Craig
P. T. Gadsden
'90, P. T. Gadsden
J. C. Morris
'91, P. T. Gadsden*
'98, W. H. Poole
R. W. Hogue
'91, E. McCrady
'92, H. Stuck*
E. McCrady
'93, A. G. Blacklock
W. S. Holmes
'94, S. Burford
A. G. Blacklock
'95, R. W. Hogue
W. C. Robertson

Inter-Society Debaters

'90, H. Stuck †
P. T. Gadsden
'91, P. T. Gadsden †
'91, W. Barnwell
'92, L. Guerry
F. E. Shoup†
'96, H. S. Risley
'93, E. D. Johnson
A. G. Blacklock
'94, W. C. Robertson
'96, Prentiss Tucker
'94, J. W. C. Johnson
'95, J. W. C. Johnson
P. M. D. Dowdall

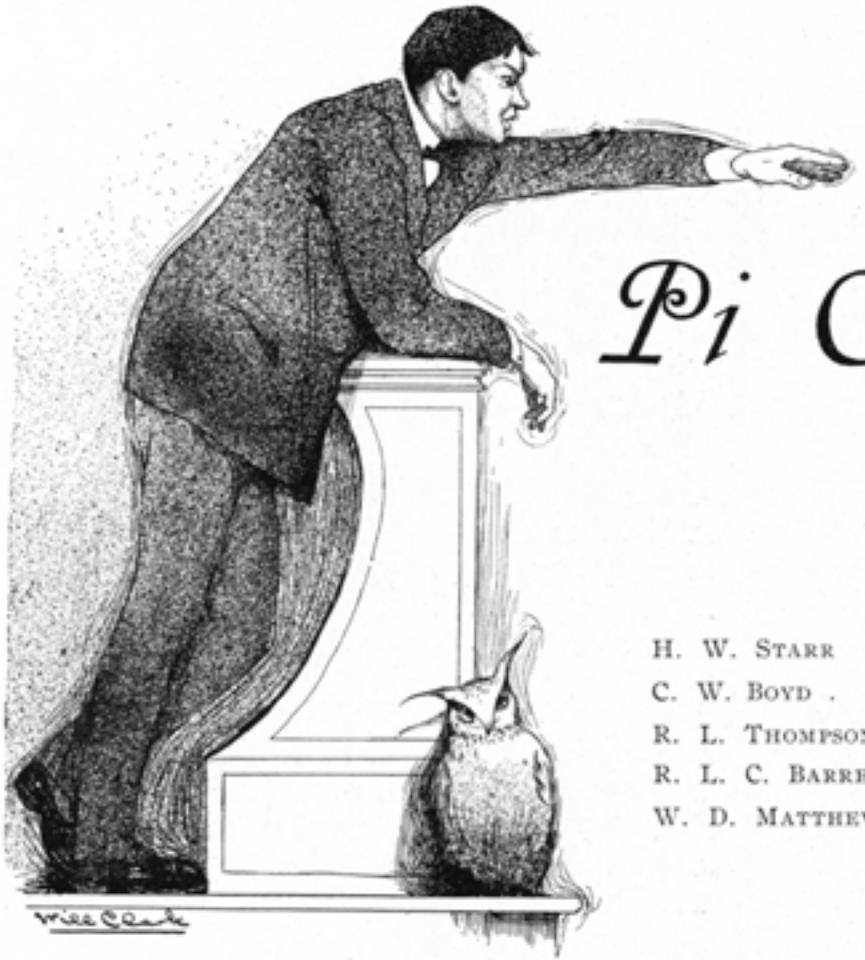
Inter-Society Essayists

'73, —— ——
'74, B. B. Myles
'75, V. W Shields ‡
'76, W. Hamilton
'77, W. H. Harlow ‡
'78, D. Sessums ‡
'79, J. Gass ‡
'80, H. W. Blanc ‡
'81, W. A. Percy
G. A. Reid
'82, A. R. Taylor ‡
W. A. Percy
'83, H. M. Garwood ‡
R. Hale
'84, R. Hale
G. L. Crockett
'85, G. L. Crockett ‡
J. F. Finley
'86, G. L. Crockett ‡
J. F. Finley
'87, G. L. Crockett ‡
'87, F. M. Noll
'88, E. G. Murphy
'89, E. McCrady
J. C. Morris
'90, H. Stuck
W. H. MacKellar
'91, H. Stuck ‡
'91, F. E. Shoup
'92, F. E. Shoup ‡
'93, W. S. Holmes ‡
J. W. C. Johnson
'94, R. A. Lee ‖
'95, W. C. Robertson
'96, A. G. Blacklock
'96, C. S. Wood
'97, C. C. Pinckney
'98, G. C. Edwards
'98, R. C. Hall

Vanderbilt-Sewanee Debaters

'97, A. G. Blacklock
'97, W. P. Witsell
'98, H. S. Risley ‖

* Sigma Epsilon won contest for DeBow Cup.
† Winners of Trent Debaters' Medal.
‡ Sigma Epsilon won contest for Brown Cup.
‖ Sewanee won.
‖ Deceased.



Pi Omega

Lent, '98

H. W. Starr	*President*
C. W. Boyd	*Vice-President*
R. L. Thompson	*Secretary*
R. L. C. Barret	*Treasurer*
W. D. Matthews	*Critic*

Trinity, '97

W. M. GREEN, Jr.	*President*
H. THOMAS	*Vice-President*
T. HODGSON	*Secretary*
E. E. TUCKER	*Treasurer*
M. G. JOHNSON	*Critic*

Anniversary, 1897

T. P. NOË	*Orator*
C. W. BOYD	*Essayist*
ROBERT BENEDICT	*Declaimer*
JOHN BEEAN*	*Declaimer*

Presidents

'72, T. J. Morris
'73, J. A. VanHoose
Thos. Bringhurst
'74, John Davis
John Kershaw
'75, I. D. Seabrook
J. A. VanHoose
'76, John Davis
W. B. McCaw
'77, T. K. Jones
T. K. Jones
'78, Stewart McQueen
C. McD. Puckette

'78, T. K. Jones
'79, H. A. Jones
B. L. Wiggins
A. W. Knight
'80, R. W. Barnwell
Stewart McQueen
W. H. Moreland
'81, C. B. Hudgins
C. B. Hudgins
T. C. Barrett
'82, W. A. Guerry
W. A. Guerry
A. R. Mitchell

'83, A. R. Mitchell
E. A. Cornish
E. A. Cornish
'84, J. G. Glass
J. G. Glass
T. D. Bratton
'85, B. Micou
A. H. Dashiell
'86, W. P. Finley
E. C. Tucker
S. B. McGlohon
'87, W. P. Finley
Quincy Ewing
'98, H. W. Starr

'87, H. W. Jones
L. H. Mattair
'88, Robert Gibson
Robert Gibson
R. M. W. Black
'89, R. M. W. Black
F. L. Coyle
'90, R. M. W. Black
H. W. Jones
'91, R. M. W. Black
R. M. W. Black
F. L. Coyle
'92, J. H. Spearing

'92, J. H. Spearing
W. L. H. Benton
'93, J. H. Spearing
R. C. Jeter
'94, M. G. Johnston
J. W. Gresham
'95, C. B. K. Weed
G. L. Tucker
'96, T. T. Walsh
T. P. Noë
'97, W. D. Matthews
M. G. Johnston
W. M. Green, Jr.

* Winner.

Orators, Debaters, and Essayists of Pi Omega Literary Society

Southern Inter-Collegiate Orators

'94, M. G. Johnston*
'95, S. S. Maclean
'96, J. B. Galleher*

Tennessee Inter-Collegiate Orators

'83, W. A. Guerry
'84, A. H. Marks*
'85, J. G. Glass
'86, W. A. Guerry*
'87, W. P. Finley
'88, Quincy Ewing*
'89, W. N. Guthrie
'90, R. M. W. Black*

Inter-Society Orators

'73, R. M. Payne†
J. A. Van Hoose
'74, T. Bringhurst
J. A. Van Hoose
'75, I. D. Seabrook†
J. A. Van Hoose
'76, W. B. McCaw
A. S. Smith
'77, T. K. Jones
Stewart McQueen
'78, T. K. Jones†
Silas McBee
'79, Stewart McQueen†
B. L. Wiggins
'80, Stewart McQueen
W. H. Moreland
'81, T. F. Davis
W. H. Moreland
'82, A. H. Marks†
W. A. Guerry
'83, W. A. Guerry
T. C. Barrett
'84, A. H. Marks†
J. G. Glass
'85, A. H. Dashiell†
B. Micou
'86, A. H. Dashiell
J. G. Glass
'87, W. P. Finley
W. N. Guthrie
'88, Quincy Ewing†
W. N. Guthrie
'89, R. M. W. Black†
W. T. Manning
'90, R. M. W. Black†
F. L. Coyle
'91, F. L. Coyle
'92, J. A. Chapin
'93, R. C. Jeter†
J. W. Gresham
'94, M. G. Johnston†
S. S. Maclean
'95, T. T. Walsh
R. K. Smith
'96, F. H. Harding
Nevill Joyner*
'97, Harold Thomas*
G. L. Tucker

Anniversary Orators

'73, Thomas Bringhurst
'74, I. D. Seabrook
'75, Silas McBee
'76, J. G. Drew
'77, H. A. Jones
'78, W. D. Steele
'79, R. W. Barnwell
'80, F. G. Ravenal
'81, _____
'82, A. H. Marks
'83, J. G. Glass
'84, A. E. Cornish
'85, W. P. Finley
'86, A. H. Dashiell
'86, W. P. Finley*
'87, Robert Gibson*
B. W. Wrenn
'88, R. M. W. Black
'89, F. L. Coyle
'90, O. T. Porcher
'91, K. S. Guthrie
'92, C. M. Tobin
'93, R. C. Jeter
'94, R. K. Smith
'95, F. H. Harding
'96, G. L. Tucker
'97, T. P. Noë

* Winners. † Pi Omega won contest for DeBow Cup.

Inter-Society Essayists

'73, John Davis ‡
John Kershaw
'74, John Davis ‡
John Kershaw
'75, John Davis
John Kershaw
'76, John Davis ‡
'77, H. B. Fitts
C. McD. Puckette
'78, R. W. Barnwell
Stewart McQueen
'79, C. McD. Puckette
'79, W. D. Steele
'80, W. D. Bratton
T. F. Davis
'81, R. W. Barnwell ‡
S. W. King
'82, R. W. Barnwell
C. D. Hudgins
'83, A. R. Mitchell
A. E. Cornish
'84, W. A. Guerry ‡
'85, J. G. Glass
T. D. Bratton
'86, W. A. Guerry
E. C. Tucker
'87, W. A. Guerry
W. P. Finley
'88, W. A. Guerry ‡
J. H. Armstrong
'89, W. N. Guthrie ‡
A. W. Butt
'90, O. T. Porcher ‡
Louis Tucker
'91, Kenneth S. Guthrie
Louis Tucker
'92, J. H. Spearing
W. L. H. Benton
'93, J. W. Gresham
H. R. Carson
'94, J. A. Chapin ‡
'95, H. J. Mikell ‡
T. T. Walsh
'96, S. A. Wragg
W. D. Matthews*
'97, H. W. Starr*
'98, C. W. Boyd
W. P. Woolf

Vanderbilt-Sewanee Debaters

'95, J. Wilmer Gresham,* Louisiana
Mercer G. Johnston, Texas
'96, Gardiner L. Tucker, Alabama
John B. Galleher, Louisiana
'98, C. W. Boyd,* South Carolina

Inter-Society Debaters

'90, Louis Tucker
O. T. Porcher
'91, R. M. W. Black
F. L. Coyle
'92, J. W. Gresham
Elwood Wilson
'93, Nevill Joyner
M. G. Johnston‡
'94, G. L. Tucker
J. W. Gresham ‡
'95, G. L. Tucker ‡
'95, T. P. Noë
'96, T. P. Noë
T. T. Walsh

* Winners. ‡ Winners, contest for Trent Medal. ‡ Pi Omega won contest for Brown Cup.



Members, 1897-1898

FRANCIS WILLIS AMBLER
SAMUEL CARY BECKWITH
CHARLES WILLIAM BOYD
FRANCIS HOPKINSON CRAIGHILL
WILLIAM MERCER GREEN
RICHARD WALLACE HOGUE
MERCER GREEN JOHNSTON
HARRY JUDAH MIKELL
THOMAS PASTEUR NOË
CHARLES STEVENS PARTRIDGE
CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY
HOWARD SANK RISLEY
HENRY GOLDTHWAITE SEIBELS
GEORGE BRUCE THOMAS
GARDINER LEIGH TUCKER
JAMES CASH WARING
WILLIAM POSTELL WITSELL

Homiletic Society

Rev. W. P. Du Bose, S. T. D.	*President*
John Beean	*Vice-President*
F. W. Ambler	*Secretary*
C. W. Boyd	*Critic*

Last Meeting

St. Luke's, June 15, 1898. Subject for discussion: "Celibacy of the Clergy."

Mr. Guerry—"Young gentlemen, the great need of the Church to-day is celibacy among its clergy."

Dr. Starr—"As Pearson says (and he is supported by Westcott and Maclear), the truest exponents of orthodox theology are to be found among those men who have devoted their entire lives to its study; in other words, who have kept out of all entangling alliances. The lesson of this is plain and needed."

Dr. Du Bose—"There is, I believe, a strong element of truth in all that has been said, and I can only add that the celibacy of the clergy is a good thing."

Biblical Student in Corner—"Let him that is without sin among you first cast a stone."

Meeting adjourned *sine die*.

The English Club of Sewanee

REV. W. P. DU BOSE, S. T. D., ... *Presiding Officer*
REV. W. A. GUERRY, B. D., REV. W. H. DU BOSE, M. A., H. J. MIKELL, B. A., *Committee on Topics*
MISS LOUISE FINLEY, ... *Librarian and Treasurer*

WHEN asked to give an account of the Club for CAP AND GOWN, the writer demurred, on the ground that its history has been recounted in the Introduction to its Papers, just published; and when asked for a lightsome account, was disposed to reply as Root the Architect did to a lady much given to flattery, who accused him of making fun of her: "I could make fun of Niagara, or the Himalayas, or the pyramids of Egypt, but never of *you*, Mrs. ——." The English Club is no joke; yet, on second thought, it appears that it began and, so far, has ended in a joke. In the summer of 1885 it occurred to the members of the E. Q. B. Club that it would be the merest justice to make some return to the ladies for their pains in providing its banquets; from its famous meeting in July of that year, to which the ladies were invited, sprang what the Club's witty founder, Miss S. B. Elliott, designated as "The She Q. B."

This is why its meetings take place on alternate Thursdays, between those of the parent club.

To the above-mentioned Introduction the reader may be referred who desires to know of the Club's experience; through all its chequered history it has been true to its principle of associating professors and advanced students, interested in literature, with ladies of like interests resident at Sewanee. Its conditions of membership consist of only the two R's—Regularity in attendance and Responsibility for one piece of literary work a year: the first because each subject being part of a course, to miss it would be to lose the connection; of the second we may say that the membership has become so large that there are not enough subjects to go around.

The subjects have been drawn from English language or literature, hence the title of the Club. The theme of study for the present year is "The Humanistic Movement in Europe, or the Renascence or Literary Awakening at the end of the Middle Ages," with especial reference to Chaucer and to England.

The joke in which the experience of the organization has terminated, up to date, consists in the reception of its recently published papers (edited by the writer) by the community. A thorough canvass, made in order to obviate all criticism, in behalf of a book on topics of varied and present day interest, produced by Sewanee people for Sewanee people, had the following ludicrous result: Among all the students of the University, excepting the very few who are members of the club, one subscriber; among the fifty householders in the community, with the same exception, one subscriber. The essence of farce consists in the extravagantly unexpected; the height of the ridiculous in the Club's history has been attained; it is enough to make its members feel as if they were working in a vacuum. Meanwhile, abroad the book is giving the impression that there is a great deal of culture at Sewanee.



E·Q·B

The E. Q. B. Club is a social organization of gentlemen at Sewanee, most of whom are associated in one way or another with the University, with which, however, the club has no official connection. Of its original founders Major Fairbanks alone is still a member. Up to 1889 the club met at private houses fortnightly, and was convivial and literary rather than social. Since that year the club has had its own local habitation, open every day and all day to its members, who are gradually developing a clubable spirit of social coöperation. The club-house contains at present a billiard room, reading-room, kitchen, and bath-room. It has twenty-three *full* members, four non-residents, and one honorary member, the Bishop of Tennessee, *ex officio*. The President is Mr. William H. MacKellar; the Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Benjamin W. Wells; the Chairman of the House Committee, Dr. Cameron Piggot. The club owns property to the value of $1,300, and is without debt, funded or floating.

The hospitalities of the club are freely extended to visitors to Sewanee for a period of two weeks, after which clubable men are accepted to a temporary membership, of which several avail themselves every summer. The fortnightly meetings on alternate Thursdays are maintained, though from being the sole activity of the club they have come to be a subordinate one. At these meetings papers are read on subjects of present or of curious interest, and these so-called "leads" are followed by general discussion, in which all are invited to take part, after which a modest refreshment of beer and crackers is served. It is to this innocent disposition *dissipere in loco* that the club owes the current and perverse explanation of its

initials as standing for "Equal Quantity of Beer." It is also currently affirmed that the secluded site of the club-house was selected that these timid orgies might be shrouded from the envious eyes of youth. But this is a calumny of some dyspeptic brain. Ladies have not been invited to the club within the memory of the present writer. Some of the gayer members have at times endeavored manfully to break this unisexual spell, but the natural bashfulness of the majority has thus far maintained the organization's coy reserve of this crumb of the original Eden to their own self-satisfaction. The present membership, given alphabetically, that we may not seem to discriminate between the lively and demure, is this:

Honorary Member

RT. REV. THOMAS F. GAILOR, D.D.

Full Members

MR. CHARLES W. BAIN
MR. SAMUEL A. BARTON
MR. S. CARY BECKWITH
MR. PRESTON S. BROOKS
MR. ROBERT L. COLMORE
MR. ROBERT M. DU BOSE
REV. WILLIAM P. DU BOSE
MAJOR GEORGE R. FAIRBANKS
REV. WILLIAM A. GUERRY
DR. WILLIAM B. HALL
REV. ROWLAND HALE
MR. WILLIAM H. MACKELLAR
DR. GEORGE MCLAURINE
MR. J. EDWARD MILES
MR. WILLIAM B. NAUTS
DR. CAMERON PIGGOTT
MR. BURR J. RAMAGE
DR. G. R. RAU
REV. CHARLES B. SPARKS
MR. WILLIAM P. TRENT
DR. GEORGE BRUCE THOMAS
MR. BENJAMIN W. WELLS
MR. B. LAWTON WIGGINS
REV. GREENOUGH WHITE

Non-Resident Members

MR. — — LEWIN
MR. SILAS MCBEE
MR. FRANK A. PATTIE
MR. EDWARD A. QUINTARD



Vanderbilt-Sewanee Debate

Held in the chapel of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., May 14, 1898. The first of the second series of three debates. Won by Sewanee.

Debaters

Affirmative	Negative
CHARLES WILLIAM BOYD	CHARLES W. STROTHER
HOWARD SANK RISLEY	EUGENE A. COX

Question

Resolved, That the United States should annex Hawaii.

How it Came About and Ended

TO begin with, there was a debate. This is important, because for a long time it looked as if there were not going to be any debate at all—that is, any public debate. Of private debating at long range, in the shape of a riotous expenditure of postage stamps, there was enough and to spare.

It's a long story, a *naut*ical story, full of tedious details, the history of the arrangement of the second series of Vanderderbilt-Sewanee debates; but the upshot of it is that after our city cousins came off victorious in the first series of debates, and decked themselves with our mountain laurels, they kind o' felt their rust-proof oats, as it were, and demanded an unconditional surrender on the part of the "little Prep. school in East Tennessee" before they would deign to meet the said "little Prep. school" on the rostrum again, and give it an opportunity to redeem itself by recapturing and returning to their mountain home the laurels lost in '96, when the fates, and '97, when the furies, were "agin" us.

Why didn't we kick? Why, we did kick; of course we kicked; we kicked like bay steers; but it didn't do any good. There is a story "Jack" Fearnley, of blessed memory (I don't mean he's dead, oh, no, he's multiplying), used to be fond of telling about a fellow who, having been committed to jail for some offense, sent for the judge and protested to him: "Yer Honor, you can't put me in jail for what I did." "But," said the judge, "I've done it." And so we said to "Vandy":

"You can't challenge us for a series of debates upon your own terms, and then, when you've won it, refuse to accept our challenge for a second series upon terms even more liberal than those you gave us." "But," said "Vandy," "I've done it. Debate on *our* terms or not at all."

Naturally, we kicked, as has been said. But it availed nothing, as has also been said, except to break a few buttons off our own pantaloons. "Vandy" was as imperturbable as Uncle Remus' Tar Baby. She had us where the hair was short, and simply held on like a turtle. Luxuriant in exotic laurels, she saw her advantage and worked it for all there was in it. "If you want them back," said she, dangling before our eyes the laurels that had been snatched away from us, and smiling one of your I'm-the-only-pebble-on-the-beach smiles, "If you want them back, come and take them."

It was a bitter pill to be dictated to by "Vandy." Could we, should we, swallow it? There was groaning and gnashing of teeth. A joint meeting of the two literary societies was called. Hogue, more than ever the impersonation of Poe's raven, arose, stretched his neck, adjusted his clothes, and in sepulchral tones reported what had transpired. To make matters worse, he said that when, as chairman of the committee to arrange the second series of debates, he first wrote to Vanderbilt, she, with blooming honors fresh upon her, had replied *accepting our challenge*. This letter, he said, had unfortunately (alas, most unfortunately) been mislaid, but that there could be no mistake about its contents. Subsequently, seeing her advantage, Vanderbilt deliberately broke this solemn compact, and assumed the domineering tone which it was his painful duty to report to the joint meeting. His duty discharged, he sat down. The temperature of the hall ran up several degrees. At once half a dozen men were on their feet, and ominous murmuring proceeded from every quarter. There was orating and debating, disputing and resoluting, and what these "resolutionary sons of revolutionary sires" resolved was this: To tell "Vandy" that if she thought she could dictate to us she was barking up the wrong tree. And the committee was so instructed, and so acted, when the fullness of time came.

This meeting that I have been talking about took place just before the end of the Trinity Term, '97. In February following, a letter from one Strother, of Vanderbilt, penetrated far into the wild and woolly West, even to the town of Yoakum, Texas, where it was received by one Johnston, a member of the committee appointed to transmit the above resolution to our friends, the enemy. Hitherto the committee had not opened its mouth, presumably because the fullness of time had not come. In reply to Mr. Strother's letter, which asked what Sewanee had decided to do about the debate, the committee, through its chairman, did open its mouth and carry out its instructions by telling the chairman of the Vanderbilt committee that if his university persisted in its refusal to hold any of the debates at Sewanee there would be no debate this year. Mr. Strother replied, saying the action of his societies was final; they would not send debaters to

Sewanee. Mr. Johnston answered, saying that his instructions were positive on that point; Sewanee would not agree to hold all three debates at Vanderbilt. And there the matter was dropped until the University opened in March, and a joint meeting of the two societies was called to hear the report of its committee.

The committee reported, through its chairman, it had been utterly unable to obtain fair terms from Vanderbilt. She insisted absolutely on the terms of the first series of debates, which were all of her own making, and which required that all the debates be held at Vanderbilt. The committee strongly recommended that the matter be allowed to rest. A motion to that effect was made and carried unanimously. No, not quite unanimously. When the President called for the "noes" a solitary voice from beneath the big Oertel painting shouted out almost vehemently, "No!" It was the voice of a man who has since become famous. Of course the motion was carried. "If there is no other business to come before the meeting, a motion to adjourn is in order," said President Green, of Pi Omega, who was presiding. In the exact spot from which the solitary negative vote had proceeded, a solitary but substantial figure arose and addressed the chair: "Mr. President, may I say a few words before we adjourn?" Permission was granted. All eyes were fixed on the speaker.

"It seems to me, Mr. President," he began, "we are making a great mistake by calling the Vanderbilt debate off. I tell you, sir, we can't afford to do it. I am in favor of debating Vanderbilt under any conditions—the worst possible conditions. Of course, Vanderbilt don't want to debate with us. She's licked us. She's got nothing to gain. We are the ones that want the debate. It's absolutely necessary that we have a debate. And we're in no position to dictate the terms upon which it shall be held. We've been whipped. We're the under dog. I tell you, sir, until we win back the laurels we've lost we've got to take what we get and be thankful. We must debate with Vanderbilt. We must do it. There's no alternative so far as we are concerned. To drop the matter, as we are about to do, is to show the white feather. It will never, never do for Sewanee to do that. Mr. President, there isn't but one thing to do, and that is to get the best terms we can from Vanderbilt, be they good or bad, and have this second series of debates. When we've won this series, as we will do, we will then be in a position to demand equitable terms. Now we are not. I have spoken to the Sewanee spirit as I understand it—the spirit that never says die. I know we have settled this question of the debates, but nothing is ever settled until it's settled right. I therefore ask some gentleman who voted in favor of the motion to move a reconsideration."

The speaker sat down. He had spoken with terrible earnestness. His words fairly spluttered out of his mouth, and their corners were rounded from bumping against one another. The complexion of the meeting had undergone a great change. "Sewanee forever," was written in every eye. Before the applause died down at least half a dozen men were on their feet moving a reconsideration. The President recognized some one. A motion to reconsider was made, and received

a chorus of seconds. It carried unanimously almost. The original question was called for. After a few moments discussion it was put. It carried by a large majority. The committee was instructed to advise Vanderbilt of the action of our two societies. It did so in these words: "Our Societies have reconsidered their resolution of last term not to hold all three debates in Nashville, and instructed us to advise you that (to reverse the proverb) if Mahomet will not come to the mountain, the mountain will go to Mahomet. In plain English, we are instructed to say to you that Sewanee will debate Vanderbilt this year, next year, and the year after, in Vanderbilt's own chapel, among Vanderbilt's own students, and friends, and faculty, and Lares, and Penates, under the terms of the first series of debates, every single term of which was made by Vanderbilt herself, and in the making of not one of which did Sewanee, the challenged party, have the least voice."

The series was arranged, and Saturday, May 14th, set for the date of the first debate. The day came, but it did not come until our powerful rival had twice rubbed it into us on the diamond, and we were sore. It came just after the second defeat our nine had sustained at "Vandy's" hands, and when we were beginning to look askance at the fates. Of course the debate took place in the Vanderbilt chapel. The crowd that assembled to hear it fit very loosely in the chapel, but the portraits were all on hand, and the band in the right-hand corner sandwiched the speeches with dance music. The Sewanee crowd was well to the front on the left-hand side facing the rostrum, surrounded by vacant chairs and numbering hardly more than a baker's dozen. The judges sat about half-way down the chapel in a bunch. Professor Merrill, of Vanderbilt, presided. It was not so nominated in the bond, but he did. He fitted the big chair in which he sat like the audience fitted the chapel, but he was very dapper, very precise, and very consoling. Sewanee was represented by two South Carolinians, Charles William Boyd, of Pi Omega, and—how little he dreamed the lot would fall on his defenseless head the night he forced the joint meeting of the societies to about face and the committee to eat its own words—Howard Sank Risley, of Sigma Epsilon. They occupied the chairs to the right of the little professor of elocution, Boyd being nearest to him. Vanderbilt was represented by Charles W. Strother and Eugene A. Cox. The question was, "*Resolved*, That the United States should annex Hawaii." It had been chosen by Sewanee and Vanderbilt had elected to defend the negative. Boyd spoke first, and he spoke as he never spoke before. Strother answered him, acquitting himself splendidly. It was plain from the start that there was going to be a fight, a fight to the finish, one of the kind you read about in the blue back spelling book, or somewhere else. One could not help being wrought up. Happily, just at this juncture, the fiddlers poured forth the oil of their instruments upon the sea of troubled faces and smoothed the wrinkles out of some of them. Then Risley stepped to the front of the platform and planted himself like he had come to grow up with the country. Chelidonian though he was, he was not as graceful as a swallow nor as eloquent as an Ingalls, but when it came to volleying forth

death-dealing blows a gatling gun was not in it. Sank knew it was sink or swim, so he arose and swam. And it was well he did, else he would have been swamped completely by the man that followed him. That man was Cox, and it's an open secret that the judges put him down as the best individual debater. He was fine, and no mistake. There was no dodging him. He gave one who was pulling for the other side that sinking feeling. When he sat down the band began to play, and I don't blame it. Indeed, it was very thoughtful of it, for one needed a few moments to gather one's wits and find out just where one was at. Almost before one knew, the rejoinders began and followed in quick succession. These parting shots of the debaters all did greater or less execution, but it was here, in the home stretch, that the winning side showed its superiority. The winners did not have a walkover by any manner of means. It was a life and death struggle from beginning to end. At last the last speaker was rapped down by the timekeepers, Brewer, of Vanderbilt, and Johnston, of Sewanee, both former Vanderbilt-Sewanee debaters upon whom fortune had smiled. The debate was over. The band began to play. The judges solemnly marched away to discuss the merits of the debate in the ante-room. The little professor in the big chair, who, by the way, had coached the Vanderbilt debaters and could not entertain the idea of their defeat, leaned over and said to Boyd in the most sympathetic and faultlessly consoling of voices: "You deserve great credit for the showing you have made; Sewanee had the hardest side of the question." Before the grateful defender of the royal purple could express his appreciation of this generous burst of feeling, there was a flutter of excitement throughout the building, and the judges, with the gravity of graven images, stalked back into the chapel. One of their number, looking as stern as his great forerunner, the Baptist, mounted the rostrum. After a few moments hard labor he was safely delivered of a healthy ten-pound oration. Then he announced the decision of the judges. It was in favor of—Sewanee. The vote stood four to one. Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen! Quick as a flash, John Henry Brown, who isn't as big as he might be, was up on a chair in the midst of the Sewanee delegation. As one looked from him to the big Baptist preacher on the rostrum the story of David and Goliath flashed across one's mind. But it was at once knocked out by the old 'Varsity yell, which resounded through the chapel like a chorus of angels. There were scarce a dozen throats to give it, but they gave it with "a hearty will and voices full of cheer," and it sufficed. Things quieted down for a moment to let an announcement be made. Then there was a scramble for the platform by the Sewanee contingent, where there was hugging and slapping and handshaking galore. Then the Vice-Chancellor (of course he was present) started for the telephone to send the glad tidings to the mountain. In a few minutes all was quiet in the chapel, only the portraits keeping vigil. The first battle of the new struggle for forensic honors had been waged and won right worthily. The names of Boyd and Risley had been added to the roll of Sewanee immortals.

Southern Interstate Oratorical Association

ESTABLISHED 1891

Representatives from Sewanee in the Contests

1891		
University of Virginia		Paul Trapier Gadsden, South Carolina
1892		
Vanderbilt University		Hudson Stuck, Texas
1893		
South Carolina College		Henry Coolidge Semple, Kentucky
1894		
University of the South		*Mercer Green Johnston, Texas
1895		
Washington and Lee University		Stuart Strother Maclean, Georgia
1896		
Centre College		*John Barbee Galleher, Kentucky
1897		
University of Texas		*John Stewart Tanner
1898		
Vanderbilt University		Richard Wallace Hogue

Colleges Represented

University of Virginia
Washington and Lee University
Centre College
University of the South
Vanderbilt University
South Carolina College
University of Texas

* Winner of the Medal

Sewanee Alumni Association of New York

Officers

DR. ROBERT C. MYLES, 46 West Thirty-Eighth Street *President*
DR. RICHARD E. BROWN, 60 West Fifty-Eighth Street *Vice-President*
DR. JOHN H. P. HODGSON, 29 Washington Square *Secretary*
MR. SPRUILLE BURFORD, M. A., 610 West One Hundred and Fifty-Second Street . *Treasurer*

Members

NEW YORK CITY

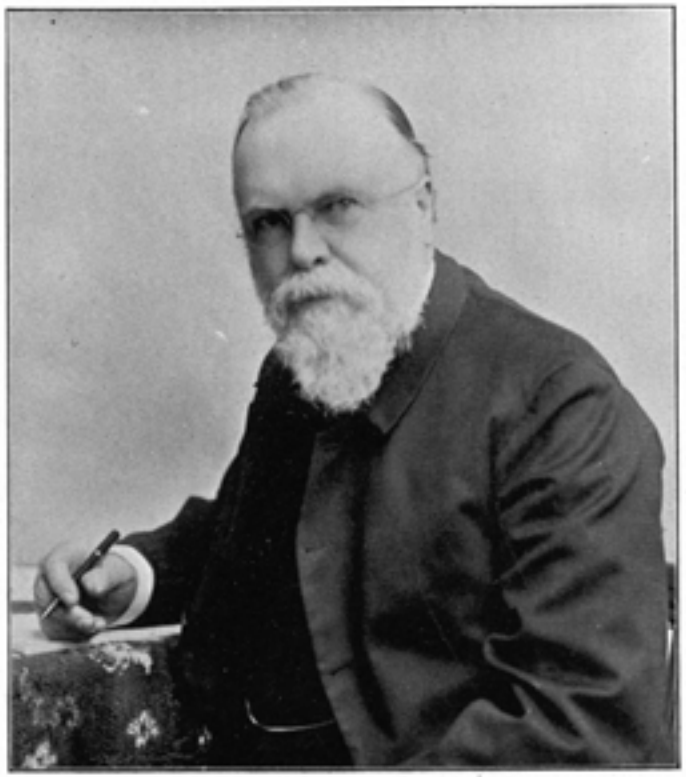
W. M. Aiken
Walter Barnwell, M. A.
Robert S. Barrett
C. W. Bateson
R. H. Bateson
John T. Beckett
Paul Berghaus
Rev. John A. Chapin, M. A.
E. E. Cobbs
Ashbel Cotten
George Cotten
J. M. Crank
Joseph F. Crosby
John P. Cuyler
R. W. B. Elliott, M. A.
Dr. S. W. Fowler
E. P. Gaillard
Robert Gibson
Dr. John B. Haden
F. G. Hebbard
Sealy Hutchins
F. R. Kimbrough
Robert E. L. Lewis
John Leonard
Lewis H. Mattair
Washington Minor
P. E. Mock
Channing Moore
Dr. A. A. Moore
Edward Noble
John O. Paine
Thomas Parker
G. F. Peter
Dr. Lindsay Peters
Dr. Joseph Pettyjohn
George Quintard
Gale Rivers
Rev. W. C. Robertson, M. A.
Dr. Frank E. Shine
George Shoup
C. W. Simmons
F. K. Simmons
Edward Swan
Dr. E. H. Hafford
W. A. Strother
J. S. Tanner
C. E. Trevethan
J. E. Tugla, Jr.
A. S. Thomas
S. A. Wragg, M. A.
Horatio J. Ward
Harry Wrenn
Allen R. Wrenn

AND

Rev. W. T. Bird, Garden City, L. I.
F. E. Burke, West Point, N. Y.
Archibald W. Butt, Washington, D. C.
Rev. Howard Dumbell, Brooklyn, L. I.
Rev. Kenneth S. Guthrie, Philadelphia, Pa.
Harry C. Haden, Philadelphia, Pa.
D. H. Hamilton, M. A., Baltimore, Md.
Dr. Caskie Harrison, Brooklyn, L. I.
R. S. Huse, Highland Falls, N. Y.
Lieut. Henry Jervey, Willetts Point, L. I.
Rev. W. T. Manning, Lansdowne, Pa.
R. F. McMillan, Philadelphia, Pa.
Benjamin Micou, Washington, D. C.
Rev. J. Craik Morris, Brooklyn, L. I.
Rev. Edgar Murphy, Kingston, N. Y.
Alexander G. Scott, Brooklyn, L. I.
Ralph H. Smith, Philadelphia, Pa.
Dr. Frederick H. Sparrenberger, Passaic, N. J.
Oscar N. Torian, Philadelphia, Pa.
E. C. Tucker, Brooklyn, L. I.
Rev. Arthur Wilde, Philadelphia, Pa.

All Sewanee men, on their arrival in New York or vicinity, are requested to send their names and addresses to the Secretary.
Annual dinners held at the St. Denis Hotel, Broadway and Eleventh Street, New York.

Rev. Charles Frederick Hoffman, D. D., LL. D., D. C. L.



A VERY great loss befell the University in the death of the Reverend Charles Frederick Hoffman, D. D., LL. D., D. C. L., who died at Jekyl Island, March 4, 1897.

Doctor Hoffman was the preacher of our Baccalaureate sermon at the Commencement of 1896, on which occasion he received the degree of Doctor of Civil Law.

This brief notice is intended to record the gratitude which Sewanee feels to Doctor Hoffman, and our profound sorrow for his death. It is not merely that he was one of the Church's foremost men, the representative of one of her most honored families, wise and conscientious in his stewardship for God and of this world's wealth, eager and generous in his appreciation of the great cause of education; not merely that he was a benefactor of Sewanee. All these things might have been true, and yet Sewanee's honor might be given to him, as to one who was, so to speak, afar off from its heart and life. But above all we regarded him as a friend, and one who had identified himself with Sewanee and Sewanee life.

Doctor Hoffman came to Sewanee a stranger, and he left in a few days full of affection for the place and its work. His mind and heart responded at once not only to what he saw and heard, but to what he felt in the tone and atmosphere of the place. Had he never given anything to this great work, his repeated utterances in public and in private of admiration and affection for Sewanee would have endeared him to us, but his characteristic impulse was to do as well as say. He notified the Vice-Chancellor, immediately after his return to New York, that he would build a Students' Hall at the University; that this benefaction should be made through the Association for the Promotion of the Interests of Church Schools, Colleges, and Seminaries, of which he was the Founder and President, in order that the interest in Church education might be perpetuated in a living society, and not be dependent upon the life of any individual.

Plans for the building were drawn and approved in every detail, but Doctor Hoffman's health was not strong, and before the matter was concluded, or money for the building was appropriated, he was taken to his rest.

It was thought by some, that in the travail of those last days, Sewanee had been forgotten. It must touch the hearts of all Sewanee men to know that the University and its welfare was on his mind and heart in his last moments, and that his heirs have made provision for carrying out their father's expressed wish.

The Hoffman Memorial Hall will be located on the north side of the old drill ground, beyond Tremlett. It will be a fitting reminder to each generation of students of a singularly noble and unselfish life.

Association of the Texas Alumni of Sewanee

Organized in the parlors of the Driskill Hotel, Austin, Texas, on March 2, 1898

Officers

Rev. HUDSON STUCK	*President*
W. P. FINLEY, M.A.	*First Vice-President*
A. GARWOOD, M.D.	*Second Vice-President*
W. L. ATKINSON	*Secretary and Treasurer*

Executive Committee

Rev. HUDSON STUCK, *Chairman*

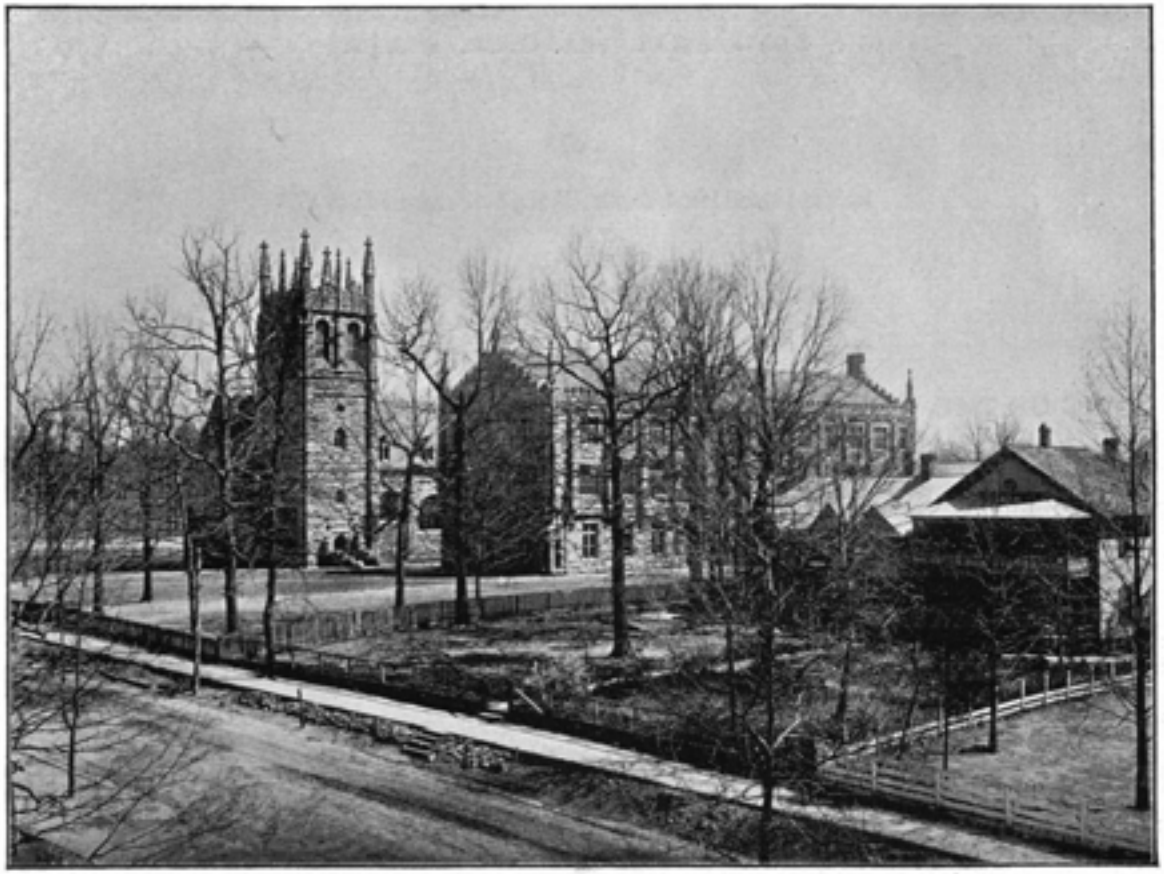
W. P. FINLEY
W. L. ATKINSON
Dr. A. GARWOOD
WALTER BREMOND

Toast List of First Annual Banquet

Held at Driskill Hotel, Austin, Texas, Independence Day, 1898

M. G. JOHNSTON, San Antonio, *Toastmaster*

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES	Hon. JOHN D. McCALL
THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH	BISHOP KINSOLVING
THE STATE, HER INDEPENDENCE	R. L. BROWN
THE SCHOLAR AND THE STATE	PRESIDENT WINSTON
THE VALUE OF THE ACADEMIC DEGREE	W. P. FINLEY
THE FUSS ABOUT FOOTBALL	A. G. BLACKLOCK
THE PRESS	Col. LOUIS WORTHAM
GREEK LETTER FRATERNITY	W. L. ATKINSON
THE DEAR OLD "MOTHER MOUNTAIN"	D. B. FIELDS, M.D.



BRESLIN TOWER AND THE WALSH BUILDING



Sewanee Publications

Cap and Gown, 1885–

The Sewanee Purple, 1894–

The Sewanee Review, 1892–

The U. of the S. Magazine, 1889–93

The Sewanee, 1888–89

The Sewanee Literary Magazine, 1897–

The Cap and Gown (Monthly Magazine), 1881–87

The Sewanee Times, 1892–94

The Mountain, 1892

The University News, 1875–78

The University Record, 1872–75

The Commencement Daily Times, 1894–

Sewanee Literary Magazine

(Successor to University of the South Magazine. Edited by the Chelidon.)

Editors, 1897

Mercer Green Johnston	*Editor-in-Chief*
H. J. Mikell, W. M. Green, Jr., W. P. Witsell, G. L. Tucker	*Associate Editors*
S. D. Wilcox	*Business Manager*

Editors, 1898

Mercer Green Johnston	*Editor-in-Chief*
H. J. Mikell, W. M. Green, Jr., W. P. Witsell, C. C. Pinckney	*Associate Editors*
Thomas P. Noë	*Business Manager*
F. W. Ambler	*Ass't Bus. M'gr*

Cap and Gown

ANNUAL

Editors, 1898

R. W. Hogue *Editor-in-Chief*
Raimundo de Ovies *Art Editor*
Luke Lea *Business Manager*

H. S. Risley, W. P. Witsell, W. D. Matthews, W. M. Green, Jr.
T. P. Noë, Telfair Hodgson, C. W. Boyd

Editors, 1896

G. L. Tucker *Editor-in-Chief*

Business Managers: F. G. Hebbard, A. R. Young
Art Editor: F. R. Kimbrough
Assistant Editors: A. G. Blacklock, W. M. Green, Jr., F. H. Craighill

Editors, 1895

M. G. Johnston *Editor-in-Chief*
C. B. K. Weed and F. G. Hebbard *Business Managers*

J. C. Morris, A. G. Blacklock, G. L. Tucker
W. M. Green, Jr., C. C. Pinckney, F. H. Craighill

Editors, 1892

W. H. MacKellar *Managing Editor*

F. L. Coyle, Hudson Stuck, John Lewis
Ellwood Wilson, D. H. Hamilton, Noland Fontaine

Editors, 1891

W. H. MacKellar *Editor-in-Chief*
Ellwood Wilson *Business Manager*

C. P. Cocke, J. L. Shipp, Ellwood Wilson
A. Y. Scott, Hudson Stuck, W. B. Lowe

Editors, 1885

A. H. Dashiell and W. H. MacKellar *Editors-in-Chief*

Business Managers: J. C. Warren, C. L. Steele, Wilmer Shields, L. D. Weiss
Assistant Editors: E. C. Tucker, G. L. Crockett, W. P. Finley, W. B. Thompson

University of the South Magazine

Editors

Lent Term, 1893—J. Y. Garlington, Editor-in-Chief. W. L. H. Benton, Business Manager. F. L. Coyle, D. H. Hamilton, A. K. Greene, Spruille Burford, H. W. Grady, E. D. Johnston.

Trinity and Lent Terms, 1892—F. E. Shoup, Business Manager. Louis Tucker, Spruille Burford.

Trinity Term, 1891—C. P. Cocke, Editor-in-Chief. E. Wilson, Jr., Business Manager. H. Stuck, F. E. Shoup, F. L. Coyle.

Lent Term, 1891—H. Stuck, Editor-in-Chief. W. B. Nauts, Business Manager. W. H. McKellar, F. E. Shoup, C. P. Cocke.

Trinity Term, 1890—H. Stuck, Editor-in-Chief. F. L. Coyle, A. Y. Scott, Business Managers. H. S. McCutcheon, J. C. Morris, F. E. Shoup.

Lent Term, 1890—H. Stuck, Editor-in-Chief. W. H. MacKellar, S. D. Wilcox, Business Managers. H. S. McCutcheon, J. C. Morris, C. P. Cocke.

The Sewanee

(THE PREDECESSOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH MAGAZINE)

Editors

Trinity Term, 1889—R. M. W. Black and J. C. Morris, Editors-in-Chief. F. L. Coyle, W. S. Slack, D. T. Beaty, A. Y. Scott, Louis Tucker.

Lent Term, 1889—W. M. Guthrie and J. C. Morris, Editors-in-Chief. H. W. Jones, P. T. Gadsden, F. L. Coyle, J. B. Elliott.

Trinity Term, 1888—E. G. Murphy and W. N. Guthrie, Editors-inChief. Hutson Lee, W. T. Manning, J. C. Morris, J. H. Armstrong.

Lent Term, 1888—E. G. Murphy and W. N. Guthrie, Editors in-Chief. R. E. L. Craig, A. W. Butt, E. McCrady, R. M. W. Black.

Cap and Gown

(PREDECESSOR OF THE SEWANEE)

Editors

Lent Term, 1887 (Second Half)—Quincy Ewing and E. G. Murphy, Editors-in-Chief. B. W. Wrenn, Jr., J. B. Elliott, Jr., Business Managers. W. N. Guthrie, A. W. Butt, E. D. Smith, R. E. L. Craig.

Lent Term, 1887 (First Half)—W. P. Finley and W. H. MacKellar, Editors-in-Chief. J. R. Taylor and C. G. Coyle, Business Managers. Quincy Ewing, W. N. Guthrie, J. W. Spratt, P. F. Green.

Trinity Term, 1886—G. L. Crockett and W. P. Finley, Editors-in-Chief. C. L. Steele and J. R. Taylor, Business Managers. W. H. MacKellar, Quincy Ewing, A. H. Dashiell, W. N. Guthrie.

Lent Term, 1886—G. L. Crockett and A. H. Dashiell, Editors-in-Chief. C. L. Steele, Robert Gibson, and D. Shields, Business Managers. W. B. Thompson, F. H. Miller, Jr., E. C. Tucker, W. P. Finley.

Trinity Term, 1885—A. H. Dashiell and W. H. MacKellar, Editors-in-Chief. W. Shields and C. L. Steele, Business Managers. E. C. Tucker, G. L. Crockett, W. P. Finley, W. B. Thompson.

Lent Term, 1885—A. H. Dashiell and W. H. MacKellar, Editors-in-Chief. J. C. Warren and J. W. Spratt, Business Managers. E. C. Tucker, W. P. Finley, C. T. Wright, W. B. Thompson.

Trinity Term, 1884—G. L. Crockett and J. G. Glass, Editors. H. O. Riddell A. E. Cornish, W. H. MacKellar, E. C. Tucker.

Lent Term, 1884—G. L. Crockett and A. H. Marks, Editors. R. T. Brownrigg, A. R. Mitchell, H. O. Riddell, A. E. Cornish, B. Micou.

Trinity Term, 1883—W. A. Guerry and Walter Bremond, Editors. S. B. McGlohon, T. C. Barrett, A. R. Mitchell, N. B. Harris, J. M. Platt, H. O. Riddell; B. L. Wiggins, Alumnus Editor.

Lent Term, 1883—W. A. Guerry, H. M. Garwood, and Walter Bremond, Editors. A. R. Mitchell, J. M. Platt, S. B. McGlohon, and N. B. Harris, Business Managers. R. Hale, T. C. Barrett, A. R. Mitchell, M. C. Pegues, J. A. Harris, H. O. Riddell.

Trinity Term, 1882—W. A. Guerry and H. M. Garwood, Editors. W. B. Nauts and A. R. Mitchell, Business Managers. J. P. Wingfield, A. H. Marks, Walter Bremond, J. A. Harris.

Lent Term, 1882—W. A. Percy, R. W. Barnwell, J. W. Percy, and W. A. Guerry, Editors. W. B. Nauts and A. R. Mitchell, Business Managers. C. B. Hudgins, Walter Bremond, A. R. Taylor, J. P. Wingfield.

Trinity Term, 1881—W. A. Percy and R. W. Barnwell, Editors. W. B. Nauts Business Manager. C. B. Hudgins, A. R. Taylor.

Lent Term, 1881—W. H. Moreland, Editor. W. B. Nauts, Business Manager. T. P. Davis, W. A. Percy.



PURPLE STAFF

STARR JERVEY SEIBELS PARROTT GRAY

KING HOGUE BROWN LEA EDWARDS



THE PVRPLE

Published every Saturday from April to July and September to December

Board of Editors, Lent Term, 1898

R. W. Hogue, Alabama - *Editor-in-Chief*
G. C. Edwards, Texas - } *Managing Editors*
T. S. Parrott, Georgia - }
H. W. Jervey - South Carolina
C. Q. Gray - Florida
H. W. Starr - Texas
Oscar Wilder - Kentucky
H. G. Seibels - Alabama

J. H. Brown, South Carolina - *Business Manager*
A. N. King, Tennessee - } *Assistant Business Managers*
Luke Lea, Tennessee - }

Board of Editors, Trinity Term, 1897

G. L. Tucker, Alabama - *Editor-in-Chief*
W. M. Green, Jr., Mississippi - *Managing Editor*
T. S. Parrott, Georgia - *Athletic Editor*
D. A. Shepherd - Tennessee
A. H. Davis - Kentucky
H. W. Jervey - South Carolina
J. G. de R. Hamilton - North Carolina

J. H. Brown, South Carolina - *Business Manager*
A. N. King, Tennessee - *Assistant Business Manager*

Board of Editors, Lent Term, 1897

G. L. Tucker, Alabama - *Editor-in-Chief*
C. C. Pinckney, South Carolina - *Managing Editor*
Thompson Buchanan, Kentucky - *Athletic Editor*
C. Q. Gray - Florida
J. A. Bull - California
D. A. Shepherd - Tennessee

C. B. K. Weed, New Jersey - *Business Manager*
J. H. Brown, South Carolina - *Assistant Business Manager*

Board of Editors, Trinity Term, 1896

Prentiss Tucker, Alabama - *Editor-in-Chief*
W. M. Green, Jr., Mississippi - *Managing Editor*
A. G. Blacklock, Tennessee - *Athletic Editor*
Thompson Buchanan - Kentucky
C. Q. Gray - Florida
W. D. Matthews - Florida
George F. Peter - Washington, D. C.

M. G. Johnston, Texas - *Business Manager*
T. P. Noë, North Carolina - *Assistant Business Manager*

Board of Editors, Lent Term, 1896

M. G. Johnston, Texas - *Editor-in-Chief*
Prentiss Tucker, Alabama - *Managing Editor*
F. G. Hebbard, New York - *Sporting Editor*
W. M. Green, Jr. - Mississippi
John B. Galleher - Tennessee
Wm. Henderson, Jr. - Louisiana
A. G. Blacklock - Tennessee
W. W. Webster - Ohio

B. St. J. Green, Alabama - *Business Manager*
T. P. Noë, North Carolina - *Assistant Business Manager*

Board of Editors, Trinity Term, 1895

M. G. Johnston - *Editor-in-Chief*
G. L. Tucker - *Managing Editor*
F. G. Hebbard - *Sporting Editor*
C. S. Wood
F. T. Constant
Wm. Henderson, Jr.
W. M. Green, Jr.
J. B. Galleher

C. C. Pinckney - *Business Manager*
T. P. Noë - *Ass't Business Mgr.*

Board of Editors, Lent Term, 1895

M. G. Johnston - *Editor-in-Chief*
W. C. Robertson - *Managing Editor*
F. G. Hebbard - *Sporting Editor*
C. S. Wood
P. M. D. Dowdall
G. L. Tucker
R. W. Hogue
A. G. Blacklock
F. T. Constant

C. C. Pinckney - *Business Manager*
R. W. Hogue - *Ass't Business Mgr.*

Board of Editors, Trinity Term, 1894

M. G. Johnston - *Editor-in-Chief*
Spruille Burford - *Managing Editor*
C. S. Wood
W. M. Green, Jr.
P. Berghaus
R. F. McMillan
A. G. Blacklock
F. G. Hebbard

C. C. Pinckney - *Business Manager*
R. W. Hogue - *Ass't Business Mgr.*

The Sewanee Times

EDITORS

Lent Term, 1894

J. Y. Garlington *Editor-in-Chief*
A. E. Greene *Managing Editor*
H. T. Soaper *Business Manager*
S. Burford, Jr. — M. G. Johnston — J. M. Morris
E. D. Johnston — C. S. Wood — H. C. Semple
A. G. Blacklock

Trinity Term, 1893

J. Y. Garlington *Editor-in-Chief*
H. W. Grady, S. Burford, Jr. *Managing Editors*
H. T. Soaper *Business Manager*
J. M. Morris — C. S. Wood — E. D. Johnston
F. V. Wilson — A. E. Greene — A. G. Blacklock
T. J. Crosby, Jr.

Lent Term, 1893

S. Burford, Jr. *Editor-in-Chief*
H. W. Grady *Managing Editor*
C. M. Tobin *Business Manager*
H. C. Semple *Poet*
J. F. T. Sargent — C. S. Wood — A. G. Blacklock
F. V. Wilson — J. M. Morris

Trinity Term, 1892

J. Y. Garlington *Editor-in-Chief*
H. W. Grady *Managing Editor*
C. M. Tobin *Business Manager*
W. H. Lipscomb* — S. Burford, Jr. — Louis Tucker

Previous Newspapers

EDITORS

The Mountain, 1892

F. E. Shoup *Editor*
Ellwood Wilson *Business Manager*

University News, 1875-78

W. M. Harlow
R. H. Weller, Jr.

University Record

1875

J. A. Van Hoose — John Kershaw — V. W. Shields — John Davis

1874

W. M. Harlow
J. J. Hanna

1872-74

V. W. Shields
John Davis

*Deceased

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, $2 SINGLE NUMBER, 50 CENTS

VOL. VI.—NO. 2. WHOLE NO. 22.

THE

SEWANEE REVIEW

A QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF LITERARY STUDIES

WILLIAM P. TRENT, *Editor*
BENJAMIN W. WELLS, *Associate Editor*

APRIL, 1898

I. *The Art of the Italian Renaissance* G. B. ROSE
II. *Poe and Recent Poetics* GLEN L. SWIGGETT
III. *The Fiction of Prosper Mérimée* B. W. WELLS
IV. *The War-Lyrics of England* LEO LOEB
V. *The Diary of a Pagan* HUDSON STUCK
VI. *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* . . W. N. GUTHRIE
VII. *The Nature of Literature* W. P. TRENT
VIII. *Reviews*
Hood's Life and Poetry BRANDER MATTHEWS
A New Life of Renan; The Songs of Bilitis; A Scholar's Recollections; A Sewanee Book Once More.
IX. *Notices*
Garnett's Coleridge; Spencer's Various Fragments; Carpenter's English Grammar; Flandrau's Harvard Episodes; Pancoast's American Literature; Jokai's Lion of Janina; Miscellaneous

PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY
SEWANEE, TENNESSEE



THE EDITOR IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE OPINIONS OF CONTRIBUTORS

Books of the Year





Rev. Greenough White, M. A. B.D.

A Saint of the Southern Church
Matthew Arnold and the Spirit of the Age—English Club Papers

Chas. W. Bain, M. A.

Seventh Book of the Odyssey
First Latin Book

W. P. Trent, M. A.

Select Poems and Tales of Poe (2 vols.)
Select Essays of Macaulay (3 vols.)

B. W. Wells, Ph. D.

Ca Ira Series of French Plays (6 vols.)
Sandre aux Yeux (Tobiche)
Bataille de dames (Scribe)
French Fiction in the XIX Century
Modern German Comedies (5 vols.)
Racine's Andromaque

Sarah Barnwell Elliott

The Durket Sperrit


LITERARY
D
EP,T
LE VIES-98



"AFTER EXAMS"



ASK WHY WE LOVE SEWANEE? NEVER YET
BUT WHAT SOME GAVE ONE REASON SOME ANOTHER.
ONE MIGHT AS WELL BE ASKED FOR REASONS SET
WHY A MAN LOVES HIS MOTHER.

"MOST WONDROUS FAIR HER TREE-HID TOWERS STAND"
SAYS ONE," AND MOUNTAIN SUNSHINE DREAMS ORON HER."
ANOTHER SAYS "SHE LED US BY THE HAND
TO THOUGHTS OF TRUTH AND HONOR."

"SUCH WISDOM AS WE HAVE "SAY SOME "IS HERS:
WITH CLEAR-CUT GRECIAN THOUGHTS OF STRENGTH & BEAUTY."
AND OTHERS SMILE," HER NAME THE HEART-STRINGS STIRS
AND LOVE IS LOVE, NOT DUTY

TO BE SET DOWN BY RULE." AND MANY SAY,
"WE WANDER HERE AND THERE, ALL UNREST LEARNING.
AND HAVE NO HOME SAVE HER; OUR THOUGHTS EACH DAY
HOME TO THE MOUNTAIN TURNING."

AND MANY "THERE, BECAUSE OF PEACE, WE FOUND
THAT LIKE THE SKY GOD'S BLESSING IS ABOVE HER
BUT LO! ALL SAY "THE PLACE IS HALLOWED GROUND
FOR WITH STRONG LOVE WE LOVE HER."

LEWIS TUCKER.

Totum Aut Nihil

When I must leave my lady, all too soon,
 And far for weary months must dwell apart,
 A golden jewel, carved with curious art,
With symbols strange and cabalistic rune,
With blazing star and magic crescent lune.
 I gave her, to keep ward above her heart,
 Lest another share might gain or part
Of that which hope bid prize as mine own boon.

O faithless jewel, to thy trust untrue,
 Or all too weak that citadel to hold;
Thy privilege is naught possessed by two,
 Or all or none, thy law hath been of old.
Quit thou thy post, share not with tokens new,
 Nor honours take that come in portions doled.

A Chelidon Banquet

THIS was the end of his eleventh term on the mountain. He rested for a while from his packing and sat down with a pipe. Well, this was the end. His thoughts wandered over the events of the five crowded years from the time when he had first enrolled his name as a seeker for knowledge until yesterday, when crowned with honours he had received "*omnia jura dona et privilegia*" that pertain to a Sewanee degree, and had bid an official "*vale*" to the "*Universitas Meridiana*." A knock interrupted his revery. "Come," he said. Green entered.

"We are waiting for you."

He rose and went with him along the moonlit walk and out to the Σ *A E* chapter-house. The men of Chelidon were assembled there to do to him the first and last honour that it is the ancient custom of Chelidon to pay. When he entered they all rose in silence. Stuck walked up gravely, dropped on one knee, and then requested permission

to conduct him to his seat. He was placed at the head. Then his permission was again asked, if the others might sit. Silently he nodded. Ordinarily he would have laughed at this circumstance and ceremony. To-night he felt scarcely able to laugh. These fellows had been his comrades for many a year. On the diamond, track, and gridiron, in the halls of fraternity, in intercollegiate debate, in summer contests, in every activity of college life, they had been with him. Now, it was farewell.

Well, anyhow, here were good things to eat and drink and smoke, and he was in the bosom of Chelidon. Soon Stuck rapped on the table. Stuck is a toast-master of the old school—the old Chelidon school. Much as he likes to eat and drink and smoke, he is still more fond of talking, and of making others talk. Stuck and John Galleher have the records as toast-masters. Stuck once made seventeen interpolatory speeches, besides an opening speech, a closing speech, his own toast, saying grace, and singing "Ballyhooly." This feat was performed at one of the banquets on Morgan's Steep. John Galleher made sixteen interpolatory speeches, an opening address, told eight stories of New Orleans newspaper life, and declaimed several choice passages from his winning speech at Danville. John would have also sung, but even Chelidon objected. This was at the great May banquet of '96, given in John's honour when he returned triumphant from Gaul (i. e., Kentucky) with the scalps of six colleges at his belt. These are the Chelidon records. Needless to say Chelidon banquet records are Sewanee banquet records, barring the anchovies, whose archives are buried in the Devil's Hole.

Stuck never allowed too much time to elapse before the speeches. This was proper, as a Chelidon banquet has for its *finis finalis* the hearing of good speeches, other accessories being merely accessories, at best only secondary in importance, and under conceivable circumstances to be dispensed with entirely.

"Gentlemen of Chelidon," said Stuck, "it needs not that I should tell you why we are assembled here to-night. The reason sits before you. Barring Bishop Gailor and Blacklock (and I need not crave pardon for mentioning these names first), there is no name known where the name of Sewanee is known, there is no defender of the royal purple on any field of contest, there is no character where the worth of manhood is honoured, that is better known, more respected, or honoured more highly, than James Perry Slocumb, *quem morituram salutamus*. And though these things count for little beside the greatness of his character, yet it is most fitting here to recall that his list of college honours ranges from the presidency of a literary society, includes medals for German, Latin, oratory and debate, the captaincy of the football team and the management of baseball, the winning of the Vanderbilt debate, the editorship of the *Purple*, the vote of the students as most prominent in three successive years, and ending with the presidency of his class and the valedictory."

"And to that let me add," shouted Risley, "a man, a Sewanee man; a knight without fear and without reproach."

"Gentlemen," said Stuck, "this is bottoms up!"

Thomas, the tawny and tuneful, started a song, and the rafters rang with—

"For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
Which nobody can deny,"

repeated thrice over.

Dick Hogue, the enthusiastic, sprang upon a chair and shouted as fiercely as if the whole of Vanderbilt were challenging his friend: "What's the matter with James P. Slocumb?"

Fifteen voices thundered, "HE'S ALL RIGHT." Again Dick faced the imaginary cohorts of Vanderbilt, to which his fancy now seemed to add Tuscaloosa and Auburn, and defiantly demanded, "Who's all right?"

"SLOCUMB!"

But now Stuck insisted and demanded that he be heard. He had been kept out too long. "The gentlemen will be seated, *the gentlemen will be seated*, THE GENTLEMEN WILL BE SEATED!"

Finally they were seated.

"Next to Bishop Gailor and Blackie and our brother about to depart," said he, "there is one whom, as loyal Americans, we reverence and respect. If not his personality, still his position as leader and executive of nearly one hundred millions of free people, claims our allegiance. I propose the health of the President of the United States, and I call upon William Mercer Green, of Mississippi, to respond."

There have been times when animation has rippled the placid surface of William Mercer's sweet and lofty seriousness, and this was one of the times. He became excited and mounted a chair. He could not pretend to say, he said, whether the toast-master would have him discuss past Presidents or the present, whether he was expected to dilate on the glories of a Washington or apologize for the short-comings of a McKinley, but to his mind the topic suggested only one thing. He looked far into the future. He was no prophet, nor yet the son of a prophet, yet it required no Sibylline divination nor Delphic tripod to see before him a future President of the United States, before whose transcendent glories all such rushlights as Washington, Jefferson, and Cleveland would pale into insignificance.

"I see, far in the rolling years, an era come when the grandeur of Alexander shall have been forgotten, when the conquests of Cæsar shall perish from memory, when the exploits of Napoleon shall be effaced from the walls of Fame's temple, and the whole *orbis terrarum* shall ring and resound and reëcho with the name of Slocumb, Slocumb, Slocumb, in thrice a thousand reverberated peals!"

Billy paused, and Stuck seized the opportunity: "To the President of the United States to be, James Perry Slocumb!" he cried, and raised his glass.

Shoup and Johnston began, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," to the tune of "The Star Spangled Banner." The assembly quailed in affright, but Beckwith rushed to the rescue with Gresham and saved both the country and the banner.

"To a Sewanee man," said Stuck, "next to his God and his country comes his university. Whenever on this green mountain, or elsewhere throughout the world, Sewanee men meet together, to whatever else they drink or fail to drink, of whatever else they think or fail to think, to whatever else they sing or fail to sing, there is one toast that is never left out. Nor do we to-night propose to leave it out. Gentlemen, Sewanee, our mother mountain! and to that toast I know no fitter man to respond than one who has run the gamut of every college honour that student may win, who has worked for Sewanee, fought for Sewanee, and, I believe, would gladly die for Sewanee; a man once known as "one Mercer Johnston, of Texas," now famous through Southern college circles as "Johnston, of Sewanee."

Again Dick Hogue mounted his chair, again he propounded his indignant and megaphonic queries; again, apparently satisfied with the cyclonic unanimity of the assurance that Mercer was "all right," he subsided, and pulled with contentment upon a large, black, unlighted cigar.

Johnston rose with a troubled air, gazing at vacancy; took up a glass and set it down, cleared his throat and swallowed twice, and after two false starts succeeded in unbosoming himself of the mighty thoughts that surged within. First, he must crave pardon, he said, for turning his back upon the distinguished Slocumb, for how could he speak words fitting the subject, overshadowed as he was by the splendor of a magnificence of a personality that oppressed him? And then he spoke. How he spoke! The native eloquence that had won and helped to win on many a contest of oratory and debate, both for his own society and for his university, and developed by many a stirring speech from the rostrum, in the halls of fraternity, around the banquets of the Great Fifteen, and upon stumps and fences after athletic victories, now swelled in a rushing, fiery tide. No one moved. Slocumb was forgotten. He ended:

"From the time when, as a raw Junior, the Sewanee man first enters the portals of the 'towered city set within a wood,' through all the years of work and of play, of Latin and baseball, of Greek and tennis, of victory and defeat, of pleasant nights under the summer moon, or of gray November days when the shadow of approaching finals is lightened by the gleam of the near home-going, through all the days and months and years of his life, 'far from the world, upon the mountain's crest;' until that black day when he must say farewell, when he sings a last 'Auld Lang Syne' with his comrades, when he leaves Paradise and enters the outer world where thorns and briers grow, and man must earn his bread

in the sweat of his brow, the Sewanee man lives under the enchantment of a spell. That spell is the influence of the ideal. It is an ideal of a life free from sordid commercialism, untainted by shop-keeping selfishness, but combining those indefinable and intangible higher elements only described by one word in the English language. That word is, Sewanee."

For a moment there was silence. Then some one counted, "One, two, three." The old 'Varsity yell burst, crashing from throats that had often conquered the whole population of Nashville in a trial of lungs. To Beckwith it recalled the shout that followed Billy Cleveland's touch-down in '92; to many of the others, the cheer that greeted Blackie's home run that tied the score in '96.

Stuck began, "Sing a song together, boys. We'll sing it loud and clear."

Still standing, they sang it with voices that, in the last chorus, fairly cracked.

"Hurrah, hurrah, ring out the chorus free,
Hurrah, hurrah, Sewanee boys are we;
Away with melancholy, and let care and trouble flee,
While we are boys at Sewanee."

Then Shoup spoke. His subject was, ostensibly, "The Sewanee Alumnus," but his real subject was Slocumb. Shoup is eulogist par excellence. None that have ever been carried to the skies on flowery beds of his encomiastic phrases will ever forget that trip. Gresham, the modest and self-deprecatory, never will. Neither will any one else that heard that famous eulogy that overwhelmed the "moss-tongued orator from Louisiana" in the spring of '96. Neither will Slocumb ever forget. Shoup soared higher and higher. He ascended a chair, he climbed upon the table, he mounted the mantel, and finally delivered his last burning panegyric from the summit of the door.

"The transcendental orator will descend," ordered Stuck, as Shoup ceased and swung to and fro upon the door. But the transcendental orator refused to descend, being supplied with foaming steins skillfully flung to him and deftly caught, emptied, and returned in one motion. The autocratic Stuck insisted, Shoup would not obey, and a deadlock threatened. A compromise was effected, however, Stuck granting to the company the privilege of hearing "Ballyhooly" from his tuneful lips, and Shoup complying and descending.

"That is good ology," remarked the tawny-bearded Thomas, as Stuck ended: "The reverend H. Stuck is first cousin to a fog horn. I knew a siren whistle, once, on board the United States Steamship Detroit, that he reminds me of."

To Pinckney "The Ladies" were handed over. In that subject Charles Cotesworth felt thoroughly at home. He does not often speak, but usually when he does condescend a story occurs to him that is worth telling and well worth

remembering. At this time he became very nearly animated, and the flashes of his aristocratic wit and highborn humor aroused the admiration of Thomas, who pronounced it "good ology." He spoke in closing of the triumphs won by Slocumb over feminine hearts, pronounced by the students thrice most prominent, and by the ladies always most popular.

Beckwith sang, "When I was a student at Cadiz," and Ambler proposed a toast "to the girls that have left us behind."

Gresham, the man whose flow of words is excelled only by that of Bishop Sessums, the force and cogency of whose reasoning have been rarely excelled at all, co-victor of the debate of '95, the "moss-tongued emblem of purity," spoke of "Sewanee on Forum and Rostrum." He spoke also of Slocumb. Gresham learned from Shoup in '96 what real eulogizing was. By '98 he had mastered his lesson so well that his teacher was outdone. His smooth phrases lapped, and fawned upon the victim, they caressed him and fondled him, they coiled around him, until the suffocated Slocumb sat in a window to breathe fresh air.

Waring, the pessimist, was next, and poured much cold water. His subject was, "Sewanee's Future." He saw dark clouds ahead. The University suffered from an acute form of "megalocephalitis." There was too much yankee about the chair of History. There was too much heresy afloat in the Theological Department. He longed for more South Carolina ante-bellum politics of the nullification stripe, and more old-fashioned orthodox theology. There was one ray of hope, however. Slocumb would soon be a member of the Board of Trustees, then things would go back to the good old ways of the good old days.

The impassioned Hogue was called upon for "Sewanee Journalism," but he did not care to speak of Sewanee Journalism. He could not spare a moment from the time in which he wished to pay tribute to his friend. When Dick goes up against an opponent in any contest he is unfortunate. He has had more victorious defeats than any other man in Sewanee. If any man is ever deprived of the glory of hard-earned conquest by astigmatic judges, that man is sure to be Hogue. But his tribute to Slocumb would have won even in Nashville. All the earnestness of a strong nature, all the devotion of a steadfast friend, was poured out in an impetuous torrent. "As an orator I admire his eloquence, as an athlete I respect his strength and skill; his versatile genius fills me with wonder, his profound scholarship inspires me with awe. But through all, and beyond all, and above all these, as a man I know him, and I know him to be truly a man; as a friend I love him, because I know him to be truly a friend."

Beckwith and Thomas smote their tuneful lyres and led "Vive la compagnie."

Stuck arose. "There is one man who has not spoken to-night, one man whose face has been familiar in the councils

of Chelidon since the days of Coyle and Burford. But although to-night he is leagues away, yet his spirit lingers still in the circle to which his bodily presence so loved to resort. Gentlemen, it has come to pass that a Chelidon meeting would seem incomplete without an echo of G. L. Tucker's voice, and from the sunny shores of Southern seas he has sent this farewell greeting to the brother whose hand he may not clasp. It is couched in form of verse, and is entitled

FAREWELL.

Although through spellbound years one may abide
 Within the cloudland city capped with towers,
 In ivied halls and quiet, green-clad bowers,
Where Wisdom gowned and hooded Learning hide;
And gazing from that eyrie, dreamy-eyed,
 Despise the world, where thick the dust-cloud lowers
 And sooty grime chokes out the life of flowers,
And worth is naught and Mammon glorified;
 Yet comes at last the sombre, leaden time
Of farewell sighed to peaceful mountain home,
 Or soon or late, from that clear height sublime
Down to Life's dusty turmoil thou must come:
 Much thou must learn, in sweat and dust and grime,
Of things thou seek'st in vain through Learning's tome.

Then Slocumb stood. He spoke with a catch in his voice.

"Yes," he said, slowly, "that is all true. I must get down to sweat and dust and grime. But it is hard, hard. When you come to leave you will know how hard it is. Fellows, I— I—" He stopped. "Good-bye; God bless you."

They rose silently, and joined hands around the table. "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," they sang. The last "Auld Lang Syne" died away. "Goodnight, old man, and good-bye."





NAILED to flagpole on the campus
Floated once a silken banner,
Flag and symbol of our country,
Stars and stripes so proudly waving;
All the braves and all the warriors
Bowed to it whene'er they passed it,
And they loved it more than money—
Loved it more than fire-water.
But one night from out the shadows
There came creeping to the flagpole,
To the spot where hung the halyards,
Figures three, all clothed in darkness.
Down they dragged the nation's banner,
Dragged Old Glory in the dust, and
Took it up, departed quickly,
So that no one saw their faces,
So that no one could pursue them.
In the morning when the dawn came,
And the flag was seen no longer,
Then, indeed, the braves were angry,
And the warriors shouted loudly,
Shouted loud for bloody battle;
"Let us catch the thief, the robber,
Who has stolen thus our banner."
So they came into the council,
There to draw up resolutions;
Then the mighty Mercerewis,
And the warrior Miltonawtha—
He the one that trains the young men;
And too many more to mention.
So they talked, and so they counselled,
How they could get back their banner,
How to punish the marauders.
Though they talked a lot together,
Though they boasted of their prowess,
Yet they never caught the robber,
Never got back their Old Glory.



So the matter still was resting,
When a band of modest warriors,
Band of angels from the East Side,
From the tribe that runs from nothing,
Found the flag concealed by covies.
Then they fought with bows and arrows,
Tomahawked the evil robbers,
Took the flag and scalped the covies;
To the campus brought the banner.
Then the braves and then the warriors,
Then the mighty Mercerewis,
Then the warrior Miltonawtha,
Were rejoiced with joy exceeding,
And they honoured the brave angels,
Treated them with every honour,
Gave them strings of beads and wampum,
Gave them many bows and arrows,
And all smoked the pipe of peace.

Fabula

Now, there was once a beautiful woman who had two student suitors. And it came to pass that on a certain night all three did meet, with many others, at the house of a friend. Now, when the woman walked in the garden with one of the suitors, he, becoming infatuated at the sight of her beauty, did kiss her. She being sorely wroth, he did apologize and strive to make amends; but she waxed the more angry. Now, when she did walk with the other suitor, he also did kiss her; but, although she was wroth again, he had not dole, but rejoiced with an exceeding great joy, saying that he craved another chance. And lo! it came to pass that before many moons had rolled by, he had many more chances, and the beautiful woman was no longer angry. Which goeth to show that one may offend the feelings of a woman and go scathless, but it is *not* well to offend her vanity.

To Swinburne

Like Echo's voice, which yet through Tempe's vale
 Calls for its lover lost, with mournful sound,
So, from the shores of Hellas gleaming pale,
 Its way to us a classic note has found.
Like him, we sigh for Aphrodite's rule
 Or for Persephone's oblivion gift,
For naiads sporting in the waters cool
 And nymphs pursued by piping satyrs swift.
Once more the incense on the altar cast,
 Once more a hecatomb to Pallas raise;
The golden rule of great Zeus has not passed;
 The chorus once more chants high Hera's praise.
But only one remains whose magic rhyme,
Like Julian, can restore the golden time.

Ye Song of Ye Academic Gownsmen:

Verse and pictures by John Bennett



In cap and gown we toddled all
To dreamlands fair when we were young
But never dreamed that, growing tall,
We should be heralded and sung
As conquerors of book and ball,
Of head and heart, by type and tongue
From hither Rome to thither Gaul,
In lieder like the Nibelung,
Superior to all Gemung
Or Lindley Murray's caustic frown,
An epic from Parnassus sprung,
In Cap and Gown!

Oh, bliss supreme, to "throw on dog" –
In parlance a la Tremlett Hall –
To sit within the Synagogue
In breeches academical!
To rule the roost like kings incog.;
To crowd the Juniors to the wall;
Disdain the World as banderlog;
Deem Fate a thing nth power small,
Fame but a humming-top withal,
A penny's purchase in the town,
For us to spin upon Life's mall
In Cap and Gown!



Illuminated by F. R. Kimbrough

Oh, what are jewels? What are gems?
Oh, what is gold? Oh, what is power,
To one who, gowned with Academs,
May gleam in glory for an hour?
A has the Medic's apophthegms!
A has the Theologic's dower!
A has la Loi! poor roots and stems
Of which we are the glorious flower!
Upon Sewanee's proudest tower
Enthroned like kings of high renown,
We shine like Danae's golden shower,
In Cap and Gown!

A Name

Rose is shorter than her name
But not half so sweet,
Violet is far too tame,
Pink is incomplete;

Jonquil is a flaunting word,
Lilies pale by her,
Jasmine is a wild name heard
In the woods astir;

Daisies deep in meadows cower,
Olives foreign be,
Pansy is a regal flower,
Heartsease—that is she.

The Phantom House-Party, or Ships That Repass

My Dear Mr. Tucker:

You can't imagine what pleasure your letter gave me this afternoon when I received it. It was delayed somewhat by your addressing "New Decatur." I get my mail at Decatur. I regretted so much, when I saw it, that I did not run across you yesterday in Birmingham. I was down for the day and had breakfast and dinner at the Morris. I hope you will get this in time to come up. I should so like to see you again. I often think of you. I keep my home here, but wander around a good deal. Spent the winter in Washington and New York, then was home for a month, and then went back for the launching of the "Kentucky," from which I am shortly returned. I wrote you of my mother's death in September, '92. Since then I have been virtually a wanderer without a home. I have a house, but am so absolutely alone in the world that my condition appalls me occasionally. Come up and tell me what you are doing and what you think of the war, and talk over old times. Will be so disappointed if you don't get here. Sincerely yours,

WORTHINGTON PLACE, DECATUR, ALA., SUNDAY. LLEWELLYN SUTRA WORTHINGTON.

This was postmarked 2 P. M., April 25, 1898. I went up; not immediately: some three weeks later.

It came about in this wise. I had banqueted opposite Manning at Mobile on the occasion of the quarantine convention.

All my friends, who are patient and receptive, know of my going to Guatamala as quarantine physician at the end of my first six months in medicine—know how I was called in, two hours after my arrival in Central America, to see a very sick man of importance, to whom *vis naturæ medicatrix* was kind, which fact added to the contents of my pocket and gave reputation to "el doctor quarentina"—know of my success as a practitioner, of my malarial attack, which floored me for all work at college the following winter, and which caused me to seek health and catch-up study at Sewanee last summer.

I had startled the convention by exhibiting myself as a "horrible example" of the kind of yellow fever experts that were being sent as quarantine men to the tropics, by Gulf and South Atlantic ports. Manning had said things about my exposé, so I liked him. I would have liked him even if he had not shown good judgment in this matter. He is a likable

man. We met again at the State Medical Association meeting, at Birmingham, and had lunched near each other at Dr. Browning's, and were dinner neighbors at Dr. Briggs'.

He was to take a midnight train, and I chatted with him, while waiting in chairs in front of the Morris. We spoke of his home, where I had once been as a bird of passage, endeavoring to learn how "booms" were conducted. It was during the months of October, November, and December in 1887, and I had made friends there. Among them were Mrs. Worthington and her mother, Mrs. Houghton. They were good samaritans to my friend Fristo and myself. Fristo was from my boyhood's home in Kentucky; he was bookkeeper for The Land Company. We sang Sundays in the choir of the modest little old church. Mrs. Houghton and her daughter were church-women—decorated the church at Easter and Christmas, entertained the Bishop on his rather infrequent visits, and all that sort of thing. We were always certain of an invitation to dinner after service—that was our salary as choristers. And such dinners! One who knows the number of things fit to eat that one can not get in a new boom town, will appreciate our appreciation of these invitations. We never "regretted."

At that time Mrs. Houghton's daughter was a twenty-months widow after twenty months of married life. She *had*, more than she *knew*, as her life had been a short one, spent at school in Memphis, while her dead husband's acres were broad and his Northern interests large.

The President of the Gateway Land Company was attentive, seemingly on the eve of success. One evening I danced the german with her, and she admired some little shirt studs I wore—diamonds so small that all three were requisite to make one perceptible sparkle: dainty little things. We said things to each other that night, and in a few days Miss Kropper held the affections of Gateway's President, but they did not marry; that, however, is another story.

Later, we had said things to each other—different kinds of things—and I drifted to the West—California, Mexico, Alaska. I met her once afterward at the St. Nicholas. She had property interests in Cincinnati—and step-children. I had not on my dress suit and studs, and we were both hungry. We had forgotten the "different things," but did not so far forget as to speak again as at first. We ate a Russian salad and oysters Newberg.

I drifted to Wall Street and Boston, having joined forces with an ex-president of a Western bank, promoting Southern industrial enterprises and "booming" a Southern town site, and, shortly afterwards, she went abroad upon her good mother's passing away. Later, she hobnobbed with diplomats and politicians prominent: I to my first love—medicine—turned, and our lines of life crossed not.

Well, Manning mentioned her name in April—mentioned that she was at home after a long absence—and in May I was with her.

I had written a short note saying I would stop off a day on my way to Sewanee—if she did not object to talking with me for an afternoon. She answered as above.

My movements were uncertain and I went down to see some friends at Alabama University and to visit my friend Wiley, resident physician at the insane hospital, and came near missing this repassing. I wrote again, and thus she replied:

Dear Mr. Tucker:

I was somewhat disappointed at your not coming, as I had anticipated last week. Still, if you had come, I would not now have your visit to look forward to. I have a telephone out to my house now, so that a telegram can be delivered at once, and not next day, as sometimes used to be the case. Do you know I am puzzling my brain as to what you are doing; it seems queer to think of your having to consider *time*, and not leading the *dolce far niente* life that worried me so much. You remember I used to tell you how you were wasting your talents, and your opportunities. Ah! well. I was young then, and full of reform ideas, which like most of their kind, were for my neighbor instead of myself. You will probably find a great improvement in me, in the fact that I have given up reforming the world. I confine my attentions exclusively to myself, and find my hands full.

Come when you can. I shall be glad to see you. About the last of the month I am going to Chattanooga for a few days, so you must keep me posted as to your movements, so as to avoid that. Sincerely your friend, L. S. W.

I was again at the Morris in Birmingham and could not decide whether to go north or south. I knew what I wanted to do, also what I ought to do. I did neither. I stayed at the Morris and wrote her and thus she replied:

Dear Doctor Tucker:

I was indeed glad to get your letter with such good news to an old friend as I am, and more to receive your picture with the earnest eyes which did more talking than a dozen letters. But in great haste I am writing this letter to suggest that you come up here, make the Tavern your headquarters, and do your "Corolla" work out here under the great oaks on my lawn, where I will see that nothing but the birds disturb you. We will hunt up all your old friends and have a good visit. I would ask you to stay with me, but that, except for my servants, I am living entirely alone, and Mrs. Grundy insists that I am too young to entertain men. I assure you that I have gotten so old that there would be no danger of the men falling in love, but it is not worth the fight. Still, you can spend your days here and I will enjoy it *so* much. I have been home just a month, and already am tired to death of life if it has to be lived here—as at present. Do come. I want to tell you all about my life and what a forlorn failure it has been, and how all the beauty I started out with has been lost. Yours, LLEWELLYN.

I wired and went and wondered: what kind of a woman would I find in place of the girl-widow? I found out—and found out that she required no sympathy. She was fully capable of taking care of herself and her plantation and the hundred or more negroes living thereon—and of any stray men who happened by. She drove in and took me to the plantation in her smart trap, with Charley, a diminutive picaninny, as chaperon. Manning drove by to see a patient in one of the cabins and she waylaid him on his return, so we took supper triangularly tête-à-tête. Without seeming to, she arranged that Manning should drive me in, passing on our way a carriage in which was a distinguished looking man, unmistakably from the North.

Next day she drove in again for me, and in the trap was my old friend, Mrs. Baird, who used to sing in the choir with us in boom days. She had arranged this as a pleasant surprise: it was a surprise: no mention was made of the Northern man, although I had seen him at the Tavern at ten o'clock the preceding night, and the bell boy told me where he had been. I did not like him.

Mrs. Baird obeyed evident instructions and conversed freely of choir rows of the past and present. From Mrs. Worthington I heard nothing and saw nothing of "forlorn failure" and "lost beauty." I heard of Washington and the East and Florida and of the Yosemite and Yellowstone and of Paris and London and the Highlands,—principally of Washington.

Somehow I fancied that Northern chap was from Washington, although he registered simply "Kentucky." Then I remembered that recent launching, and then I liked him even less than on the evening before; he did not seem so distinguished looking as I had thought before I knew his destination.

At eleven Mrs. Baird retired; so did Mrs. Worthington. I sat and smoked and thought and wondered and speculated, —and cussed a little. She had told me of a house-party that would materialize about that time—some friends from Washington, from Virginia, from Kentucky. As I smoked and looked over those moon-lit broad acres, partly lying within the city limits, I wondered how much better I could manage them, and rather liked the idea of a permanent house-party with present guests—minus Mrs. Baird.

She had been cordial when she greeted me: next morning she seemed glad to have me about, and talked more about herself, and gave Mrs. Baird somewhat of a holiday. After luncheon we drove Mrs. Baird home, and called on friends. At her suggestion we took supper at the Tavern and chatted the rector after, and drove home by moonlight—Charley driving me back to town when it was well on toward midnight.

I learned a great deal about her life since seeing her in Cincinnati. She had not changed much as to appearance—only more mature looking, but still young. Contact with the world had broadened her ideas. As Nannie Jones once summed up her opinion of Lillian Hord, "she struck me as being a woman who 'knows how.'" She did not say so in plain words, but I gathered that she had been sought of men in marriage, and at least one high in the nation's councils had rash statements made. She seemed to fear that her acres and town and city holdings were equally as attractive as herself. I told her to the contrary and advised marriage, and with that friendly interested disinterestedness asked the fortunate candidate, wondering if that "jay" from Kentucky were presumptuous. She frankly said there recently were but two, but now a third had come into her calculations. I found that she wanted a man of prominence and brain, and would not object to wealth. I passed—for the time being. Two congressmen were applicants: had one of them been from the other end of the Capitol I fancy his fate would have been sealed, as she is a masterful somebody. Who was the third? I had to pass again. I knew the local legal luminary of lands and bonds was eager, but he was not sufficiently assiduous in his visits to the barber to suit her. Again I wondered if it could be possible—again I passed.

The next day I left for Birmingham, without saying good-bye—an old habit of mine when I am passing. Going from the smoker to the chair car I found her ladyship and Charley. A telegram had advised her that her guests had started for the South. She was to do some shopping in Birmingham, in preparation for their coming.

I talked with her of life at Sewanee—not only student life, but that of residents.

You know that to none on the mountain—to none that has ever been on the mountain—do I yield in point of love for Sewanee,—hence could I speak feelingly. Devoted indeed must be one, who, as itinerant collegian, transfers his affection to her from the University of Virginia: yet did I this, and my second college has given place to my fifth.

I remember how Gardiner's face brightened when I spoke to him in Mobile about coming to Sewanee. He had talked much of Sewanee the previous summer, over the bay, and I was prepared to be an enthusiast. John Chapin, too,

in Kentucky, had told me much of life here: and then, I had known up-to-date rectors who claim Southland's University as *alma mater*.

Gardiner's face had fallen when I spoke of the medical department. He—in common with many youthful sojourners here—boys who take a course of study comprising Hebrew, astronomy, and typewriting, and yearn for the ribbon and a baseball degree,—he did not hold in high estimation the tieless Med; hence he thought not well of the department. He did not know of it, hence his non-appreciation.

I told her of the charm of Sewanee—its uniqueness, for it is one of the unique of earth's spots: told her of the cultivated people: told her how widows and daughters of Southerners, prominent in church, war and state, make here on the mountain homes as comfortable and replete with refining influences as the homes left by boys of the younger generation, when they come to Sewanee to be educated: told how such refining home surroundings result in Sewanee's boys going down from the mountain into professional, business, and social life as polished little gentlemen: told her the most unique of all Sewanee's unique features—how there is on the mountain less gossip and small scandal than in any other such small and semi-isolated community: told of St. Augustine's and the vested choir, and churchmen famous who from time to time discourse therein—of our Bishop, whom Sewanee loved with equal love when he was simply our chaplain, for it is and was the *man* who had and has the entire mountain's devotion: told of Commencement Day—a miniature of Scarlet Day in English Cambridge,—as the vice-chancellor and bishops in their gorgeous robes, the vested priests, the doctors in their hoods, and likewise masters and bachelors, and seniors in their gowns, juniors in their raiment new, grammar school boys in uniform—the all led by crucifer and chorister boys, while summer girls and mountain girls and mothers and little tots look on as the procession moves from Convocation to St. Augustine's to the peal of organ music. It *is* an impressive sight and one unique and to be remembered.

I told of my life and my work: my association with the students, with the boys: how congenial were the men in Chelidon and E. Q. B., and younger brothers in the frat. Told of how student and professor and vice-chancellor and boys of the grammar school and summer girls became in time one big family, all interested in one anothers' doings: how there were—of course, as is natural—cliques, but this cliquiness did not obtrude itself and grate on feelings: spoke of the homes, the drives, the views, the walks—but always spoke most of the people, Sewanee's chiefest charm: I told of the contentment of an existence where the seamy side of life is little felt or seen—where only the more refining, satisfying callings are followed: told of the bright minds of men and women, who work and dream and delve and think, create, produce: how men are fascinated with the mountain-grown lotus—and yield not to glittering offers alluring into further fields, but stay and dream and work away their lives and love Sewanee: how women, too, live on and on from year to year until many years are passed and marry not, because forsooth their marriage means departure from Sewanee.

She had been in Sewanee once: came over with a party from Monteagle, but, of course, knew nothing of its inner life. That night I think she thought the matter over, and had I been dean of something or vice-chancellor she would have chosen Sewanee as her summer home.

We talked of things and things in general, and when we reached Birmingham I was not right sure that I had passed. She expressed a desire to see me in evening dress again, and asked about those little diamonds.

We lunched at the Morris with her friend Major Vandersohn and my friend Dr. Woody. The major and the doctor being also old friends, our quartette was a congenial one, and I was proud of her. I missed seeing her at the train that afternoon, and that night left with Dr. Woody for Nashville, coming on to Sewanee the next day. My stay on the mountain was only of hours: the next day I was again in Decatur, on my way South, to see my friend Manning on business.

She was indignant because another telegram had told her that affairs of state could not release her chief guest from Washington, and another one had military honours thrust upon him. They would come next week. She was so busy forming and expressing opinions about her friends that she had no time to listen to my troubles. I was not so certain that I had not passed.

I went to Mobile to two friends' wedding, and wondered. I did not write, but was written to thus, in pencil:

Dear Dr. Tucker:

I am *hors du combat* this morning; flat on my back, so you will excuse pencil, for I must send you a line. I had a telegram yesterday from those people. The day of their departure from Washington is now definitely settled on as June 1st. That would put them here next Thursday. Now, dear boy, why can't you go to your wedding on the first, which Dr. Manning says is imperative, and then come here on the second and stay any way over Sunday? You would do nothing Friday or Saturday at Sewanee. Now, please help me out by writing me to expect your cheery self next Thursday at 3 P. M., so that you will be here in time for dinner that evening. I am down in the depths; think of being sick and no one but negroes around, and no one to care if you live or die, and——ah! well, what is the use thinking about it, but you will come and make my house-party a success. Some way, I sort of look on you as home folks to help me entertain those guests.

Oh! tell your Mobile friends that if they don't have yellow fever I think I shall spend two weeks at Point Clear in July, so you pave my way to success now.

Do you know you are about the only person I can think of that I would like here this morning. I am in that condition that ordinary people would bore me, but you are such a crank that one never knows what to expect next, so you never bore. As ever,

WEDNESDAY. LLEWELLYN S. W.

This put me in good frame of mind for my friends' wedding and wedding breakfast, and I wondered how soon the charming bit of cut-glass I had given would prove bread on waters thrown.

I wired, and was there—but there was no house-party. The week had brought forth governmental duties and obedience to military rule, and again was the house-party postponed.

I did not grieve at being, with Mrs. Baird, the entire guest list.

Two days passed all too swiftly and then we went to Huntsville to attend the Church Convocation and meeting of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. I introduced my friend Thomas, and she liked his eyes, and quarreled because he was not garbed in his clericals.

We drove one afternoon to Monte Sano, and I talked again of Sewanee. College life was in mind with her: she spoke of living on East Lawn at Virginia: she had met Professor Enholmn—he who was "Reddy" in my day, and head-devil of

the Eli Bannanas—one summer at Old Point and next year at The White, and I doubt not that Lawn residency was mentioned and considered, as it is something to be Mrs. Prof. Math. at Virginia, and Enholmn is a widower. Still she is a churchwoman thorough, and my words of Sewanee lotus were convincing—inveigling. I am confident she made up her mind that day to help decorate St. Augustine's next Easter.

To my dying day I'll never know what came over the spirit of that young woman's dream. She showed me a letter from Washington stating most positively that "those people" would show up June 20th. *She* regretted that my duties would prevent my helping make her house-party a success—entertaining those guests like home folks. *I* had not said one word about being so prevented.

I wonder if it was Thomas' eyes—he is on the mountain now and starts South about the 19th.

May be that Kentuckian had something to do with it. I see from press dispatches that his regiment is at Chickamauga. It is only a few hours' run to Decatur, and a colonel, I understand, can get leave.

It looks like I have *been* passed: perhaps it is not wise, but I will probably have important business with my friend Manning about the 20th instant.

DECATUR, ALA., June 20, 1898.—House-party and self spend to-morrow and Wednesday at Lookout and Chickamauga. Counting on you. Meet us at Reid House, noon. L. S. W.

This was the telegram, and I went, as did also Thomas, still with his eyes and not in clericals. I rather liked the house-party guests, even liked that Kentuckian. They were the kind of people who had been places—travel around on railroad and Pullman passes, and have Western Union franks, and all that sort of thing—men and women of the world in the higher sense of that term.

After a pleasant visit among friends at the camp, the party returned to the plantation—all except the Colonel. She and I had a long, friendly, moonlight talk. She will not decorate St. Augustine's at next or subsequent Easters. She did not tell me *which*, but the Colonel seemed wrapped up in military matters, and that other Kentuckian looked like he knew something. At any rate, the house-party had finally materialized, and the ships had repassed,—permanently.

SEWANEE, JULY 12, 1898.



Seventy-First Elegiac, Catullus

"Thee alone will I wed," once my love gently said—
But what a maiden coyly saith to a lover burning,
Write ye in the laughing winds or waters ne'er returning.

A Grammar School Tragedy

TOM HENDERSON and Robert Fitzgerald were both in love with Miss Daisy Chandler. That's where the whole trouble began, and had it not been for that fact, this painful account would never have been written. But to explain: Tom Henderson and Robert Fitzgerald were students in the Sewanee Grammar School, and Miss Daisy Chandler was a charming young visitor here last summer who had just been graduated from Madame LeFevre's "Finishing School" in Baltimore, and was experimenting with her finishing arts on the sadly inexperienced and susceptible inmates of the "Dormitory." Henderson and Fitzgerald had both been thoroughly victimized, and an intense rivalry was the result. Each hated the other with a deadly hate, and the contest was watched with interest by everyone on the mountain.



It was in the midst of the summer season. The whole atmosphere was charged with a feeling of nervous excitement. Miss Chandler had gone with Henderson to the Glee Club Concert, and Fitzgerald was sitting in his room with Thompson, his room-mate, and Brown, a new boy who had arrived that morning. It was too hot to study, and Fitzgerald was leaning back, with his hands in his pockets and his feet upon the table, deeply meditating the hardships of love, when there was a sudden knock at the door.

"Come in!" The tone was slightly petulant. He was in no mood for visitors, and conversation was irksome.

The door opened, and Black strolled in, pipe in mouth, and coolly made himself comfortable on the bed. His perfect calm and good nature was itself irritating to a man in Fitzgerald's frame of mind, and besides, his dirty shoes were soiling the fresh counterpane.

"Didn't expect to find you in," he remarked, in a tone of slight surprise.

Fitzgerald looked at him savagely. However, there was nothing in that to get mad about, and he answered pleasantly enough. Black puffed on in silence for a time, and then began again.

"I am sorry to hear that you and Miss Chandler have fallen out."

Fitzgerald turned around in his chair, his face flushed and his eyes flashing.

"Who told you that?" he growled.

"O well, you needn't get mad about it," said Black, coolly shifting his pipe to the other side of his mouth. His deliberate manner was certainly exasperating. "I just heard that she told Henderson the other night that you were the most conceited officer in the dormitory, and—"

Fitzgerald had jumped to his feet. He thought that Black was trying to tease him, and he was in no mood for it. Things had *not* been going just exactly his way the last few days, and he could restrain himself no longer.

"You're a liar!" he shouted. "You're a dirty, sneaking liar! You—"

Black was on his feet in an instant, and about to spring at Fitzgerald with clenched fist, when the officer of the day was heard outside, and controlling himself, he simply said, "We'll settle that later," and he and Brown, the new boy, walked out.

"Brown," he said, when they had reached the hall, "Fitzgerald has been trying to get a fight with me ever since I have been here, and I am tired of it. But when it comes to calling me a liar, that's a point of honour, and I am bound to retrieve it. I'm going to challenge him to a duel in the morning, and want you to be my second. Will you do it?"

Brown was naturally a timid kind of fellow, delicate and nervous; but being a new boy, he had very exaggerated notions about Grammar School life, and Black's whole manner was so changed, and he looked so fierce and threatening in his anger, that he dared not refuse.

"All right, then," said Black. "And it will be a fight to the finish—you can count on that."



The next morning the challenge was sent and accepted. It was to be a duel with pistols at twenty paces. Thompson was to act as Fitzgerald's second, and a great tall fellow named Johnson was chosen as referee. Brown wished that he had never heard of the Sewanee Grammar School, and several times felt impelled to catch the southbound train and get out of the whole thing; but he had already gone too far to back out now, and a fear of shame restrained him. The affair was, of course, carefully kept secret, but he ventured to ask one of the older boys what kind of a man Black was.

"Black!" he said. "Well, Black is a kind of fellow I wouldn't like to have any trouble with. He's very good natured until he gets thoroughly roused, but then he's h—l!"

Promptly at five o'clock that afternoon the men met at an open space near "Clara's Point." The weapons were examined; the principals promptly took their places; Johnson gave the signal; a sharp report followed—and Black fell. He clutched at his breast and lay writhing in agony, the blood flowing freely from a wound just over the heart. Brown ran to him and raised his head; but his strength was gone, and he had just time to give his second his pistol and gasp, "Take it and shoot for me!" and expired.

His cartridge had snapped, and Johnson ruled that his second was entitled by all the rules of honour to one shot at his opponent.

By this time Brown's nerves were completely unstrung. He was crying like a child, protesting that he had nothing against Fitzgerald, and begged them not to make him shoot. But Johnson insisted that it was a rule of honour, and Fitzgerald, with folded arms, proudly awaited the shot.

Brown stood trembling like a leaf, the big tears coursing down his cheeks, and his hands twitching with nervous excitement. He raised the gun, and turning his head, shut both eyes, and fired. He heard a groan, looked around, and saw Fitzgerald fall limp and lifeless to the ground.

"I didn't mean to do it! I didn't even aim at him!" he blubbered.

"That's what did the mischief," growled Johnson. "The barrels of those pistols are crooked, and if you had aimed straight at each other, you would both have missed."

Then the real gravity of the situation dawned upon them. The three looked at one another in stunned bewilderment, then at the bleeding bodies on the ground.

"What's to be done?" said Johnson. But Brown had already decided, and was running through the woods as fast as his legs would carry him, making straight for the dormitory. The others followed.

Brown ran to his room, threw himself upon the bed, and wept bitterly. Then he jumped up quickly and began packing his valise—but suddenly remembered that there would be no train until morning.

The supper bell rang. He was afraid to go; yet he knew that his absence would betray his guilt. The long, narrow hall seemed like the corridor of a prison. The pictures looked down upon him with reproachful eyes, and the moaning of the wind sounded as the wailing of friends in sorrow. When he reached the dining-room the noisy clatter hushed into a deathlike silence. He felt that all eyes were fastened on him; his head began to swim; the glittering lamps danced weirdly before him; the whole room seemed in a whirl; and then broken whispers reached his ears—"Fitzgerald"—"Clara's Point"—"in cold blood"—"so young, too"—"they say"—"his father"—

.

Out on the lonely space at Clara's Point the dim twilight was rapidly deepening into darkness; the mournful call of an owl sounded through the swaying trees; the far-off sound of cowbells echoed from the peaceful valley, and the last faint light of day fell upon the cruel scene of death—as the dead body of Black raised slowly on its elbow, stretched its tired limbs, stiff from the strain of motionless position, threw the half-empty bottle of pokeberry juice from its waistcoat pocket, and said:

"I say, Fitz, let's get out of this and be more comfortable!"

And brushing the dust from their clothes, the heartless wretches scampered off to the dormitory to find the other fellows and enjoy the discomfiture of their unsuspecting victim.





Sonnets to the Sea

I do not know the stars nor hear the strong
Angelic song
As David did; nor see great visions dim
Vouchsafed Isaiah's eyes
In wondrous skies
Of wheels and mystic light and cherubim.
But look you, the waves ride
In joyous pride,
Not without meaning to me, and the vast
Immeasurable main
In symbols plain
Tells mystic teaching till all time be past.
Some day of upper sky my song may be,
Now know I but earth's lower sky—the sea.

As one who, from a coast-crag looking far,
Sees the straight bar
Of the far-circled, sharp horizon-line,
Knows that below the brink
All white-sails sink,
Past it sees nothing, and can not divine
By any aid of sight
The crystal bright
Vast plain of water that the sharp line hides;
So we watch death, yet bold
Captains of old
Proved us that but in show that line divides;
So, too, past death another life must be,
Past the horizon is a wider sea.

Old hoary roarer, older than all lands,
When a man stands
Breathing the large, keen saltness of the air,
And the great windy sound
Of white caps round
Surges enormous murmurs everywhere.
And rich storm darkness looms
Where tall surf booms,
And past his ears the ruffling wind-flaws sing;
And when through dusky light
Reels the gull's flight,
Where white seas hurtle and the harsh puffs ring;
Then slowly through the strife drifts silently
Over his soul the deep peace of the sea.



SEWANEE, TENN., June 15, 1898.

MY DEAR PONTO—I am quite sure that you will pardon my long silence since I arrived here when you read this account of how busily I have been engaged.

In the first place, since I came here my circle of acquaintances has been very greatly enlarged. I never saw a place like this before. One meets all sorts and conditions of dogs here, and they come from all parts of the country.

I have concluded to make amends for my previous silence by giving you a sort of running account of my doings since I arrived at Sewanee. You remember how sad I was at the idea of leaving Port Haven and all my dear friends there, and you will not, therefore, be surprised to learn that for some weeks I was quite low in my mind—so much so that I did not care to make any new friends, even avoiding all the dogs I met on my daily afternoon trips with the buggy of my new mistress. Even the other dog at our house—his name is Jack—did not impress me very favorably, he is so free and easy in his manner. Every time the gate clicks he jumps up and barks out, "Hello, girls!" or "Walk right in, old man!" This was very embarrassing to me at first, until I learned the good-hearted hospitality that underlies his quizzical nature. He it was that introduced me to a grave old setter gentlemen whom I had often passed while escorting my mistress down town. I say old, though he is not very old in reality, and is really the most generous dog I ever saw. I have actually seen him give away the only bone he had to his mouth. He always walks very sedately down the street, but he nevertheless has a keen sense of humour.

Of course, at a place like this, where the literary spirit prevails to such a degree, it was thought proper by Jack and

Edward, who at last persuaded me to enter Sewanee society, that I should be introduced first to some of the literary lights. Accordingly, Jack gave a small whist party one Saturday night, to which were invited two of the most distinguished dogs on the mountain. These I shall introduce to you by name in this place, since they will figure hereafter somewhat extensively throughout this narrative. First, there was Carlo, a fox terrier, one of the most remarkable dogs I ever met, and the *only* dog I ever saw who could so turn around on himself as to catch his own tail. I did think he had promised to show me how he did it without falling all over himself, but I must have been mistaken, as he himself showed me I was. He is a great dialectician, as well as a dog of pronounced executive talent. The other was Tepsel, also a fox terrier. This one I had heard of before, having read some books of his which had led me to suppose that he was a foreigner, and I was quite surprised to learn that he was born and raised right here in the South. One of his books alluded to the Franco-Prussian War, and in it he spoke of the French people in such a way as to lead me to believe that he was a German.

We had just finished our game of duplicate and settled down to a slight collation of dry bones, when a knock was heard at the door. When Jack went to see about it we heard a voice asking for Carlo, who immediately went out. During his absence Tepsel inquired of Jack who the visitor was. I did not catch the name exactly, though it sounded something like "Splack," or "Sblack," but as I noticed that neither Tepsel nor Jack seemed to take much interest, I did not inquire. When Carlo had resumed his place and his bone, I of course expected to hear a conversation on literary topics, but greatly to my surprise this did not take place. Tepsel spoke feelingly about the general silliness and rascality of American dogs, and Carlo certainly gave me the impression that he agreed with him, though Jack afterwards assured me that I was mistaken, as the whole tone of Carlo's voice had been in the opposite direction. Carlo commiserated Jack on the appearance of his apartment, and promised that when he got the Port Haven furniture he would send him round anything he wanted. I did not exactly get the straight of it, but it seems that Carlo has fallen heir to a vast accumulation of the most magnificent household goods, which he very generously wishes to divide among his neighbors. After some further conversation of a general nature, our guests went away, agreeing to meet us at a baseball game the next day.

I slept most of the morning and was consequently in good trim when our mistress drove off to the ball park in our company. Arriving there we were at once met by a Water Spaniel named Brick, and another fox terrier who was introduced as Con. Both were baseball enthusiasts, but Con was completely wild on the subject. When somebody on the Sewanee team made a base hit he fairly howled with glee. He tore up and down the grandstand and barked at the umpire whenever he called a strike. and at last, when a man named Joe was called out, he completely lost control of himself, bit a small boy on the leg, and was carried off in a fit by his mistress. Brick was not so bad. He did swear mildly at the umpire

when his master gave a man a base on balls, but he spent most of his time lying on the skirt of a girl who had a man's name, which I did not catch, and looking up into her eyes. After the game, as we were taking our mistress down town, Jack called my attention to a well-fed setter dog about to meet us. He said he wanted to introduce me. "English or Irish?" I said, in an undertone, as the dog approached. "Hu-s-s-h! for heaven's sake don't let him hear you; English, of course. Why, he growls at the name of Gladstone." Wishing to be polite, I asked Rollo—that was the new dog's name—why I had not seen him at the game. "Oh," he said, "I never go out. Those people dug up about fifty bones I had buried out there, and I made up my mind never to go there until they had replaced them." Just then Carlo called him and he trotted off growling something to himself about "St. Luke's" and "Tremlett," which I did not catch. Carlo, seeing Jack and myself, greeted us very politely, and then walked off, talking earnestly to Rollo.

The excitement of the game, after the late hours of the night before, gave me a violent headache, and by nightfall my condition was such that Jack called in Dr. Dilly, a very white setter gentleman, who at once prescribed a large dose of salts and painted my forehead with iodine. It is needless to say that I at once recovered, so that I could take a short walk after supper. We passed a gate at which a large Saint Bernard lady dog was holding an earnest conversation with a liver-colored and white setter. "You know Don," she was saying, "it must be true, because Con says that Newfoundland Jack says that Tepsel says that Carlo himself said that he believed that somebody must believe it."

The favourite form of amusement here is the Baying at the Moon Society. There are several of these, and the other night Tepsel took me to a meeting of one. The mode of conducting the meeting was rather peculiar. All the dogs present surrounded one who bayed steadily for twenty minutes, after which the other dogs bayed at him one after another. When there is no moon the first dog bays at anything he chooses. The night that I was present a very large, tawny setter, the largest setter on the mountain, started the baying at puppies, of which it seems he is very fond. This society is called the E. Q. B., and as no females are allowed, the dogs crack their dry bones without fear of what will be said about them next day. The females, however, have one of their own, presided over by a very dignified dachshund of a most amiable disposition. Some of them are very good-looking dogs. At their meetings they do not bay, they only bark softly and incessantly. Their object is a benevolent one. They contribute bones which they collect themselves to the support of dogs who bay for the edification of other dogs.

Another popular amusement here is the Chase, which takes place on every Tuesday and Saturday, and sometimes Thursday nights. On these occasions all the young dogs of both sexes put on their best collars and repair to a certain

rendezvous and solemnly chase each other around for hours, with brief intervals of rest. Their elders sit around and look on meanwhile. They call this proceeding by a foreign name, which I did not catch.

To-day I went to see Carlo, but I was met at the door by a fat mastiff who told me that Carlo was engaged and would see me when I was "next." I then became aware of the fact that there were all kinds of dogs, curs, mongrels, and dogs of good standing, all waiting to be next, and as I concluded that the nearest calculation would make me next about the day after to-morrow, I left.

Now, I must post this in order that it may reach you to-day. Bow-wow. REX.

The World's Praise

When you die, and wreaths are placed
 Upon your ashen brow,
I would that you might wake and say,
"Why not in life as now?"

The world is tardy with its praise
 'Till death's cold, icy hand
Has borne the soul from off this earth
 Into the far, dim land.

Then, indeed, are praises sung,
 But what avail are they?
The soul that ought to hear is gone,
 And what remains is clay.

War

It is only meet and proper that, among quips and jokes and gags—among verse and stories—among the lighter matter that goes to make up Sewanee's Year Book, and reflects the different phases of Sewanee's student and alumni life and work and thought, something should be said of Sewanee's men—Sewanee's *boys*, who are in our army—*our* army, for Southland's sons make their presence known and felt by deeds of quiet duty and of signal heroism, as did their fathers in the unfortunate days of our fraternal strife. It is only meet and proper that the world should know—that *they* should know—that Sewanee is proud of them.

In the regular army are Lieutenants W. P. Stone, Stephen Elliott, Samuel Seay, S. G. Jones, R. F. McMillan, and Jervey; privates, George Hogsett and Ward Dabney.

Major B. F. Cheatham, of Nashville, son of General Cheatham of Confederate fame, is with the First Tennessee Volunteers, now at San Francisco on the eve of departure for Manila.

Captain R. M. Kirby-Smith, of Sewanee, recently returned from the Mediterranean Station, acting as Surgeon of United States training ship, the St. Mary, is also with the First Tennessee, on its way to aid Dewey; he has recently been honoured with assignment as Surgeon in charge of the division of the army now at San Francisco.

With the First Kentucky, now at Chickamauga, is Major David Castleman.

John Galleher is Regimental Adjutant of the First Kentucky. He is remembered as our winning champion at the Southern Interstate Oratorical contest in 1895.

Paul Galleher is Captain of Company C, First Kentucky.

Oscar Wilder is Lieutenant in Company B, First Kentucky. "Skeets" is held in loving memory for everything that endears a Sewanee boy to Sewanee—everything, from youthful Crucifer to manly manager of athletics; "Skeets" was, and is, everybody's friend, was prominent in musical and social matters, and when he left us to go with his company was "dean" of the mountain, having residency here for eleven years.

Clarkson Galleher is Sergeant in Company C, First Kentucky. He was one of the idols of the mountain in football, and is remembered as one of the great half-backs in the '95 North Carolina game.

Thompson Buchanan is only a private in Company C, First Kentucky, but, when the front is reached, we know "Buck" will be in the frontmost rank. He holds the S. I. A. A. record for hurdling, and was Sewanee's famous high jumper.

R. V. W. Estill, the Mountain Wit of '96, is private in Company C, First Kentucky.

M. A. Reeves ("Rollicky"), the first baseman of '95 ball team, is First Lieutenant of the Third Tennessee, at Chickamauga.

P. L. Stacker, full-back of '95 team, is Lieutenant in the First Tennessee.

Henry Watterson, Jr., and F. K. Lord, the latter 'Varsity Eleven Tackle in '96, are members of Company C, First Kentucky.

Percy Brown, of '95, is with "Teddy's Ruff Riders."

S. D. Scholes is private in an Illinois regiment.

Wilmer Shields is private in a Mississippi regiment.

H. R. Carson is Chaplain of the Second Louisiana.

George D. Linning is engineer on the Wampatuck, the boat which landed the first troops at Baiquiri, and which acted as pilot at San Juan, Porto Rico.

Private B. P. Johnson was one of the ten picked men to cut cables off Guantanamo Bay.

Lieutenant and Adjutant E. D. Johnston, of Alabama's Volunteers, left Sewanee in 1894.

From the above it will be noticed that Sewanee's men have already seen active duty in the present war. Sewanee's men will soon be at Manila. Sewanee's men will soon be at Porto Rico and in Cuba. Sewanee knows that Sewanee's men will reflect credit on Sewanee—on themselves, their university, and their country.





I neatly tuned my rosy violin,
And chose the sweetest music from the case,
And on my lady called, resolved to win,
By music soft, soft looks from her proud face.

With pensive eyes she sat — my hopes beat high.
I played again; she broke right in the middle —
"Play us 'Hot Times,'" she said, and with a sigh,
My hopes sank in the coffin with my fiddle.

O what a fool a poet is!
A stack of books full three feet high,
A speech, an essay, and a quiz,
But what do I?

The speech that fills my heart to-night
Is rich with looks and tones of thine;
So is the essay that I write,
This valentine.

I rise, with little will, and slow—
Fall back to dream more of thy looks;
A fool, I know, to e'er forego
Real things for books.



Billy's Plagiarism



EVERYBODY, professors, students, and—most important of all—summer girls, declared it the neatest and most delicate piece of work in the '95 CAP AND GOWN—that's our annual, you know; and to think Billy Nelson did it. That's what made people talk. The idea of big, stupid Billy Nelson, who never passed anything except a football, or took a médal unless it were for hammer throwing, writing a bit of verse like that! It was grotesque. The mountain wondered. As for Billy, he only smiled in a mysterious way.

Billy had never studied, so we never suspected that he had any brains, and used to wonder how he remembered the footbail signals. That was the verdict the mountain had long ago passed on Billy, and never before in the memory of man had he attempted to alter this judgment. To be sure they smiled on him when he came out, tall and straight, on the gridiron, and they applauded him to the echo when his great shock of yellow hair would shoot out from the midst of a rocking, seething scrimmage, and Billy would make a touch-down, cutting a clear swathe through an opposing line. But Billy literary? —never! It was incongruous.

Certainly there was a tradition that he had passed a literature class, but it was very vague and uncertain, and no one believed it. He had gotten his gown, and nobody ever quite understood that, either. The gownsmen rather considered it an intrusion, and the juniors looked aggrieved when it was announced, and even Billy seemed half ashamed. He told us he got most of his points on literature classes and laboratory work, but nobody had ever remembered him to be awake during any lecture, and his only prominent exploit in the laboratory had been an explosion, which confined him to his bed for a week. So we doubted this, too, and considered it an unsolved mystery.

I should have been as much in the dark as anyone else if I had not been Billy's room-mate that term. When we were putting our things to rights early in the term I, of course, only used half the book shelves, and began piling the rest of my books in a corner. "Guess you might just as well put those on the shelves, Sam," said Billy, "I haven't got many books, and what I have I'll just stick up here," and he placed two or three suspiciously new text books on a corner of the shelves and then laid a small pile of battered volumes on the mantel near the head of his bed. Sheer curiosity induced me to walk over to the mantel and pick them up; Billy regarding me all the while out of the corner of his eye. I fancied he wanted to stop me, but didn't like to.

I picked up the books, one by one, very much surprised to see that they had evidently been much read. Books in Billy's possession generally remained uncut. There were four in the pile; the first a leather-bound Testament with marked passages. The others, respectively, "Shakespeare's Sonnets," Shelley's poems, and the last a copy of Fitzgerald's "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám."

I looked at Billy in calm astonishment. Billy seemed uncomfortable, and walked toward the window and began gazing steadily out.

"Whose books are these, Billy?"

"They are mine," he answered shortly.

"But who marked them; who reads them?" I continued, turning the leaves of "Rubáiyát," and noticing that exquisite quatrain beginning:

"Awake, for morning in the bowl of night
Has cast the stone which puts the stars to flight,"

was heavily, clumsily marked with a lead pencil.

"Who marked them?" said Billy, in a rather defiant voice, "why, I did; I read them sometimes."

Then it dawned on me that perhaps this muscular young giant, so quiet and unobtrusive, had another side to his character—a side which no man knew and which he was content to have unrecognized. I closed the book and we continued unpacking, but somehow I felt a greater respect for and a truer appreciation of Billy than I had had even when he made sixty yards for a touchdown last Thanksgiving Day.

As the term wore on, Billy and I became warmer friends than ever. We were excellent room-mates, for our habits suited each other exactly. In the evenings, when I was getting up my classes, Billy was generally lying prone on his bed reading, though if any caller chanced in, the book immediately slid under the pillow and Billy looked the picture of indolence. I soon appreciated his sensitiveness on these points and never betrayed him, though I resolved at some time to draw him out. This I found easy to do, for the ice was broken, but he soon led me (I blush to confess it), far beyond my depth. His knowledge of literature was wonderful, and long quotations admirably delivered from Milton, Keats, or Kipling, showed the extent and variety of his reading. But Shelley was his favorite. How he loved those exquisite lyrics!

I can see him now as, with eyes half closed and his great voice trembling with feeling, he poured forth "The Skylark:"

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit,
Bird thou never wert,
Who from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art."

It was a revelation to me, but I became accustomed to it, and Billy did me lots of good, for he showed me poetry in so many things I had never understood before. The "Apocalypse" was one of his favorites, and he used to say (and I believe he was right) that it was the grandest descriptive poem ever written. When he first said that I mentioned "Lessing and the Laokoön," and the consequence was a discussion that kept us up nearly all night. But I am wandering. Billy's love-song was no surprise to me. Not that I knew Billy ever wrote, but I knew he could write under certain circumstances. These presented themselves in due order.

I was sorry for Billy when he fell in love with Miss Anderson. Everybody knew it, for Billy was always one of the group that surrounded that young lady. She was very bright, an authoress, who had come to the mountain for a month's rest, and had taken seniors, single professors, and one or two aspiring juniors by storm.

It was soon considered one's duty, if one made any pretentions in a literary way, to become one of Miss Anderson's satellites.

But for Billy to come! People laughed. Poor fellow, he never did himself justice, but would sit and look at Miss Anderson, satisfied if he received only a smile for his patience. But although he never attempted to enter very deeply into a discussion, Miss Anderson sometimes forced him to express an opinion, then the literatti who expected a laugh were disappointed. He did not make a fool of himself. I think Miss Anderson saw that there was more in that stalwart youth than he was credited with. At any rate she tolerated him, and as for Billy, he fell desperately, hopelessly in love.

This was just before the publication of CAP AND GOWN. As the editors and contributors were all in Miss Anderson's train they realized that here indeed was a chance to break a lance for her favor, and prepared themselves accordingly. Simpson, the editor-in-chief, announced that he was working on an ode and received due encouragement, while Herbert and Thompson staked their fates on short stories. Miss Anderson smiled sweetly. I happened to be one of that charmed circle one evening when Simpson, who was something of a tease, winked to the others and then turned toward Billy, who was chatting quietly with Miss Anderson.

"Oh, Billy, aren't you going to give us something for the annual this year?"

The expected burst of laughter followed this sally, and Billy looked embarrassed.

"Come Billy, do," said Simpson, "we have a page vacant still. What will it be? A poem?" "An elegy?" said another, "or a madrigal?" suggested a third. Billy said nothing. But just then Miss Anderson turned and looked at him a moment and smiled. Then he turned toward us quickly: "Yes, Simpson, save that page; I'll fill it." The whole group was convulsed at this, except Miss Anderson. She only smiled in a queer little way. She was an observant girl, was Miss Anderson. Simpson promised with mock solemnity to save the page, and Billy again said he would fill it. Poor Billy! How well she had gauged him, and how little he knew her!

It was about a week after that, one night I was sitting up late studying for a final when Billy, whom I had not seen that evening, came in hurriedly. He threw his hat on the mantel and then sat down, nodding to me, and began to write rapidly. "Been taking a walk?" I asked. Billy nodded and continued writing, but he crimsoned a little. (He always had a ridiculous habit of blushing.) That, coupled with a red rose he was wearing, and the bright summer night outside, told the story. It was a glorious night. A great, full moon hung low in the sky. I imagined what a walk along Morgan's Steep must have been, especially if one were in love. Just then I heard Billy clear his throat, and I looked at him. His eyes were shining with a great light; he was a handsome boy, I remember I thought drowsily. "Say, Sam," he said in an embarrassed, way "here're the verses I'm going to send in to the annual. Tell me what you think of them." Then he read them; read them as he had never read Shelley nor Keats—with his whole soul in his voice and his eyes misty.

"Billy," I said, "did you write those verses?"

"Yes," he replied, "what do you think of them?"

"Think of them?" I repeated. "They are magnificent, but I declare I don't believe you composed them."

"Yes, I did," he replied earnestly, "to-night, with her," and the honest fellow's face flushed.

As I mused on the joy, and the deep, throbbing love of those few lines I thought I could guess what had happened at the Steep.

Of course the mountain was dumbfounded. Simpson declared so often that Billy never could have written them (Simpson's ode looked grotesque beside those verses) that it nearly ended in a fight between him and Billy. As for Billy, he bore his honors very modestly, and tried to get out of the way of congratulations, and retire into his old stupid self; refused to join any literary society or anything. He had his reward in one quick glance from a pair of blue eyes.

That was the end of it for about a month. Billy wrote no more, but took many walks, and looked abstracted when he was at home. He read a good deal, too, but it was only from his volume of Shakespeare.

At last the crash came—as it always does to affairs of this kind. Billy walked into the room one night like a dazed man. I saw, at a glance, something was wrong, and divined the truth. He lit a pipe absently, and sat puffing and gazing vacantly into space, with an expression on his strong face that showed the man's whole soul was tortured.

"Billy," I said, softly, "is it all over?"

"Yes;" he replied, mechanically, "it's all over."

Then I made a mistake. "You might have expected it," I began, but he stopped me with a quick, stern look.

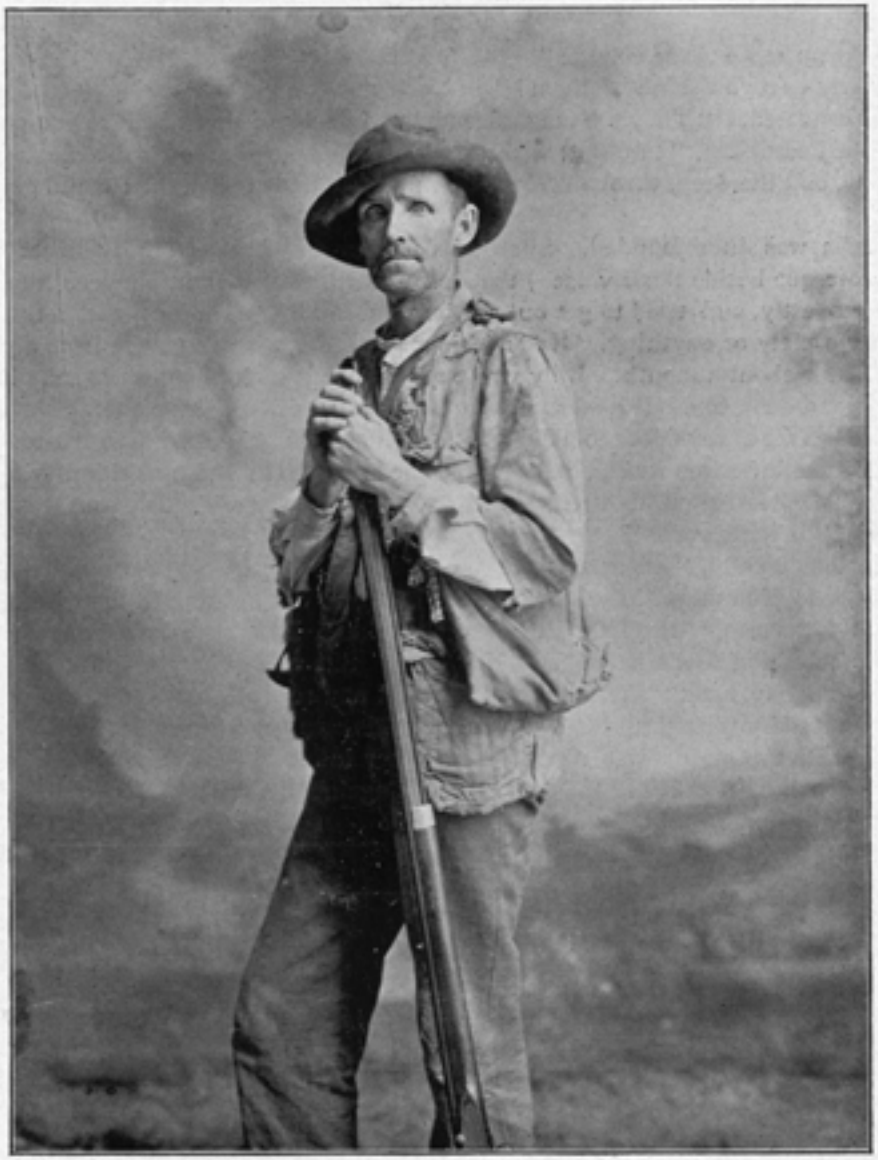
"Don't," he said in a low voice, "don't say a word against her. I ought to have expected it. I was a fool. What am I fit for but football or something that a horse could do better? She was right."

"Well," I said, changing my tack, "she inspired this. At any rate she can't take this from you," and I tapped an annual that lay on the table. Billy picked up the book and read his own poem in a cold, hard voice.

"Sam," he said, "I believe Simpson was right. It was her influence—more her work than mine. It is a sort of plagiarism." He shut the book with a slam. "I couldn't do it again," he said.

And he was probably right, for he never has.





[COPYRIGHT] "A TENNESSEE MOUNTAINEER"

Cupid vs. Mars

I HAPPENED to stroll into Doc's the other day to get a coca cola, and found Jim Boden there. I was glad to see him for two reasons: firstly, because I liked him very much, and secondly, because he had made me his confidant in what he termed his "little affair," and as I had received no official report for two or three days I was rather curious to know how it was getting on.

Jim was rushing quite a pretty girl, a Miss Howell, who was staying at Tremlett. Of course she was the sweetest girl he had ever met, and he could never love anyone else. That is just as true at Sewanee as at any other place. He had already told me this, but at the time of his last report the object of his affections had not yet been apprised of his intentions. So on this occasion when I asked Jim how he was getting on and he looked sad, I rather suspected that he had confessed his overpowering love.

"Sit down and have something to drink," he said, "and then we'll take a walk and I'll tell you all about it."

When we had been relieved of our tired feeling by a couple of the Doctor's most delicious concoctions, we lighted our cigarettes and walked on up the street. When we got to the corner it seemed to me that Jim rather led me down the avenue toward Proctor's Hall, but I said nothing, and we walked on in silence. Although I tried to feel sorry for him I could not succeed very well, for to my certain knowledge this was the third summer that Jim Boden had diligently gotten himself into that delightful condition in which he "could never love any other." I respected his feelings, however, and neither of us spoke until we reached the hall.

Every one who has ever seen it knows why this freak of nature is called a hall, but why it is called Proctor's Hall no one knows; at least, "our oldest inhabitant," when consulted, could give no definite information on the subject. Most persons say it is so called because a young lady named Proctor found it, while the blood-thirsty Junior will make your flesh creep by giving you a blood-curdling account of the murder of a man of the same name, whose untimely decease occurred at this place. But suffice it to say that there is such a place, and that it has long been a favorite trysting-place. Jim found the most becoming attitude and posed accordingly.

"Buck," he said, slowly, "she kicked me."

"Who?" I asked in an innocent sort of way. I felt like aggravating somebody, and Jim was the most convenient victim.

"O, you know. *She* did. Miss er—." He seemed to think the name too sacred to mention.

"Surely not Miss Baker!" She was the "biggest Jonah" on the Hill.

"Don't be a fool, Buck; I mean Miss Howell."

"Why, that's too bad! How did it happen?" I began to feel sorry for him now, and thought I had better show some sympathy.

"Well, I don't know *why* she did it, but I do know *how* she did it: in the calmest, most unconcerned way imaginable. You know I began to rush her as soon as she came here. I took her to the Easter Monday Hop, took her walking, went to the baseball games with her, took her on a picnic to Lost Cove."

"Hold on!" I broke in, "that's where you lost out." But he did not deign to notice this interruption, and went calmly on:

"And I took her on a moonlight picnic to Cooley's Rift, and rushed her in every way I knew how, but nit, it was no go!"

"What did she tell you when you asked her to be —" Jim would not let me finish.

"Well," said he, "I'll tell you how it was. I had rushed her pretty thoroughly, and I thought that if I was ever going to have any show my time had come. I asked her to go moonlight walking, and brought her out here."

"I thought so," I ventured to remark. Jim looked at me as if I had been a Sherlock Holmes.

"How did you know that?" he asked.

"Never mind, go on," I answered. He thought a while and then continued:

"It was a pretty moonlight night, and it made me feel romantic, and I was in hopes that she was too. So I began, and told her how much I loved her, and how I had never loved any one before. You know the formula."

"What did she say?" I managed to slip in.

"She seemed to be used to that sort of thing, and gave me the usual song and dance. She liked me very much, looked on me as a good friend, and all that, but she was not sure she loved me. She was so sorry we could not be just real good friends."

"You didn't let up there, did you?" I asked.

"Of course not! What do you take me for? A Sewanee professor?"

"You are Jonah enough to be one," I suggested.

"Thanks; but anyhow," he said, "she wasn't to be brought round, as the 'Meds' say. So I told her she could never know how much it meant to me, and took her home."

"Have you called on her since?"

"No. I went by there once to see a fellow, and she was on the porch. She spoke rather coldly, I thought."

"Well," said I, "what are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know; I came to you to find out."

I did not say anything, but, lighting a cigarette, I tried to think of some way to get Jim out of his trouble. He was pulling hard on his pipe, and seemed very downcast. Finally an idea struck me. I jumped up so quickly that Jim nearly fell off the cliff.

"Jim, old man!" I almost shouted, "I have it!" Jim did not ask what I had, but seemed to think it was a crazy fit.

"Out with it," he said, calmly.

"Work the war racket on her!"

"Do what?" he gasped.

"Work the war racket. Tell her you are going to the war."

"But," said he, "I'm not going to the war."

"Of course not," I assented, "and neither is anyone else. But you can tell her you are."

"But I don't even belong to the Sewanee Rifles," he persisted.

"Well, tell her you are going with a company from home. You can make yourself a captain if you want to; there's nobody to stop you."

"What good will all that do?" he asked.

I looked at him in amazement. "Jim Boden," I said, slowly, "considering the fact that you have been at Sewanee for six years, you know about as little about rushing a girl as Robinson Crusoe. Why, it will make her feel sorry for you, and pity is akin to love, you know."

"But won't I have to go?" he asked.

"O, you can fix that all right," I said. "A little bluff is all you want." Jim's face fairly beamed.

"By Jove, old man," said he, "I'm much obliged. I'll try it."

Two or three days after that I met Jim coming from class. He seemed to be quite happy.

"Going to war?" I queried. But Jim winked profoundly and passed on.



A 'Varsity Man's Excuse

When often in the shades of night
I seize my pen and try to write,
Athletic thoughts chase through my brain
And make my earnest efforts vain.

My mind considers shifty tricks,
Delusive fakes, and fullback kicks;
I think of fouls and men off-side,
Of end runs long and openings wide,
Of dire defeats and victories won,
Of trips afar and piles of fun,
Of pretty girls in foreign towns,
And bruises got on rocky grounds.

I think of schedules, dates, and games,
The championship that Georgia claims;
But we will win, beyond a doubt,
When we have played the season out.
And this is why, my princess fine,
I have not written you a line;
I can not pen ten words, dear girl,
My mind is such a mixed-up whirl.

A Question

Tell me, maiden, tell me true;
Speak, for I an answer crave:
When the fellows spoon with you,
Watch the silver moon with you,
Play the love-lorn loon with you,
Of your fairy beauty rave;

When you walk, and summer blue
Arches high in heaven's nave,
And the men all flirt with you,
Say their hearts are hurt by you,
Swear they'd all desert for you
(And most foolishly behave);

When in merry ball-rooms, too,
Every man's your willing slave,
Begs a loving glance from you,
Vows through life he'd dance with you,
Says his soul just pants for you,
For your sake even death he'd brave—
When the others talk this rot,
Tell me, maid, am I forgot?

Jim Bradlow's Nemesis



I SAT IN MY ROOM, in the Walsh, gazing out of the breeze-filled window into the night "of a thousand eyes." I shall never forget that night. On the desk before me lay scattered a number of unstudied text-books, my revolving chair was bent back to the furthest stretch of its creaking spring, the light of my student's lamp had flickered and gone out, and only the soft, low luster of heaven's lanterns filled the room.

A few moments before the clear call of the Grammar School bugle as it sounded "lights out" had told me that it was half-past ten. The quick notes of a popular two-step reminded me that the Spinsters' german was being danced in old Forensic.

That morning the bright bevy of Nashville girls had taken the mountain by storm, and the gaiety of the day was lasting long into the night. I was on the entertainment committee and had been among the gayest of the gay. It was only by chance that I dropped by the Supply Store and glanced over the evening's *Banner*. The paper now lay across my chair, and I was filled with a strange, stifling anguish. "It can not be so!" I whispered time and again.

Jim and I had been born within a year's time of each other, and had lived inseparably in the picturesque little town of Benton, Mississippi. We knew each other's natures, understood each other's weaknesses and peculiarities, and were never on any but the most intimate and congenial terms. He was the only living child of his lately widowed mother, a woman whose exceptional force of character had been softened and deepened by a life turned suddenly sad, and filled with bitter misfortunes.

The serious turn had come to my life first, and up to the day when he was called from the class-room of the military school to the bedside of his unconscious father, Jim had lived a buoyant and thoroughly boyish life, free from all care and serious thoughts of the future.

From that sad day his life was changed. He left school and cheerfully took up the only work that rewarded his patient and persistent efforts—that of an apprentice in the office of the weekly newspaper. Like that of his father, Jim's nature was intense, unselfish, and keenly sensitive to honor. I well remember the day when his thoughtless kindheartedness placed him in a position where the only solution allowed by his sense of honor brought serious disappointment and defeat. He had studied faithfully for the competitive examination for a scholarship upon which depended his next year's education. His work told, and twelve o'clock of the examination day found him looking over an almost perfect paper. As he was about to fold the paper the professor stepped to the board and wrote: "PLEDGE—I hereby pledge my honour that I have

neither received nor given assistance on this examination." Jim commenced writing the pledge, but stopped. He had never thought of asking for assistance, but had he done wrong when he granted the request of the man on his right to "let him look at his paper a minute"? Surely there was no harm in that; the student had certainly not copied anything from his paper. He began the pledge again, but his pen refused to write "nor given." He folded the paper and sat still.

When all the students had left the room, he went up to the professor and told just what he had done, not mentioning the name of the boy to whom he had shown his paper. A cynical smile swept over the face of the instructor (he never liked Jim) as he slowly said, "I am sorry, Mr. Bradlow, but I shall have to give you zero."

That night Jim was told that the President had called a meeting of the students immediately after the morning services, in the chapel. There was the usual respectful hush as the finely preserved form of the noble old gray-haired scholar rose, and the ticking of the old-time clock sounded like the falling of the blacksmith's hammer, as he gravely asked, "Is James Bradlow present?" No answer. Again, and louder, "Is James Bradlow present?" A brief silence, and a small, hesitating voice came out of the corner, "No, sir; he is not here." Jim was the only boy absent. "I am sorry that one of the two students is absent about whom I shall speak to you this morning." Then, in voice resonant with earnest pride, he told of the incident of the day before, spoke of the regret with which he was compelled to enforce the unflinching rule of marking, and held Bradlow up as an example of the man of honor whom they would do well to emulate. His voice changed, and in volumes of eloquent and scathing reproof he spoke of the boy who had received the assistance, and then dared to sign the pledge. He called upon the students to find out the cheat and force him from the school.

Jim heard of the meeting, and was besought by more than one to tell the name of the dishonest student. This he would not do. A few days later the student received the scholarship on a lower mark than Jim's paper would have brought. But, after all, Jim could not have used the scholarship, for it was soon after that the apoplectic stroke came to his father.

For a week before I left for Sewanee I was with Jim most of my time, and I can see now the firm, sad look about his mouth, and the dull glow of his eyes as they followed his hands through the letter boxes, snapping the leaden type into the little iron stick.

I heard from him often in letters cheerful and uncomplaining, and at times sparkling with natural humor. I knew the stock from which Jim came. I knew Jim, and determined to help him to an education—at Sewanee, if possible.

Winter vacation came, and I reached home late Saturday afternoon, which was Christmas Eve. I had not heard from Jim lately, and was anxious to see him—almost as anxious as I was to see a mutual friend of ours who lived near him. That night I started out, uncertain at which place to call. I came to Mrs. Bradlow's cottage first, and was about to enter the gate when I noticed that the lights were out and the place was shrouded in stillness. Not even the bark of Juno, Jim's beautiful red Irish setter, greeted the hasty shutting of the Bradlow gate as I started toward a familiar light shining from the welcome window of a stately mansion of ante bellum days. Helen met me at the door. The same tall, queenly Helen, with the same glowing greeting: "O Paul, I am so glad you are back!"

It was half past eleven when I passed the Bradlow house on my way home, and an uneasy feeling crept over me at the picture that came to my feverish mind, made happy by my visit to Helen, but reproaching me with the thought that I had forgotten to mention Jim. Neither had she spoken of him.

The tiring journey, the joyful homecoming, Helen's beauty grown more beautiful and her charms become more charming, the gloomy picture of the Bradlow homestead, and my anxiety about Jim, filled my shattered sleep with weird dreams.

"Hi, there, Mars Paul, is dis de way dey teach you to sleep to S'wanee? You better git up. De fust chuch bells done rung."

Startled by a strange voice, I sprang up, knocking the clock off the little table by my bedside. As I picked it up, I noticed that it was ten o'clock. I involuntarily gasped: "Skipped chapel and two classes—had only one to my credit. O how sick I feel! Dr. Hall must—"

"Say, Mars Paul, is you dead? I done tol' you de fust bell was rung, and you know how your ma use' to 'struct you 'bout de sin en shame er slumberin' 'way on de Sabbath day. I doan kyer ef you has been up yonder in de lan' uv de kings en popes en bishops, if you doan dismerge from dat bed dis minnit, I won't gravitate one secon' 'bout using dis old razor strop on your royal eddicated parsonality. I don' low once dat—"

"All right, Uncle Ned, I know where I am at now, and I'll be dressed before the Chapel bell—before you know it. Jove, I am glad to be home!"

I dressed hurriedly, breakfasted lightly, and as the echoes of the last church bell died away I jumped down the steps, telling Uncle Ned that I would not be back to dinner. I had determined to thrust myself on the hospitality of Helen's mother.

The Psalter was being read as I slipped into the last pew of the well-filled building. Our little church was always crowded on Easter and Christmas. For once the sight of old familiar forms was unwelcome, for they shut out the view of the front of the church, toward which my eyes were eagerly strained. At last I saw—in the third pew from the front to the right sat Mrs. Connell and Helen, with Mrs. Bradlow between them. Helen and Mrs. Bradlow were reading from the same large prayer-book, which Jim had bought for his mother out of his first week's earnings. The Christmas carols were sung, and the procession of Sunday-school students marched in, headed by a tall, strange boy, bearing the banner that Jim used to carry. The little thin woman next to me shivered. The church had grown chilly.

As the youthful minister arose for the customary address, there was a rustle in the choir, and a square-set fellow stepped out. Yes, that was Jim. The same broad forehead, glowing eye, and firm set mouth. Yet what a change! His proud, unabashed manner kept me, at first, from noticing the faded necktie, the slick, short-sleeved coat, and the painfully shabby appearance of his whole person. And those lines of care across his brow, the hollow cheek, and the nervous twitching of his saddened mouth—the whole countenance a mixture of sadness and strength.

His struggle had been a hard one — that of converting weakness into strength, of moulding an independent will into sturdy obedience. He replenished the fire in the newly-polished stove, walked back through the choir, and took his place behind the upright, antique organ. Jim was sexton. I had been in the Theological Department two years, but I had never known what it was to pray with the fervor that I did that morning for the "fatherless children and widows." We walked home arm in arm, and talked of old times. Jim was cheerful, and a deepened sense of humor marked his conversation. A new light was in his eyes, which he kept fastened on his mother and Helen in front.

Helen was especially beautiful in her new, gorgeous purple gown and feather-mounted hat. At dinner she seemed singularly serious for Helen, and I sat on the sofa beside her and listened intently as she spoke with a deep fervor of Jim's life during the year past, of his struggles, his temptations overcome, his cheerful guardianship of his mother.

As I left the handsome girl leaning on the gate I made an inward confession, and a resolution. The resolution was that Jim's life should not continue as it had been; that he should receive the advantages of a broad education; that his naturally bright mind should be developed, his body strengthened, his energies quickened, and his cares thrown aside, by a course at Sewanee.

All things work together for the best—to those who allow themselves to believe it. My efforts were assisted by a happy and sudden change in the estate of Mrs. Bradlow.

Jim was little altered as he stepped down onto the ancient platform among the usual crowd of hack-drivers, students, and covites that meet the one o'clock train at the beginning of every Trinity Term.

"And is this little dusty village the end of my tedious journey and fond hopes? Where is your "towered city" and the famous quadrangle, of which I have seen such imposing photographs? I feel more shut off from the world and civilization than I did in my close and musty printer's room. Where is the University?"

"Oh, never mind, you will find that out soon enough. You will meet Wilcox to-morrow. Well, how did you leave them all at home, and what kind of a trip did you have?"

"I was on the cars only a day and a half till I got to Cowan, where I spent a week last night. I am rather tired. Mother is very comfortable in her new little home, and Helen sent her love. She walked to the station with me, and wore her purple dress, with that society pin of yours over her heart. By the way, isn't purple the Sewanee color?"

"Yes, and the college paper is called *The Purple*. Did you notice that distinguished-looking fellow we passed in the cap and gown? That was Johnston, the editor."

"Oh, you mean the little fellow with his head in the air, looking down on everybody above him?"

"Come, now, Jim, one or two more such remarks will bring you a nocturnal visit from Beale."

.

It was the afternoon of the North Carolina game. The big brawny giants from the Tar-heel State looked down with contempt on the pigmies wearing the purple sweaters. Just after two o'clock "Beef" limped into the captain's room, completing the number of players and subs. Old Hepler stood awkwardly in the middle of the floor, Rennie and Risley

sat on the edge of the table, while across the bed lay Selden, "Soap," "Noisy," "Ha-ah," and Bradlow. "Cap." Galleher, "Beef," and Pat sat in the three chairs, and the subs leaned against the mantel and bureau. Promptly at two-fifteen, twenty men filed out of the room in jolly humor, but with a look on their faces that meant a fierce and dogged struggle on the gridiron that afternoon. Blackie and Billy Reynolds had spoken in those few minutes as only our plucky little captain and enthusiastic little coach could speak. Our men were going to do their duty.

The ropes on either side of the field were pressed beyond the limit by a crowd of men, women, children, and covites. Every one wore somewhere a strip of purple ribbon. All eyes were turned toward the south goal, near which the North Carolina men were standing in a circle passing the ball round. Suddenly the shrill little voice of "Eph" pierced the air with "Here they come!" There was a second of silence, as from behind the back-stop the purple striped stockings trotted, four by four, on the field. But it was only a second.

The echoes of the last "Ah!" had died away, the marshals had herded all behind the ropes, the teams were in their positions. Sewanee was defending the north goal. The Tar Heels had the kick off. The whistle sounded, and the leather-bound toe of the big full-back from the south of the field sent the ball spinning through the air till it seemed that it would go over the line. But "Soap" had the pig skin and fifteen yards before he was downed. There was a slight tremor in Blackie's voice, but his hands did not falter, and Pat plunged through Rennie's opening for three yards. The signal was again given; someone fumbled the ball. Quick as a flash Nicklin, of North Carolina, was on it. Steadily our men were pushed back toward their goal line. "Third down, four yards to gain." The ball went to the half-back. "Noisy" broke through and tackled him, but he no longer held the ball. Our team had been duped by the double pass—all but one, and as the interference dashed around the left end a well-known form shot out from the mass, and a deafening cheer arose as we saw that plung through the air. The two players came down on the rock. They lifted Jim from the pool of blood that oozed from his shattered nose, and wiped the jagged cut across his forehead. They bathed his head in ice cold water from Tremlett Spring, and he awoke to consciousness. In vain he pleaded with them to turn him loose, wept like a baby, and called them all kinds of names. They put him in Wallace's hack, and from there he watched the game.

And what a game it was! From the moment that old "Hep" rose smiling from the bloody pig-skin that Jim had saved for Sewanee till the whistle blew at the close of the first half, it was a bitter battle, with no advantage to either side. Surely our light-weights could not hold out against the giants during the second half. So every one thought. But they did. "Noisy" and "Ha-ah" were everywhere at all times. "Beef" broke through his man as easy as if it had been only Parker, and Blackie was at the bottom of every play. No wonder Dr. Du Bose had to be put behind the side lines, and the Vice-Chancellor lost his hat. No wonder one of our most modest young ladies caught herself slapping Sammy Barton on the back, and Benny Wells was found hugging the goal-post, muttering incantations to the gods of battle. No wonder professors, covites, preachers, ladies, grammar school kids, gownsmen, dogs, and darkies went wild together. For was it not victory to keep such a team from scoring—a team that outweighed ours eighteen pounds to the man, and that had found no trouble in beating Georgia and Vanderbilt? We thought it was, and the Tar Heels looked defeated.

Jim played football all night long, and neither of us rested much. He was not a handsome fellow, and it was often wondered how a person with such irregular features could fail to be repulsive. But Jim could never be repulsive, not even with the scarred forehead and disfigured nose which remained with him.

Jim had changed since he came to Sewanee. The Nemesis of defeat seemed to have followed him ever since that school day at home, and his whole course, so far, had been a succession of reverses, apparently undeserved, and each one followed by the assurances of "hard luck, old boy," "it was a foul deal," "you certainly deserved it," and the like.

In the three years that Jim had been at Sewanee he had developed a deep fondness for Blacklock, and a strong admiration for Mercer Johnston. He believed that they had done more for Sewanee than any student who had ever been on the mountain, not even excepting "Geezle" Brown and Jim Wilder. And he was about right. For the fruits of Stuck's efforts had not yet been harvested.

A year had passed, and Jim was filling the positions of prominence once held by his two friends. He managed athletic teams, edited the paper, engaged in the summer contests, and had an influential voice in all the college councils. But his Nemesis never left him—everybody said it was an outrage when he came back defeated from Nashville. All but one of the other contestants declared that he should have been the winner, prominent Vanderbilt alumni, Nashville lawyers, and men unknown to him had come up after the conte t to say to him that the decision was unfair. Several pretty young ladies had introduced themselves to him, sympathized with him, denounced the judges, and proved with that assurance which is the peculiar possession of aggrieved and excited young woman, that the decision was made up beforehand. He thanked them all, congratulated his successful opponent, went back to the hotel feeling that Vanderbilt had again defeated Sewanee, and that he was responsible for the disgrace.

The war fever had seized Jim among its earliest victims on the mountain. At first it took a violent form. He made speeches, and helped organize the Sewanee Rifles. Letters from his mother and Helen came daily. Jim's look became more serious; the company disbanded. The excitement subsided, and Jim never mentioned the war.

I was surprised that the situation had not appealed to his sense of humor. It was about this time that he left for the contest in Nashville. The day after he left I was looking for a letter of mine on his desk, and picked up a slip of paper, on which he had written:

The Sewanee Rifles formed for drill,
They swore they'd give old Spain her fill,
And whip the Spaniards single-handed.
They drilled two weeks, and then,
Disbanded.

When Jim came back I laughed and told him that I had seen his poetry, and was glad that he had learned to take a sensible view of the situation. He did not smile, but the crimson scar on his forehead paled, and there came the same firm set expression of the mouth. That afternoon he went down for the five o'clock mail. He came in late that night, sat down

as if exhausted, and lighted his pipe in silence. I shall never forget the look on his face as I glanced across the table at him. It was as if a thousand feelings were contending for the mastery. I resumed my reading, but grew nervous. Finally I determined to speak, and as I closed my book and looked at him every expression but one had vanished, and he spoke first.

"Well, Paul, I'm going."

"Going where? To Miss H——'s reception?"

"No, I am going to Tampa, and from there to Cuba."

He did not give me time to decide whether I should answer in amazement or in ridicule.

"After the first letters from mother and Helen came, I gave in a little, but kept on writing, and this afternoon I got the permission of both. They said that they felt that they were wrong in writing as they did at first, that they now understood me, and would not have their feelings interfere with what I thought was my duty. They bade me God speed. And now, Paul, I am going to tell you what nobody knows but mother, Helen, and myself. I am going by home, and Helen and I will be married. I did not wish to persuade her, and even wrote that I thought that it would be unwise, but she answered that she wanted it so, and that she was determined to come in for a share of the praise and honour that would be mine when I returned. What a noble girl she is! Now, Paul, don't say anything. I've made all arrangements. I leave to-morrow."

I knew Jim too well to try to argue with him.

.

The bugler had long been asleep. Forensic was dark and silent. The red full moon was just rising over the little graveyard. I started; my hand touched something on my vest. I struck at it to brush it off. It was my fraternity pin, covered with crepe. Jim and I were brothers. I groped down the gloomy stairs, stumbled through the Walsh gateway, and found myself in our room—*my* room now. Mechanically I lighted my lamp, and sat down at the little table, with the copy of the *Banner* before me.

SPANIARDS ROUTED AFTER STUBBORN FIGHTING.

BATTLE OFF GUANTANAMO BAY—GLORIOUS VICTORY FOR AMERICANS AND INSURGENTS.

(Copyright, 1898, by the Associated Press.)

ON BOARD PRESS DISPATCH BOAT DAUNTLESS, VIA KINGSTON, JAMAICA, Monday, June 6th, 1.30 P. M.—At 8.30, American troops landed and were joined by detachment of insurgents. They marched upon the town of Guantanamo, within which the Spaniards were strongly intrenched. The Spanish firing was at first wild, but Americans and insurgents began to fall as they approached the fortifications. The leader of the insurgents was shot down; a young fellow from the American ranks dashed forward to their front, and with a mad rush the entire force poured into the Spanish nest. Confusion followed, and the Dons were completely routed. The Spanish loss was about two hundred; that of the Americans, forty dead and thirty wounded.

LATER.—It is learned that the name of the young American who rushed forward at the head of the insurgents was James Bradlow, a volunteer from Tennessee. He was found among the wounded, a bullet-hole through his left side and a ragged cut across his forehead that looked as if an old wound had been reopened. A few moments after being taken to camp, he died.

I closed the paper and leaned with my head against the table. My hand fell on a little red-backed book. It was Jim's diary. I opened it, and saw hastily scrawled in his bold hand the words—



Let others write of the things that are done
By him who would have them read,
For no true man fights for a cause that is true
That the fight with the life may be dead.

And just below was "Sewanee—the land of scholars and the nurse of arms." On the opposite page was the last stanza of that powerful hymn of the republic—

"In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom
That transfigures you and me.
As he died to make man holy,
Let us die to make men free.
Our God is marching on."

Jim's Nemesis had followed him to the end. My light was out, and I lay long staring at the vacant bed beside me. My restless sleep was haunted by the vision of two strong, sad faces—that of the childless mother and the virgin widow down in the little Mississippi home.

A Plantation Love Song of 1812

I

Come, beloved, the moon swings high,
Through the violet deeps of the domèd sky,
And only a weird, sad whippoorwill's cry
Shrills from the grave, whose shadows deep
Breathe like a dreamer in deathly sleep;
So come, mine own,
For the shadow thrown
By the moon o'er the rose oak shows that flown
Is the hour of waiting thee here alone.

II

Beloved, 'tis thou; the wind is low,
And thy dress gleams white through the woodland's shade.
Haste thee, O haste, for thy step seems slow
To a lover so long from his love delayed;
So come, mine own,
For the shadow thrown
By the moon o'er the rose oak shows that flown
Is the hour of waiting thee here alone.

III

Thy breast to my breast, love, nay, nay, do not speak,
For the light that I see in thy deep eyes burn
Shows me all; and the flush on thy delicate cheek
Tells more to my heart than my mind could learn;
So, beloved, mine own,
May no shadow be thrown
By sorrow unsought or by trouble unknown,
Ere this night of our joy and our pleasure be flown.

Of a Robbery

Her small, white feet left footprints in the sand
That night, but all were gone
Before I reached the margin of the land
To look for them at dawn.
The little waves that laughed so soft and light,
And summer winds at play,
Had robbed me, for they rose up in the night
And kissed them all away.

"Before"

DEDICATED TO THE TEAM OF '97

Old Vandy is a-layin' back,
A-holdin' of her sides,
And thinks that victory is hers,
No matter what betides.

Full many a time has this same thing
By other teams been thought,
But quite another tale is told
When the battle has been fought.

So laugh your fill, foe Vanderbilt,
And laugh it loud and fast,
For soon you'll learn that he laughs best
Whose laughter comes the last.

Then, 'Varsity, work with all your might,
"Sewanee in the play!"
'Tis courage, boys, and not conceit
That's going to win the day.

And when the fight has been fought through
There'll be a glad refrain;
And herein lies the story true
Of how we gave them Cain.

'Twas "Kill." that started off the ball,
Followed by all the backs;
A Vandy catches, starts to run,
"Simp." downs him in his tracks.

Around the end she tries to spurt,
But "Polly" is found there;
Then bucks the line, but with no gain,
"Pap" Bolling does not scare.

"Third down!" "Four yards to gain!"
Sternly "Phil" Connell frowns;
Plunges hard—but Claiborne plays—
"Sewanee's ball on downs."

Above the choruses of cheers
The voice of "Skeets" rings out,
The signal's given, "Joe" plunges through,
Four yards, without a doubt!

Line up again! Five—ninety six!
It's "Denver," lank and tall,
Who crashes through old Vandy's left,
A swingin' to the ball.

Then "Kill." or "Quint." grabs the pig-skin—
It matters not which one—
Around the end, with lightning speed—
"Gosh!" "What a beauty run!"

Line up again! 'Tis "Skeets" this time,
And well he plays the trick,
For fifteen yards before he's stopped,
And Vandy's men look sick.

Then comes the time when "Beef" and "Chob"
Split wide and far the line;
"Joe" plunges through, "Three yards to gain!"
He triples it to nine.

Cheer after cheer mount upward now
From all Sewanee men;
The cry is borne along the line:
"It's 'Ditty' 'round the end!"

The score is made. The goal is kicked.
And "Skeets" lines up his men;
Then, with the same old plays and tricks
The same thing's done again.

And at the end, when victory crowns
Sewanee's brave eleven,
Hundreds of cheers go up in praise
Of the team of ninety-seven;

The sun gives forth a purple glare,
The air a purple hue,
And, raised on shoulders, ninety-seven
Grasps hands with ninety-two.

Then loudly will we give three cheers,
And give them not in vain;
Again we'll give them with a vim
For Wilder and for Jayne.

So laugh your fill, foe Vanderbilt,
And laugh it loud and fast,
For soon you'll learn that he laughs best
Whose laughter comes the last.

"After"

[APOLOGIES TO PRINCETON.]

I

Once upon a midnight dreary,
While I entertained a theory,
And beguiled me by recalling
Many a long-forgotten score—
While I busily was mapping
Out the finer points of scrapping,
And, if need be, too, of tapping,
Gently tapping, Vandy's gore—
"'Tis an easy thing, I muttered,
Gently biffing them for gore;
That it is, and nothing more."

II

Once again do I remember,
Ah! 'twas in the bleak November,
And each individual member
Girded on his gear and swore
That upon the bloody morrow
Vandy car fare fain would borrow;
Vandy should sup deep of sorrow—
Sorrow that they didn't score—
On the gridiron down in Nashville,
When they poured out gore for gore—
Gridiron, nameless evermore.

III

"Hasten back," I cried, at parting
With these heroes gaily starting
For the distant scene of tapping
Vandy's men for gold and gore;
Then, unto my chamber turning,
Sat I long with eager burning,
Confident, but ever yearning
For a line upon the score,
Till a person who'd been battered,
Had, in fact, been really shattered,
Moved his remnants through my door.

IV

"Ha!" I cried, upstarting, thinking
For the moment I'd been drinking,
And some frightful apparition
Had returned to fright me sore;
"Man!" I cried, "art thou from Nashville?
Tell me, if thou'rt not a craven,
Did you tap deep Vandy's gore?"
Limp he lay upon the floor;
Then at last, with toothless mumbling,
As one who for speech is fumbling,
Cried he, "S'wanee didn't score!"
We play football, nevermore!

Sokrates' Second Visit to Sewanee



NOW, the Sages having been assembled, who guide by their wisdom the seat of learning on the mother of mountains, a certain Episkopos, having arisen with much trouble, for indeed he was many stones in weight, said: "Let us summon Sokrates to address our young men at the sacrifice to Pallas; for he is a wise man and well versed in the lore of the philosophers." And straightway the wily Ouiggisseus, having arisen, "Nay, by Zeus, O Episkopos," said he, "for he is poor and could not even pay his passage across the Styx; let us rather invite Ploutos; for he, of all the Athenians, is the richest, and he would give us many talents with which to build a temple to Pallas." But the one faithful captain, who formerly had objected to the nakedness of the youths while they were hurling the discus, and who had presented an obolos to the contestants in the Olympian game, "Nay, let us not forget Hophmannos," said he, "for he did ramble among the groves of the academy so long as one might take to journey to Sparta and back." But the sages having cast their votes, the grammateus called out in a loud voice, "O Andres Episkopoi, ye have chosen Sokrates."

By. Dudley Commencement B.L. Wiggins

Maj. Fairbanks B2. ★ Football Team Hoffman Secty of Board

And so it came about that Sokrates journeyed once more to the mountain. And as the train drew up from Kowanos, there ran to meet Sokrates a certain fat round man, saying, "Hail, O Sokrates, I am chief archon and am come to meet thee with my chariot."

J. D. "Piggy" Wilcox, Secty to Wiggins

And they ascended into the chariot.

Now, Sokrates being thirsty, Ouilkox caused the charioteer to stop at a certain wine-shop, and alighting, called for two coca-colas. "For," said Sokrates, "they are good for that tired feeling, and I have been some space with thee."

Wilcox

Now, when they had drunk, Ouilkox said: "Charge them, I pray thee; for I have not an obolos about me." But the keeper of the wine-shop being sorely wroth, said: "No, by Zeus; for I trust thee not at all." And having bent his bow, he quickly let fly an arrow which smote Ouilkox on the thigh.

But the high priest of Æsculapius, for he was passing that way, being summoned, laughed and said: "Paint it with iodine, O Ouilkox."

Dr. W.B. Hall

And he departed, swinging his staff.

Now, Ouilkox being swiftly recovered, "Let us go," said he, "to the house of the wily Ouiggisseus."

"Yea," said Sokrates, "for I desire to change my tunic."

So they came into the house. And the wily Ouiggisseus said unto him, "Hail, O Sokrates, and welcome, since it was my greatest desire that you come to address our youth."

When Sokrates had rested from his journey they went out to see the sights of the city. And there met them a certain one, the chief of police of the city, Andyos by name. Now, he was followed by a small dog, which sprang at Sokrates.

W.P. Trent, "Andy"

But Andyos said, "Hence, O Pretzel, for I wish to ask Socrates if we should give a holiday after the battle of Marathon."

But they came hastily upon a certain Blakos, chief of the sycophants, who said to Ouiggisseus that there was an uproar on Mars Hill, for Merkeres, the orator, was inciting the youths to battle, and they hastened thither.

Now, speaking to the multitudes was a man of small stature, and Sokrates said to Andyos, "Pray, tell me, who is speaking, for I hear a voice and see no man."

And he having adjusted his monocle, said: "O Sokrates, it is Brounos, a theologue, who is only a cubit in height."

"By Zeus!" said Sokrates, "how great an orator he must be, for lo! here is one that weeps," and he pointed to Hogessimus.

"Nay," said Hogessimus, "I weep for the army which I have just seen at Kowanos going to battle."

Now, the sound of the uproar having reached the camp of the light-armed, there charged therefrom one Miltonos, a lochagos, leading a band of soldiers, and he having commanded silence, cried out in a loud voice, "They have desecrated our country and stolen our banner."

And Hogessimus lamented again, saying that the city was disgraced.

Now, this caused such an uproar that Kalebes, the proctor, and Blakos, the sycophant, were not able to quell it.

"Nay," said Sokrates, "I have not seen such a tumult since the Hermæ were defaced at Athens."

But in the midst of the confusion there crept up to Sokrates a tall man with a black beard, Leukos by name, who said to Sokrates, in a voice low and full of mystery, "O Sokrates, have you been to the English Club?"

Now, a certain youth, Seldon, having performed many antics, Sokrates saluted him and said: "O young man, what ails thee?"

But he answered, "I am captain and manager of the discus throwers, and this is the way I defeated the Spartans in the Olympian games."

"But," said Bephos, the society leader, "that is nothing compared to the way I tackled them in the great game of '95."

Now, the wily Ouiggisseus leading them, they came to a hall, whence proceeded the sound of music. And Sokrates having enquired what was the cause of this, Andyos answered with a laugh that it was the hoplites practicing for the german. And entering in they saw Bekoisthos, who aforetime had been choryphaios in the temple, but being exiled therefrom, had danced with the maidens in the hall.

But Sokrates, seeing a youth dance not very gracefully, said: "We have better devotees of terpsichore."

But Bekoisthos, answering, "Judge not," said he, "O Sokrates, by Overtonios, for he is not the best. You should see me dance the hoplite two-step."

Now, when they had tired of this, they proceeded to a certian symposium, where were assembled all the professors.

And there was a certain Oudeis who, running up to Sokrates, said: "How play the Athenian youths? For when I pitched for them, they did defeat the youths from Thebes." And he narrated to Sokrates at some length his exploits with the discus.

Sam Black, janitor
Mercer G. Johnston
Johnnie Brown
Richard W. Hogue
Span.-Amer. War
Milton, Comdt. S.G.S.
C.B.K. Weed
Greenough White
Kipling Club
Joseph M. Selden
Capt. & pitcher
Harry "Beef" Clawson
Forensic
S. Carey Beckwith
Boston Lee
E.G.B.
Nauta (no one)

But Sokrates becoming wearied and seeing a certain diminutive one passing by, he called out to him, "Who art thou?"

But he answered and said, "I am Bartonikes, the mathematician."

"Well, then," said Sokrates, "can you measure one of the promises of the wily Ouiggisseus?"

And all laughed merrily.

Now, there entered the high priest, named Guerros, who, coming to Sokrates, said: "O Sokrates, will you join the Brotherhood of St. Andrew?"

"No, by Zeus," said Sokrates, "for Xanthippe is a member of the Woman's Auxiliary, and I will have none of your brotherhood."

"Well, then, said Guerros, "hast thou seen the tank which I have built for the youths?"

Now at the word tank Leukos rushed up crying: "Who said tank? For the tank is dry, and I can no more disport myself therein."

But Ouelles, muttering to himself, said: "Tank! Tank! it is time for beer."

And thereupon the father of Bephos, who served at the symposia of the club, came forward to tell them that the banquet was made ready. And Ouiggisseus, having put a crown upon his head, poured out a libation. So all drank and waxed merry.

But while they were feasting there arose a great clamor outside, for certain students, being drunk with applejack, called for a speech from Sokrates. So he, having arisen, said: "Retire now, O youths, for to-morrow I shall give you a speech."

So they hastily retired, followed by Blakos.

And on the morrow Sokrates, having addressed the youths, departed for Kowanos on his way to Athens.



A Midsummer Night's Dream

" Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair breadth 'scapes i' the imminent
Deadly breach."

IT was midnight. The faint rays of the newly-risen moon filled the room with a misty, half-real, ghostly light. Not a sound was heard save the regular breathing of the awkward form on the bed, worn out by the unaccustomed travel.

He was a new student who had arrived that day from Georgia; a great, tall fellow, with strongly developed muscles, hardened by habitual labor on his father's farm. Capt. Smith had watched him as he walked up from the depot, and joyfully noted him as a possible candidate for full-back on the '98 football team.

And now he lay there, peacefully dreaming of the dear ones at home, and his wandering thoughts pictured to him happy visions of future triumphs on track, diamond and gridiron; in the class-room, on the rostrum. The thought that his long-anticipated college life had actually begun filled him with a sense of complete contentment, and a pleasant smile hovered about the placid features of his countenance.

.

"A change came o'er the spirit of his dream." His sleep grew troubled and he tossed from side to side from an unconscious sense of impending danger. He dreamed that he was with the army in Cuba. First, he was at Havana, and dead men arose from the depths of the water and pointed their ghastly fingers toward the spot where the "Maine" lay sunk. A chilly wave of horror made his feet seem cold and he shuddered at the thought of death. The flickering smile is gone, and his breathing becomes irregular.

.

"A change came o'er the spirit of his dream." Now he is with the fleet of Sampson steaming the "Merrimac" straight toward the enemy's guns! They reach the mouth of the harbor, the ship swings round, settles and sinks! — and

.

"A change came o'er the spirit of his dream." He is in the prison of Santiago. Grinning Spaniards with fierce-looking knives and brandished pistols surround him in heated discussion. Horrible instruments of torture — remnants of the Inquisition — adorn the sides of his prison cell. His hair stiffens; a heavy perspiration breaks from his forehead; he feels his knees tremble! Then he is suddenly seized from behind, his right toe thrust into a cruel-looking vice, which closes with crushing force upon it, a cry of pain starts from his lips —! ! ! ! !

.

And, half leaping from the bed, he awoke, and, stupified in the dim, uncertain light, he thought he saw a small, white, figure at the foot of the bed with his hand upon his toe. Instinctively he reached for some weapon, and was about to spring upon his assailant when the white-robed figure softly whispered :

"Sh-h-h-h ! Don't make a fuss ! There are twenty fellows outside the door, and they'll buck us both if you wake the house !" and he cooly adjusted the cord on the victim's toe, pulled it taut, and slipped out from the room.

Then came a tremendous pull upon the cord. The big stranger's toe cracked ; he came tumbling to the floor and, in spite of his frantic efforts to escape, was dragged across the room, through the door, and out into the hall.

.

And it was not until he reached the head of the stairs and began to bump down the uncarpeted steps that, in the stronger light of the hall lamp, he perceived at the other end of the cord, *not* the twenty athletes he supposed were there, but the single white-robed figure which had crept into his room, and, single-handed and alone, had "bucked" the man from Georgia.

To Orra

So thou and I, dear one, must part ;
 Who knows how long the time will be
Until again, heart pressed to heart,
 I hear thy dear voice speak to me
And feel the pressure of thy hand,
Whose slightest touch I understand.

When Spanish sailor, forced to part
 From his loved one, must tempt the sea,
One prayer he murmurs from his heart,
 And this, beloved, ask I, thee :
 "Ora pro nobis," nay, let it be
 Orra, once, always, but for me.

College vs. Country

SEWANEE suddenly awoke to the fact that there was a war. The Literary Societies debated it, the Chelidon forgot to eat its candy and grew eloquent over Cuba, while their forgotten cigars smouldered. The Proctor had given out in chapel that the Sewanee Rifles was to be formed, and finally Bum Boylston declared his intention of enlisting.

That last fact was too much for the mountain. Sewanee was patriotic, but not even for their country could they spare Bum Boylston. The Senior German Club couldn't spare him, because he was the best leader in the University; the team could not spare him, because he was the best fielder in the South, and lastly, his special chums wouldn't spare him, and so Ben Carter and Billy Stevens went to remonstrate with him.

"Hello! Bum Boylston, you up there?" Carter yelled under his window.

"No, I'm leading at the E. Q. B.," was answered from above.

"Then you are hardly very entertaining, but we'll come up."

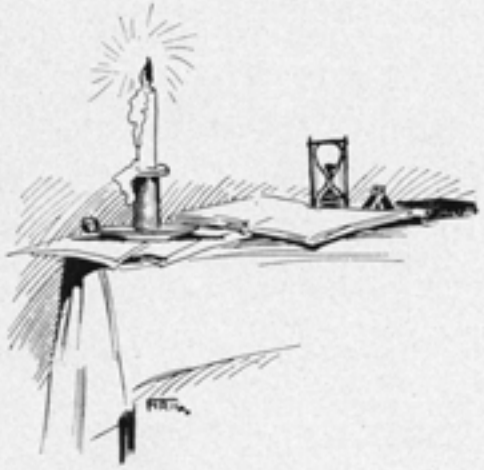
"Don't, I'm busy."

"Good, we'll come up anyhow."

Bum was sitting at his table studying a French Quiz. Billy Stevens shied his mortar-board at him by way of greeting.

"What are you fellows up to?" asked Boylston.

"Up to you," retorted Ben, as he removed the French books, took a seat at the table, and filled his pipe with Bum's tobacco. "What in the devil is this we hear of you enlisting in the army?"



"Well, I guess I'm going," quietly said Bum.

"What awful tommy-rot! I thought you had more sense than that. What made you decide to enlist?" complained Stevens from the lounge where he lay curled up.

"Well, fellows, I always was patriotic, you know, and thought our country great, and Jefferson and those old fellows the finest men that ever lived, and if my father was alive I know that he would wish me to go, and then, man," stretching and warming up a bit, "think of the pleasure of paying back those Spaniards."

"That's all very well, Bum, but there are plenty of people in the United States

who can blow Spaniards to Hades; clerks, and fellows in town, and all that, you know. Of course, if we were needed it would be the thing to enlist, but there are plenty of men without us," said Carter.

"Yes, Bum," struck in Stevens, "you will graduate in August, and it would be foolish as the devil to pull up and go now; besides, we can't spare you, old fellow."

"Oh, you know that's rot, Billy, Sewanee would—" but he was interrupted by voices from below, hallowing, "Boylston at home?"

"Yes, come up, fellows," he answered, without getting up.

A sound of feet on the stairs and Benners, the baseball captain, and Jackson, the coach, came in.

"Say, Bum, it won't do for you to go away, you know; the whole game with Virginia depends on you; you hold the team together more than I do; if you leave we have no chance of beating," at once began the captain.

"Thanks, old man, but that isn't true."

"Oh, shut up, Bum, you won the game last year, you are the strongest player this year, and what are a blamed lot of Cubans to the winning of the Virginia game?" said Jackson.

"Hear! Hear!" came from Billy and Ben.

"Sewanee *vs.* the U. S., College *vs.* Country, eh?" said Boylston.

"Don't put it that way; say 'Where I'm needed *vs.* where I'm not needed,'" said Benners.

"Well, fellows, it's late in the day for me to have to prove my love for Sewanee. I don't know why it is, but whenever I think of the war I get frantic and long to throw everything over and march to Cuba."

"That's all fine, Bum, and we know that you are sincere, but Sewanee needs you in more ways than one, and you ought to stay with us."

"Promise you'll give up this and come to practice to-morrow," said the captain.

"Yes, Bum, your word," and they all crowded around him.

"Fellows, this is not fair, but if you put it this way I'll have to promise."

"Good, old man," and pressing his hand hard, they left.

Billy and Ben marched off singing, "While we are boys at Sewanee." Far off at Seldens some one took up the cry and hallowed, "Hurrah for Cuby!" Way down the southside somebody blew a horn vigorously. From Alabama Hall came the 'Varsity yell. "Remember the Maine, to hell with Spain," shouted some fellows from the northside. Then the Proctors began to stir and all quieted to a stray whistle and an occasional footstep.

Bum Boylston sat where they had left him. Then he got up and took down from his desk a picture of Lee and a flag inscribed, "Remember the Maine," locked them up and turned into bed, muttering, "It's devilish hard not to go."

You see, Boylston had the war fever.

.

It was the day of the great game. All Sewanee was at the ball grounds and the grandstand was bright with purple

and noisy with shoutings and blowing of horns. On the tin roof were perched some Grammar School boys who would be heard from later on. At the backstop was the Bob-Town band vigorously playing "Winchester" as the Sewanee team ran on the field. "Rah, rah, ree! 'Varsity! Hey up! hey up! *Sewanee!*" went splitting through the air. Billy Stevens, cane in hand, was leading the yelling from the other end of the stand. "What's the matter with Boylston?" "He's all right," was questioned and answered with a good will as the team took their places and Bum trotted to left field.

A last frantic yell of derision for the opposing team and the grandstand quieted down to watch the game. In the first inning neither side scored. The second inning closed with the same result.

"This is the best game we have had in years," said the chaplain.

"Yes, it reminds me of that game I pitched in '65," answered one of the assistant professors. But his further remarks were cut short by a brilliant hit by Thompson of Sewanee, followed by one from Benners, and Sewanee made two scores. The purple waved and fluttered, and the University went wild.

In the seventh Smith made a hit which brought in Sanders, and still Virginia had not scored. The band played "Winchester" with renewed ardor. But in the ninth inning the scales were turned. Virginia made two runs by hard hits, and two men were on bases when a long, low fly was knocked to Boylston. Two had already been put out, and the spectators breathed hard. The Bob-Town band forgot to play. Bum had never failed to catch a fly, and even the runners stopped to see him catch it. But it passed through his hands and sped on to a hollow in the left of the field.



For an instant Boylston seemed dazed. It flashed on him that he had lost the game. Then he dashed after the ball. But the yells of the opposing team, the hush from the stand, broken only by the coach's horrified exclamation, "Boylston!" reached him. It seemed unreal; he halted in his run. The thought came to him that he had better have gone to Cuba than have lost the game. He seemed to hear the shouts of the battle. He thought he was wounded, wavered for a moment, and fell.

Panic seized the crowd as they saw him fall. The captain and one of the players rushed up, and the marshals had to use their canes to keep the crowd off the field. Billy Stevens pushed them aside and ran to Boylston. Bum was lifted up and taken to a carriage. He had fallen on the rocks. As they passed the hushed grandstand carrying him they heard him cry out, "Stand fast, men! Remember the Maine!"

Bum Boylston thought that he had gone to the war.

To the Sphynx

In the old days the riddle of the Sphynx
 Was man: which is a riddle most inhuman.
Still the great Desert-Watcher sits and thinks
 Her riddle now is woman.

But the Sphynx is a woman, too. Untrue
 And very idle is the ancient story
How Œdipus the problem solved. 'Tis due
 To that wise hero's glory

To tell the true tale. In the desert's cup
 One day he met her where the sand hills glister,
Heard the dark riddle, promptly gave it up,
 Swore she was fair, and—kissed her.

Wherefore, being woman, best of men
 She judged him, wise as Nestor or Ulysses,
Told him the answer of herself, and then,
 Blushed, and returned his kisses.

Docet hæc fabula—this fable shows
 The way to solve the Sphynx's present riddle,
For of himself the answer no man knows,
 But when, before the middle

Of this life's desert we that riddle meet,
 ('Tis any woman, so no man can miss her)
Seek not to solve it. Swear that she is sweet,
 Give it up, and kiss her.



Of Dead Love

My love is dead. Not as maidens are,
 But as the little laughing love-god dies
 Who vanishes from out a lady's eyes
Unto the land of yesterdays afar.

My little love is gone. Though she who wears
 The name and semblance of my vanished dead
 Passes me oft, with coldly-bowing head,
'Tis not the same. As wild beasts in their lairs

My griefs stir at her coming. 'Tis the whole
 Fair presence of my love. Beneath her brows
 The same eyes shine that could my worship rouse,
But from those eyes now looks a different soul.

Yet 'tis the lot of all the race of men,
 Not worse, nor better. Our worst dead are hid
 Not by the arched grass and the coffin-lid,
But walk the earth. Nor ever more again

Hope that we meet in heaven. No release
 Can come from that grief, ever any more,
No trust of meeting on some further shore;
 My love is dead forever. Be at peace!



A Thanksgiving Day Game



THE whole University, from the dignified gownsman down to the most disorderly junior, had anticipated it, had talked of it, had looked forward to it for weeks. Even the youngest juniors,—those whose college life only spanned a few weeks—even they would talk very knowingly of the Varsity's new quarter-back trick, or would sagely discuss the relative strength of the line. Yes, I say the whole University had looked forward to it to a man. The students had come out in crowds to the practices and had walked back in the misty fall evenings in the red sunset light and become almost feverish as they anticipated it. Aye, much depended on the Thanksgiving Day game. I can see that field now as it was on those autumnal evenings; the goal posts, gaunt and immobile, seen through swirling clouds of dust, I can hear the heavy rush of men, the quick decisive signals, the energetic voice of our little coach, who, distinguished by his Princeton stripes, would rush into the struggling groups to issue a command, correct a fault, or straighten out some misunderstood play.

I can see it all—girls on the side lines with flushed faces buried in their furs, giving vent to their excitement in delighted little screams or a tiny clapping of gloved hands, when some friend of theirs would make a brilliant play, and the knots of students, with their tasseled caps, following even the minutest details of every practice with anxious intensity, and talking quite familiarly to grave professors, who themselves condescended to share the anxiety of the students.

And now the week's practices are past, and to-morrow the train is to bear us off the mountain on the last game of the season.

Then the last signal practice in the gym. the night before the game and the walk home through the crisp evening air and the sense of responsibility that I felt when I remembered that I was one of the eleven men. It was a clear, frosty night with a high wind blowing, and big banks of clouds scudding away across the sky allowed a full, cold winter moon to shine fitfully.

And then—Nashville. The tense excitement before the game, the grotesque incidents of former games, and the captain's ringing speech echoing in my ears as I passed through the box office out on the field.

And then how my eyes had wandered toward the side lines and how I had searched so foolishly and so persistently for *her* face amongst the thousands thronging there.

Our men were passing the ball now, passing it, punting it, and falling on it—great, sturdy fellows looking like lion cubs at play as they rolled over the bouncing pig-skin.

We were light, though, very light, and terribly out-classed in regard to weight by our opponents—but then, had we not played and won many a battle against even greater odds than we were to face to-day? If we were light, at any rate we were quick and not a team in the South played snappier, faster ball.

Our full-back punted. The ball swung high in the air, twisting, and then settled sixty yards from where it was kicked, and from the crowds on each side there rose a cheer, from the tally-hos and drags and from the terrace on our left now covered with spectators, came the fluttering of bright ribbons and banners—some waved to encourage, others in defiance. It was a large crowd, hundreds of students from both universities, some wearing great yellow chrysanthemums, others streams of purple ribbon, and as I saw the number of handsomely gowned women, I knew that as the papers had predicted the game was indeed a society event.

The captain and the manager were talking near by and I caught part of what they said. "This ground is terrible; it has frozen and it's thawed and it's soggy as a swamp." I glanced over the level green turf doubting what I heard. My eye traveled from goal post to goal post over the freshly marked five and ten yard lines. Then I dug my heel in the grass and felt it slip on the muddy ground in spite of my cleats. For a moment I despaired.

Our chief dependence had been in our quickness, and many a time our quickly formed and rapid interferences had gained through heavy lines where our adversaries had not been quick enough to anticipate our play—but how could we move with any speed over ground where our feet would slip at every step. The roar and confused murmurs from the side lines seemed to me like the sound of a distant sea as I stood gazing dully at that tiny pool of water which had collected in the dent my heel had left.

Then I glanced up listlessly and my eye was attracted almost mechanically by a great purple flag that some one—I never knew who—was waving from the top of a tally-ho.

It bore a large white "S" in its centre, and then it was that the words that I had heard months before in a speech came back to me, "Our purple represents to us the color of our eternal hills and our white is the gleam of its wintry cascades." The words rang in my ears and I felt then as I had never felt before that in spite of our disadvantages we simply *had* to win that game.

Just then a renewed volley of cheers and yells and waving of flags and ribbons caused me to turn to where all eyes were directed, and there in great black and yellow sweaters moving in a slow, steady trot, I saw our adversaries advancing. They were huge, with matted hair and an appearance of discipline in their movements which I involuntarily admired.

The preliminaries are over; the teams have taken their respective positions; they have the ball; we await the kick-off.

There is a pause; the spectators are silent, intent; the officers of the day are standing near the side lines and the referee's watch is in his hand. Just then the sun's light falls on a great clock that gleams from one of the college buildings and I note mechanically that we are beginning five minutes late.

"Are you ready?" It's the referee's voice, passionless, cold. "Ready," the captains reply, and then I glance desperately along the side lines, hopelessly, trying to catch sight of a face, and then come the words "Play ball!" I hear the thud of the full-back's foot as it strikes the ball, I hear the rush of feet as our men form their interference, find myself with my teeth set hard interfering with all my might against a swarming mass of fierce-eyed men, then a crush of bodies, a cry of "down" from behind somewhere, the shrill blast of the whistle and—the Thanksgiving game has indeed commenced.

We have the ball and the playing is hard and fast, but the soggy ground is telling dreadfully against us and our men seem unable to form an interference around the ends, for they slip and slide at every step.

"Third down, four yards to gain," I hear the umpire say in a cool, measured tone.

The ball is dangerously near our goal line and the shouts and yells from the yellow and black side lines show our opponents already have an advantage. "Now boys, its our last chance." It is the captain's voice and there is a quaver in it. Then comes the signal in his usual ringing tone, "2–14–6–8–10!" It means the full-back between myself and the center rush, and I nerve myself to hurl my opponent out of the way. The ball is passed and we come together with a crash. He is a larger man than I, but I spring at him with the energy of desperation and sieze his leg at the ankle with my right hand and thrust my left quickly in his face so that I stagger him back. Our center forces his man to one side also, and I see the full-back rush into the hole we make holding the ball closely under his left arm. The quarter-back springs at him and I see him knocked down by a strong, stiff arm. And now another figure leaps desperately forward and down they go together. The whistle again sounds and the full-back rises—he has gained his four yards, but the man who had stopped him lies still with a stream of blood oozing from his mouth and his eyes are closed. There is a minute's silence, the coaches pour water on him and then he rises with a dazed look and takes his place in the line again, while the side line cheers itself hoarse.

The game begins again and down under the line I can hear my opponent breathe heavily as we drive them up the field, for our boys are keeping well together. It is a silent, stubborn fight. Ten more yards and we'll have a touchdown. Then we lose the ball. They kick and down the muddy field we rush, the white lines passing underneath so rapidly that they seem like a broad white band. They get the ball by some mistake on an offside play and are fighting us for a touchdown within a yard of our goal posts. "Don't let them make it!" I hear some one shout, and then I see over my opponent's head the full-back coming head down toward me. They are bucking center and my adversary is wrestling to throw me out of the way. Together we come. There is darkness down under that line—darkness and blows—and then the tackle beside me seeming imbued with twice his natural strength, leaps forward with a cry and we throw them back, yes, full two yards.

A wild, long cheer from the side lines and a sort of moan from where the yellow and black floats show that our play has been noticed. But it is only for a moment; in the next rush at an end, I think, for it is on the other side of the line from me, they carry the ball over, and I know it is the first touchdown against us.

The first half is over and as I draw on my sweater and lie face downward on the ground during the intermission, heedless of the coach's scolding, I feel tears, yes, tears, for the game means so much to us, steal down my face.

The time of rest is over. Again we are placed on the field. It is the last half, the last chance. Our backs are doing brilliant work. It is near the beginning of this half that my opponent breaks through and tackles. Infuriated, I fight him back again and again. He must never come through again! They make another touchdown and then we make one—but the half is too nearly over and I feel we are beaten, most of our backs have been laid off and substitutes are playing in their places.

Our opponents have the ball. It is the last five minutes of the game. I judge from their signal that their play is around the end and run thither as soon as I am sure I am right.

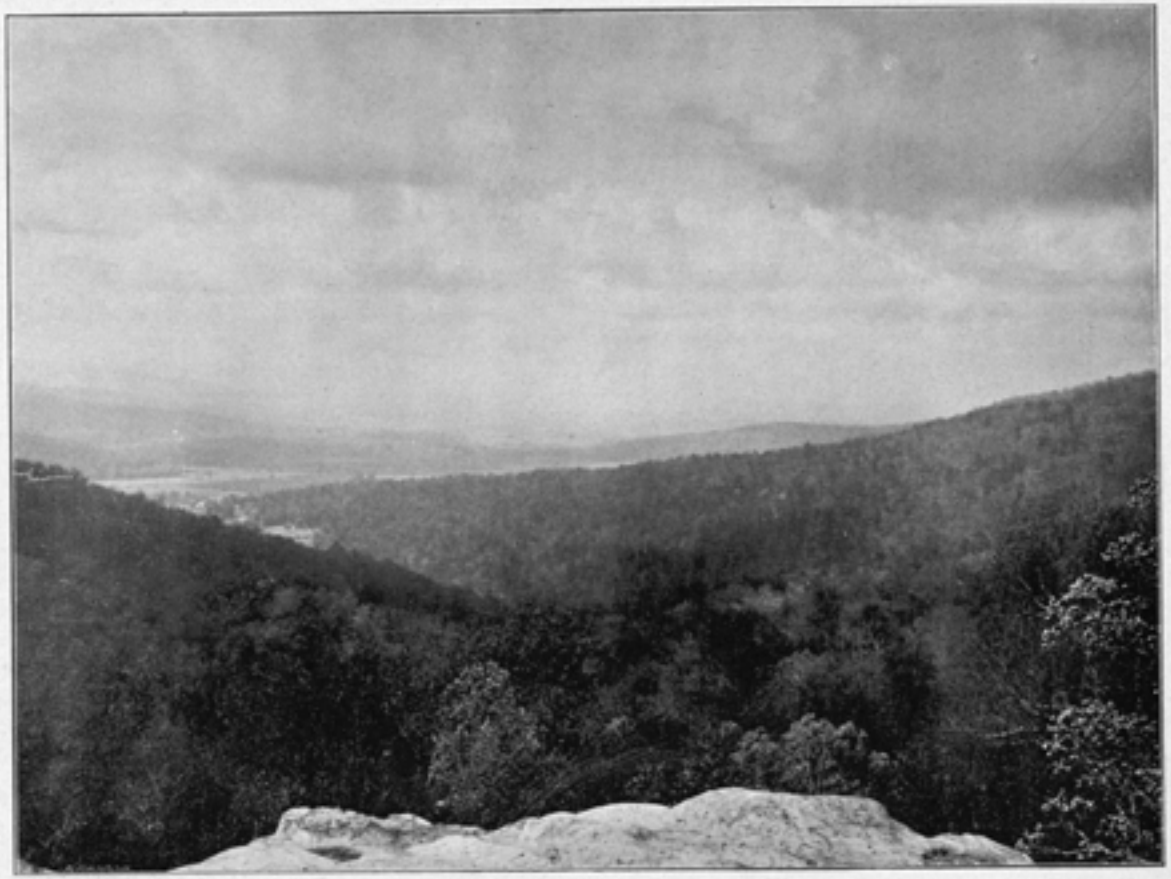
The runner is near the side lines, right under the yellow and black banners, and the roar that rises as he throws one of our men off is deafening. I dodge past the interference and see him almost out of reach of anything but a dive. I throw my whole body at him with a cry—my foot slips as I spring—and although I strike and stagger him I feel myself thrown off violently and roll spinning into the crowd with another player. I see him downed just beyond the goal line through the mist of blood over my eyes and then roll over with a groan. My head is ringing and warm blood is dripping on the ground before me.



A "Rooter" for the other side.

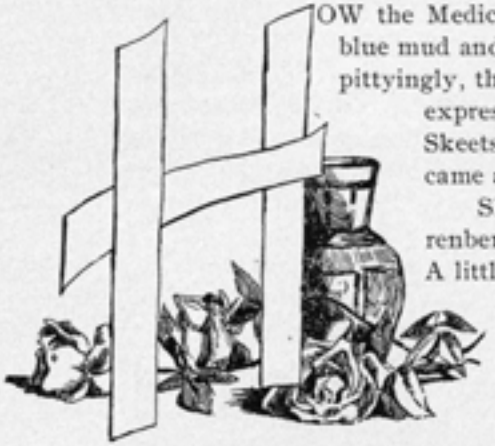
When just then, there above me I see the figure of a girl among the crowds on the coach tops. She is within ten feet of me and I see her clap her hands and hear her little shout of glee as she sees what a brilliant play our opponents have made. Yes, it is she whom I had looked for so anxiously. She is just above me with the yellow and black streaming from her dress. She is flushed with excitement and leans over talking to a handsome young fellow who also wears our opponents' colors. She has seen me, of that I feel sure, but chooses not to recognize me. I rise and walk back to my place without feeling the cut in my head and hardly realized I was blinded with blood.

I had lost more than the Thanksgiving game.



MORGAN STEEP

Two Tempests in One Tea-Pot



OW the Medical Department — or, rather, some of the students thereof — have covered themselves with blue mud and glory, and, thereanent, the juniors and gownsmen say "oh, pshaw," the theologues smile pittyingly, the grammar-school boy indulgeth in exceeding great and hilarious glee, and the professors express regret — and something else—is hereby told with the greatest sympathy. The "only" Skeets was the cause thereof, aided and abetted by Pinckney, of band-box origin, and the mess came about in this wise:

Skeets wanted football material, and put his eagle and athletic managerial eye on one Sparrenberger — nine feet high, and a Med — expecting "Sparr" would from the Meds get "others." A little spread in his room came to pass and Sparrenberger was invited.

A few days later Sparrenberger was elected Secretary of the Senior Class of Meds. Still a few more days later "Sparr" gave a little spread in *his* room, to which Skeets and Pinckney were invited. Also, was invited Brake, who had been elected President of the Senior Meds; and then the tempest began to gather.

Some Senior Meds, who were not at Sparrenberger's spread, began to think that they had made a mistake in honoring Brake and Sparrenberger with office. The consciousness of this mistake continued to grow as Brake and Sparrenberger continued to adorn themselves with neckties and duck trousers, and to bow to Skeets and other University students. It sizzled and it sizzed, and finally the Vice-President — presumably with his eagle eye on the presidency — was appointed, or appointed himself, a committee of one to ask the President to call a meeting of the class in order that the President and Secretary should be fired, and likewise the Treasurer, who was not at either spread, but who was known to wear all his clothes and associate betimes with academic students, and was reported to have played tennis with young ladies.

The meeting was *called* to order Saturday afternoon, but it never got there. There was considerable meeting, but no order. Brake presided at what was supposed to be his own funeral. He called on Vice-President for object of meeting. This gentleman declined to state it, as first and second year students were present. Whereupon Taylor, the short-stop — not stop-short — arose and stated *his* platform, which was in effect that the matter under discussion (which "matter" had *not* been stated, and which was, in fact, *never* stated during this or subsequent tempest) was a school and *not* a class matter. In this he was supported by Selden, Jack, and other medical underlings. Several gentlemen, especially one from Nashville University, orated, grew reminiscent, and gave nebulous and chaotic views and opinions. Everybody spoke at once and four hundred motions were made, and the President declared everything and everybody, except himself and his friends,

out of order. It was a merry mess and a wonder that the very "material" in third story overhead did not come down and appeal for order. Just how he did it nobody knows, but Taylor actually succeeded in getting that *Senior Class* to decide that they were *not* a Senior Class and had no officers, but were simply members of the school, which *did* have officers — which officers were simply *called* officers of Senior Class. And then *this* tempest subsided — adjourned, and broke up into many little tempests. Every man with an opinion and lungs — grammar not necessary — got himself up a little tempest.

Then the Vice-President called on the President of the school (?) to call a meeting of Senior Class. The latter did so, and while *it* was going on the same Vice-President called on a gentleman from Southwest Georgia to call a meeting. He did so, and now there were *two* meetings going on at the *same* time consisting of the *same* men. Sometimes the members would address *one* President and sometimes the *other* Chairman, but generally would address each other, and *always* talked through their hats. Fortunately Taylor was not a part of *this* tempest; had he been, the Senior Meds might have concluded that they were law students or most any old gang.

The members who gave allegiance to the "gent" from Southwest Georgia wanted to go into an election of officers for Senior Class, while the others wanted to know what was the matter with the officers the Senior Class had *already* elected and *had*. Time without number the friends of incumbents called on the "outs" for reasons *why* the duly elected officers should be summarily fired, but the "outs" were foxy and said "nit." They just simply didn't like the shape of incumbent's faces, cut and style of their raiment, and habits of sociability — just simply wanted "s'more ossifers" or "s'muther."



Finally their attention was called to the fact that their officers were duly elected to perform their respective functions till expiration of term of office or until removed *for cause*. They were again asked to state their "trouble" — to prefer charges, but continued foxy and "nitty." It was then stated that, if *they* would not state their star-chamber grievance, the *real* reason, on account of which the entire University were giving them the "ha-ha," would be stated by friends of Brake *et al*. This they most certainly did not want, so they filed out or, rather, broke up into little gangs. Some one (neither Chairman or President) put the question to adjourn, and then *this* duplex tempest subsided, but the tea-pot continues to sizzle and suzz. Some say the Senior Class has no officers, some say it has.

SEWANEE, October 7, 1897.

With a Lesson



THIS story has a moral. I will put the moral first, because it is more likely to be read. So, here it is: "Avoid over-indulgence in spirits."

"At all times and in all places," spouted Ricker, there have been three kinds of language: written, spoken, and slang. Among all ages and conditions of men, among civilized and semi-civilized, and savages and gownsmen—" Here the chair capsized, and he fell sprawling across the Greek books on the table. "What you laughing at, Tuck? Pick me up, and let's go out and admire the moon."

It was a clear-dark night outside, with a sense of distance in the shadows, and a waning half-moon just rising over the tree-tops. The far away yelp of some dog, on a rabbit chase, came up through the hollow behind Kendal, and the air was full of quiet night-noises and the falling of dew. Ricker yawned hurriedly, and, at the prosaic sound, it was as if an enchantment had been broken.

"The Richard's Hall boys have got a fellow up there named Pease, Tuck—'Green Pease,' they call him—who's as fresh as they've ever imported, and I arranged—hem—I *heard* he was to be fixed up thoroughly to-night at the graveyard; very thoroughly. Didn't say anything about it before, or you'd have been in a hurry, and wouldn't have done my Greek. Shall we attend the ceremony?"

"All right."

Richard's Hall—it has married and changed its name since. Richard's Hall was not so far from the graveyard as persons who love gaiety could wish, but there is room enough between for the slope of a hill and quite a little patch of woods. It was after twelve when they reached the house, and the upper rooms were dark, but, as late as it was, there was

a light in the parlor. Their footsteps on the porch and a tap on the blinds brought a girl to the window who seemed to know Ricker.

"Oh, is that you, Bil-lee," she said. "I thought Mr. Pease might have gotten away and come back again. Those horrid boys have gone and taken Mr. Pease to the graveyard. If you'd only been here you could have stopped them. Mr. Pease is such a nice, quiet boy. I wish they wouldn't haze him. Don't you think you could do something? You always were so nice about helping people, Bil-lee."

"We'll do what we can. When did they go?"

"Just a few minutes ago. Oh, Bil-lee, you are so—"

"Graveyard was it? Pardon my interruption. Can you lend us something white to wrap ourselves in right quick? We'll scare them. It would be a shame not to help," he went on when she was gone. "We'll—" but here the girl came back with two tablecloths over her arm and panic-anxiety in her eyes. "Here they are. They'll be needed to-morrow for breakfast. Oh, please, please don't forget to bring them back. What should I do if—" But by this time they had taken one each, and were gone.

It is very quiet on the way to the graveyard, whether permanently or on a mere casual visit, and when the path leads through woods in which a screech owl is crying, one grows more quiet still. It is darker in woods around a graveyard than it is anywhere else, and all the leaves of the underbrush have a way of rustling stealthily, as if the inhabitants sent scouts out to guard their borders, and the scouts were following. This is not a restful thought. Also, the screech owl flew over and lit on the wall exactly where the path crossed, and had to be shooed off before they climbed over, and the bushes rustled behind as if a dozen scouts were closing in on them. I do not recall that the world ever looked so large before, or so lonesome; and the stars were certainly unusually far away, with nothing but empty space between—and such a vast space. The monuments were the only things that seemed alive.

Two people, when in the proper mood, can be twice as lonely as one; and after twelve o'clock, by moonlight, in a graveyard, a tablecloth, properly draped, is a fearsome dress. They went down the central path, moving dimly, guardedly, two ghastly figures, in awe of each other; and the graveyard was pefectly empty.

Suddenly, when they had passed the newest grave, the dry grass rustled as if with a little local wind, and, turning, they saw behind them a dim gray shape rising from it and towering above them. It stepped down from the grave-slab and stalked toward them, spectral and terrible, in the dim half-light. It was upon them. It stretched out ghostly hands, as if to grasp them, and said: "Glad to see you. Shake!"

It was Pease—Green Pease. He had accepted a dare to sit for an hour alone on the newest grave, and he was glad of company. He took them to the most comfortable side of the tomb-slab, and they chatted a bit, while the screech owl came up to join the group, and perched in a tree overhead. At last Ricker, in an aside, whispered: "Say, Tuck, if this yarn gets out on us, we'll be laughed off the mountain. We've got to scare him. Will you leave it to me?"

"All right."

Ricker's imagination was working well, and the matter was settled in a few minutes. It was really not badly done. "Pease," said he, "you've got more pluck than I thought you had. Now, I've got a scheme. Suppose you stay here, wrapped in these tablecloths, and we go up to Powhatan Hall and get some of the boys—tell them we saw something awful here, you know—and bring them down to hunt it. Then you move a little, slowly, to make sure they see you, and then drop behind the wall and go home. Roll up the tablecloths and take them with you, and your gray suit can not be seen at all. Then to-morrow we'll have a ghost story, with twenty men as witnesses, and a joke on the whole mountain."

"All right. Gimme the sheets."

He swathed himself deftly, and the other two stumbled out of the graveyard and vaulted over the low stone wall. "Tuck," said Ricker when they were in the road, "we've got to scare that fool kid or we'll never hear the last of this—strolling up and 'hoping we were well,' confound him! Now, he isn't the kind to scare over spirits. That kind needs something more substantial. We'll put Brink of Powhatan on to it, and have him bring a blank cartridge and fire at Pease. Brink's the only fellow with a shotgun."

"All right."

"Think up some plausible yarn, then, and have it ready."

It was quite a promising story when Ricker was done with it, for he made it after all, and really passably true as far as it went: "The two had been out on a prowl, and were coming back past the graveyard when they heard a hideous, quavering cry, and saw a white thing rocking itself on a tomb wall, and moaning and chattering after them as they came away." The boys took in every word of it. Then they primed Brink with the joke as a reason for using blank cartridge, and about twenty men went down to the graveyard.

It was a straggling crowd that started, but it was a very compact one that reached the graves, and even the three who knew the joke succeeded in being almost frightened. The screech owl had shifted to another tree, and was hooting, and off in the distance a dog was howling as if he knew, and the group of fellows were all very solemn. Sure enough the thing was there. It was long, ten or fifteen feet long, for Pease had made the most of the tablecloths. It was most horrible also,

for he had mounted upon the low brick wall around the grave, and there crawled and writhed himself along in the dim light like some gigantic white and loathsome worm. The crowd halted in simple horror. The thing hissed, and Ricker whispered, "Now."

Brink raised his gun and fired in the air. Pease tumbled off the wall under the impression that he was dead, but finding himself mistaken, whipped off the tablecloths, and slipped home behind the tombs, dreading another shot. As for the three who knew, they turned and ran, and in something like panic the whole crowd stampeded at once. Brink tripped on a tombstone and the gun went off again. They vaulted the wall and dived into the woods on the other side of the road, and then stopped and whistled to get the boys together. Ricker and Tuck were alone for the moment, and Ricker spoke in a conversational tone, as if remarking on the weather.

"Tuck," he said, "I'm shot."

"Oh, quit lying."

"But I'm shot."

"Shut up."

"I'm shot." And as Tuck slapped his shouldder he collapsed and fell, while the hand on his shoulder was wet with blood.

.

Three months later Ricker, a pale and broken figure, was helped to the train for home. And he left it as a legacy to others to start a new tradition at Sewanee, namely, that ghost jokes and jokes involving firearms are to be strictly tabooed, to help out which this story is written—probably in vain.


THE TWO
PHILOSOPHERS

Around the Doctor's Table

SCENE I.

THE GREAT AND ONLY DOCTOR'S.

The patriarchal proprietor in a characteristic setting of freshly-painted signs, "No credit," "Don't strike edge of glass with spoon," "Double share to South Carolina men," "Guns kept for debtors," "Ice cream and cream ices," etc. Low sizzing of soda fount.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

The Doctor, Two Philosophers.

TIME: *Morning*.



FIRST PHIL.—What'll you take, old man?

SECOND PHIL.—No, this is on me; what'll you?

FIRST PHIL.—Strawberry ice, with cream.

SECOND PHIL.—Ditto. Two strawberries, Doctor, with cream.

DOCTOR—No cream, gentlemen. Mr. Colmore ran short this morning and ordered a quart to make pap for the deformitory boys, I feel like saying damnatory kids. There are two of them that owe me five cents each, and I don't believe I'll ever get it.

SECOND PHIL.—Oh, no, Doctor; they're as good as Hockey; you're safe. Make the ices without cream.

(Doctor falls into a fierce rage at the name of Hockey, and fumbles for his gun, muttering unmentionable things).

FIRST PHIL.—Who's whistling "Hot Time in Old Town"?

SECOND PHIL.—Oh, that's Lupus, "the pride of the ladies." Poor fellow, he's worried to death with suits for breach of promise. I hear he's soon to join the Senior German Club. He signs himself now "One of Sewanee's Three."

FIRST PHIL.—Yes, I hear that he and Edwards had to order caps half as big as Poole's from Starr.

SECOND PHIL.—Speaking of Edwards, did you see *The Purple* to-day?

FIRST PHIL.—No; what's in it?

SECOND PHIL.—Oh, nothing—but Edwards.



First Phil.—What reform is he instituting now?

Second Phil.—Why, he's even trying to reform the Grammar School grub and the morals of the E. Q. B.

(Even the Doctor stops grinding ice in amazement.)

Doctor—Well, I wish he'd—(grinding ice drowns the sentence, only the word "supply store" is heard).

First Phil.—You're right, Doctor; we sympathize with you.

Second Phil.—Have you noticed Caleb since he got the yellow tassel?

First Phil.—Oh, man! proud man, clad in a little brief authority. Did you see how he got even with Johnston?

Second Phil.—No. How?

First Phil.—Why, when he found that his seat was an inch lower than Johnston's seat in chapel, he promptly procures some blocks from Hoffman House furniture and elevates his throne.

(Caleb appears pursuing with the intensity of a Sherlock Holmes, a ring of smoke in the chapel yard, followed by the dauntless Tepzel).

Doctor—Your ices are ready, gentlemen.



SCENE II.

Same Place. Same Philosophers.

Time: *Afternoon.*

(Doctor still grinding ice.)

First Phil. (sipping his coca-cola)—I heard a pretty good thing last night.

Second Phil.—What was it?

First Phil.—One of our poets, Branch or Jervey, got off something like this—

"'Tis curious for to see how we often run across,
A fifty-dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar horse."

Second Phil.—Who's it on?

First Phil.—If you don't know you're about as slow as Kirkpatrick.

Second Phil.—Say, did you hear what a girl said to Arrington the other night?

First Phil.—No.

Second Phil.—It was at the Spinsters' German. You know some of those spinsters had some sense, and Bob, they say, got a little gay. But he went one too far, when he said to a crowd of the fairies, "Say, what do you think, Bill Thompson had the face to tell me I was ugly!" And one of the girls said, with deep pathos, "Yes, Mr. Arrington, and you had the face to prove it."

First Phil.—That's good. Have another coca-cola.

SCENE III.

Same Place. Same Philosophers.

TIME: *Night.*

(Dancing school just over.)

FIRST PHIL.—As I came by I heard a good thing.

SECOND PHIL.—What was it?

FIRST PHIL.—A couple sitting on the chapel steps, a girl's voice said, "How dare you, sir;" and the fellow answered, "Well, what you goin' to do about it."

SECOND PHIL.—Say, did you see Chob dancing to-night!

FIRST PHIL.—No. I heard him.

SECOND PHIL.—Poole looks disconsolate in the hall now. Why you can't even hear him sneeze since—

FIRST PHIL.—Yes, I see.

FIRST PHIL.—I wonder what has cast such a gloom over the whole dancing school?

SECOND PHIL.—Why, don't you know "Beef's" gone? (Sighs.)

(Strange sounds heard in the distance.)

FIRST PHIL.—What is that?

SECOND PHIL.—Choir practice, or Meds' babies, I don't know which.

(Couple, girl and fellow, enter and order coca-colas.)

STUDENT (who has just entered)—Please charge it, Doctor.

DOCTOR—No, sir. I don't do business that way. Your face is not good, sir. (Draws an old army pistol. Girl shrieks. Philosophers rush to the rescue and pay bill. Exeunt to frat. meeting.)



"SAY, Bill, what do you think? Miss Haley had the face to tell me I was ugly."
"Yes, Jimmie, and you had the face to prove it."

Repeated History



TOM and I were strangely matched chums. He was a theologue, one of the quiet, reserved kind; had been in Sewanee for six years, taken a degree and several medals, and was to graduate in Theology in August. I had always had the reputation of being rather wild, surprised everyone when I passed Moral Science, and altogether was a bugbear to the theological element. Tom tolerated me. I was always interested in him. It did me good to sit down in his quiet room and listen to his always serious, manly talk. He tired me at times, though, with his lectures. He was a Puritan of the original mold, and had much to say about wasting time on dances, moonlight walks, and women in general.

"What do you intend to make of yourself?" he would say. "Are you going to fop it through life, always a miserable, light-headed idiot?" He always spoke plainly. "I expect to see you end your days behind a ribbon-counter smiling at every silly woman you see."

He somehow had a contempt for women. I often chaffed him about being disappointed in love, when in my callous moods, but the poor fellow took it so seriously I couldn't for the heart of me keep it up long. He seemed to have a constitutional aversion to womankind. He was disgusted because I went to the Spinster show.

In May, Kate Hicks and May Allison came to Kendal. The day the girls came I went to Tom's room and found him reading Butler's Analogy.

"Tom, two friends of mine from home came up to-day, and I want you to be nice to them," I said as I dropped into a vacant chair.

"I am busy to-day," he said, "but I shall be glad to meet them. Are they going to enter the University?"

"No, they're only prospecting."

"I can't leave my room, Ed," he said; "I am busy on a paper for the magazine. Can't you bring them around for a few minutes this afternoon? I can spare a few minutes if they don't stay long, and as soon as I am less busy I can see something of them."

A devilish inspiration moved me. I assured him that I would see that they would not stay long, and left for Kendal. Ladies often went to St. Luke's, and I knew Mrs. Thomas would chaperon us. The girls were in for the frolic, and Mrs. Thomas wanted to see the fun. My conscience began to hurt me a little, but I was in the water, and the only thing left for me to do was to swim. At five o'clock prompt I was on hand. The girls were in a gay humor, and May Allison in her brightest mood. My heart sank, as we ascended the stairs, to think of poor Tom's discomfiture, but the girls would

not think of turning around. I went ahead and found Tom deep in a book, in his shirt-sleeves, his hair standing on end in true scholastic dishevelment. He was a handsome fellow, with a high forehead, clear blue eyes set beneath a thoughtful brow, and a mouth that betokened determination and character mingled with quick sympathy. The rustling of the dresses told me it was too late for any smoothing process. I hastily introduced "my friends." Mrs. Thomas he knew. I shall never forget his look, and the light of his cold blue eye that flashed upon me shall go with me to my grave. May saved the day; in the twinkling of an eye she was mistress of the situation. All things worked for her as for the heroine in the play. Tom was like a man under hypnotic influence.

"O how charming! I have always wanted to see a real student's room. How *can* you study so many great, musty books? Aren't Greek and Hebrew awfully hard? I studied Latin at Belmont, and I know I would die if I had to study Greek and other such things," burst from her in a torrent of words.

"O, Mr. Robson, please show me how to read this." She picked up a Hebrew Testament and shoved it into his automaton-like hands. Her brown eyes for a moment rested on his interesting face.

Kate called my attention to a picture of the Madonna hanging over the mantel-piece. May and Tom stood by the window. He was beginning to wake up. "O, you can't refuse," I heard her say. "We came to see you, and you must come to see us. You must promise. I'll feel hurt if you don't." I couldn't catch Tom's reply. Soon after, we left him bowing a listless "good evening," and the girls went home elated over the successful way they had "bearded the lion in his den," as May expressed it.

That night I went in fear and trembling to see Tom. "Well, how did you like my friends," I said, with forced nonchalance.

"Ed, what made you lie to me?" with his usual abruptness.

"I didn't lie to you."

"You led me to believe they were *men*, and brought two girls to my room."

"You invited them."

"I invited *men*. You know I hate women."

"You invited my friends, and no one could hate May Allison. Now, candidly, could you?" He did not reply to my question, savagely remarking, "And now I have got to go to see her."

"I don't think it necessary," I said. "I can explain that you are too busy to call."

"I promised, and never break a promise," he said, defiantly.

The next day Tom asked me to go to see the girls with him. "I want to get the thing over." The night was pleasant, and the pale moon looked down calmly from a sky of unmarred blue. May and Tom talked quietly, rather seriously, at the end of the porch, and the dormitory bugle had long since sounded taps when he bade her goodnight. I chaffed him, and he excused himself on the ground that he found her an interesting study in human nature. "No woman is deep enough to reward much study, however," he said. I met Tom the next day going to Kendal. My smile made him

explain in a grumbling way that Miss Allison made him promise to bring her a book. "A woman had better let George Meredith alone, and stick to the *Ladies' Home Journal* or Ella Wheeler Wilcox," he said.

Time went on, and Tom continued his visits, still grumbling about waste of time. But he supposed "some knowledge of the opposite sex would be useful to him in the ministry." Meanwhile I found myself seeing a great deal of Kate. She had never interested me at home, but somehow she seemed different up here. In fact, before I knew it I didn't think of doing anything without her. I took her to nearly all the dances, and everybody began to act as if no one but I had any right to her time. But we had a fuss one day because I was ten minutes late for a walk. She, woman-like determined on a quarrel when she thinks a fellow will make any concession rather than stand the chance of a "break-up", wouldn't listen to reason. With a dignity unknown to myself I remarked that I had done all I could do to apologize and retain self-respect, and left her. I knew she would be jealous of my attentions to May, so for several days I gave her a dead rush. She schemed to help me out, and I saw her often to talk about Kate. Tom was busy on an oration to deliver before the S. I. O. A., to meet in Virginia, so made less frequent visits to Kendal. When he came he always found me with May. He seemed a little annoyed, but when I asked him why, suggesting he was in love with May himself, he got mad and swore he would "never be fool enough to fall in love with any simple-minded girl in the world."

He left for Virginia without even telling May good-bye. A week passed and he returned victor. The mountain was wild, of course. I went around when things were quiet to talk over his trip with him. When a pause ensued, resting my hand on his shoulder, I said, "But Tom, while I congratulate you on *your* victory, you must congratulate me on *mine*. She has promised to be mine." His *lips* spoke congratulation. "May you be happy," he said. "Shall I go down to-night to wish her happiness?"

"Yes, do," I said. "She did not want me to tell anyone but you, but said she had such high regard for you she wanted you to know at once. We are to be married as soon as I finish here. I am going to be a man now, and take some of your lessons to heart."

Tom presented himself at Kendal that night. May appeared more beautiful than ever before. "O Mr. Robson, I thought you had forgotten old friends," she said. She led the way, and he followed mechanically, to the bench outside. The bench was still occupied when I told Kate goodnight at eleven o'clock.

I met Tom the next morning looking as I had never seen him look before.

"Ed, why didn't you tell me you were in love with *Kate?*" he said abruptly.

"Why, Tom, I thought you had sense enough to see it."

"I don't think I've got any sense. I played fool, congratulated May, told her what a fine man I thought you were, stultified myself giving you good qualities you never did possess and never will possess, only to be told that Kate would be glad to hear it."

"Then you proposed for yourself, and she accepted?"

"Yes," he said, as if still resenting the suggestion.

"But you swore you would never be fool enough to love any woman. I thought you were a man who would never turn fool about anything," to tantalize the poor fellow.

"Any man is a fool when a woman's in the question," he said, doggedly, and turned his face Kendalward.



A certain prophet having written fair
 The visions that his guide angelic gave,
Found that the wondrous angel shining there
 Lingered a while, and so at last made brave
To ask some purely private information
For his own use, and not for publication.

"Why is it," said he, "that when I would tell
 In mine own words thy message sermon wise,
Those folk who, when I read, will listen well
 To all thy words I wrote with weary eyes,
Heed my words not, nor will not hear nor reason—
Profitless prophet and not in season?"

Then smiled the angel. "Look thou how we teach.
 The greater truths the sooner folk forget—
Truth unadorned is quite beyond their reach;
 The wisest men are little children yet,
And foolish children, to retain the glory
Of any truth, must learn it in a story.

If you would teach, then tell men tales with wit."
 The prophet is, the lesson is not, dead.
Ox, horse, and camel heed the rope and bit,
 Even the ass is guided by the head—
But reason still, with men, has small avail,
The human race is guided by the tale.

Church College Scholarships

OUR readers are doubtless aware that in 1897 an association for promoting the interests of Church Schools and Colleges was founded by Sewanee's generous benefactor, the late Rev. Dr. C. F. Hoffman, of New York. One of the methods by which this association has endeavored to accomplish its ends has been the awarding of scholarships, based upon competitive examinations stood by students of the five Church Colleges, to-wit: Trinity, St. Stephens, Hobart, Kenyon, and Sewanee. In 1897 three such scholarships, of three hundred dollars each, were awarded, based upon a combined examination in Latin and Greek, English, Mathematics, and Physics. These three scholarships were all won by Sewanee men named, in order of standing: George Clifton Edwards, Winfield Pinson Woolf, James Fouché Matthews.

For 1898 a new system of awards was devised. Scholarships were divided into two categories, Senior and Junior of five hundred and three hundred dollars, respectively. Each category applied to each of the following three subjects, to wit: Latin and Greek; English; Mathematics and Physics. Thus it will be seen that the association proposed to distribute twenty-four hundred dollars in six scholarships. Of these scholarships Sewanee has won *three*, Kenyon *two*.

The successful Sewanee men are George Clifton Edwards (Senior Scholarship in English); James Fouché Matthews (Senior Scholarship in Latin and Greek); Homer Worthington Starr (Junior Scholarship in English).

It will thus be seen that Sewanee has held her own in this competition and has, indeed, increased her reputation for scholarships, especially of a literary kind. How admirable the scholarship of our successful contestants has been may be judged from the fact that the papers of Messrs. Edwards and Starr were given the maximum mark of 100 by the examiner, a member of the faculty of Yale. It is needless to enlarge here upon the reputation that such work must gain for Sewanee.

We felicitate both the University and our meritorious fellow students, and we venture to prophesy that Sewanee men in the coming years will endeavor to profit by the high example that has been set them.

My... Cigarette



Soft and slow the curling smoke-wreaths rise
From out thy crimson glowing heart, old friend,
Like the unwhispered wishes in her eyes,
Or silent prayers that from her heart ascend.

Now, at my breath, thy crimson heart doth burn,
Now, as I cease, it slowly fades away,
So was my love, and also in its turn
It left me, e'en as thee, but ashes grey.

Myself she never loved; it could not be:
We parted long ago. But even yet
Within thy curling smoke-rings do I see
Her fair, sweet face once more, my cigarette.



ATHLETICS

Kimbrough

Sewanee Athletic Association

Officers, 1897-98

M. G. Johnston	*President*
C. C. Pinckney	*Vice-President*
R. W. Hogue	*Secretary*
W. M. Green, Jr.	*Treasurer*

Executive Committee

Prof. B. L. Wiggins
Prof. W. P. Trent
Prof. C. W. Bain
J. E. Miles
M. G. Johnston
R. W. Hogue
W. M. Green, Jr.

Southern Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association

Officers, 1897-98

W. L. Dudley (Vanderbilt)	*President*
M. G. Johnston (Sewanee)	*Vice-President*
Chas. H. Herty (Georgia)	*Secretary and Treasurer*

Executive Committee

W. L. Dudley (Vanderbilt)
M. G. Johnston (Sewanee)
C. H. Herty (Georgia)
C. H. Ross (Auburn)
J. H. Dillard (Tulane)

Members

Vanderbilt
Sewanee
Southwestern Presbyterian University
Cumberland
University of Georgia
University of Alabama
Tulane
University of Nashville
Central University

*Kentucky State College
Alabama Agricultural and Mechanical College
Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College
Louisiana State University
University of Texas
Georgia School of Technology
Clemson College
Furman University
Mercer University
University of Tennessee

* Suspended for year 1898.



TRACK TEAM

1897

J. E. MILES *Manager*
T. BUCHANAN *Captain*

T. Buchanan
J. M. Selden
A. H. Davis
B. Johnson
R. Van Vredenburg
L. H. Colmore
J. A. Selden
C. B. Colmore
G. L. Tucker
J. A. Bull
S. B. Smith
L. G. H. Williams

Oscar Wilder

1898

W. B. THOMPSON, II. *Manager*
A. H. DAVIS *Captain*
J. E. MILES *Trainer*

A. H. Davis
J. M. Selden
F. A. Cundell
D. W. Nash
J. C. Avery
W. H. Poole
J. Martinez
W. B. Wilson
L. G. H. Williams
R. P. Black
H. M. T. Pearce
J. C. Waties

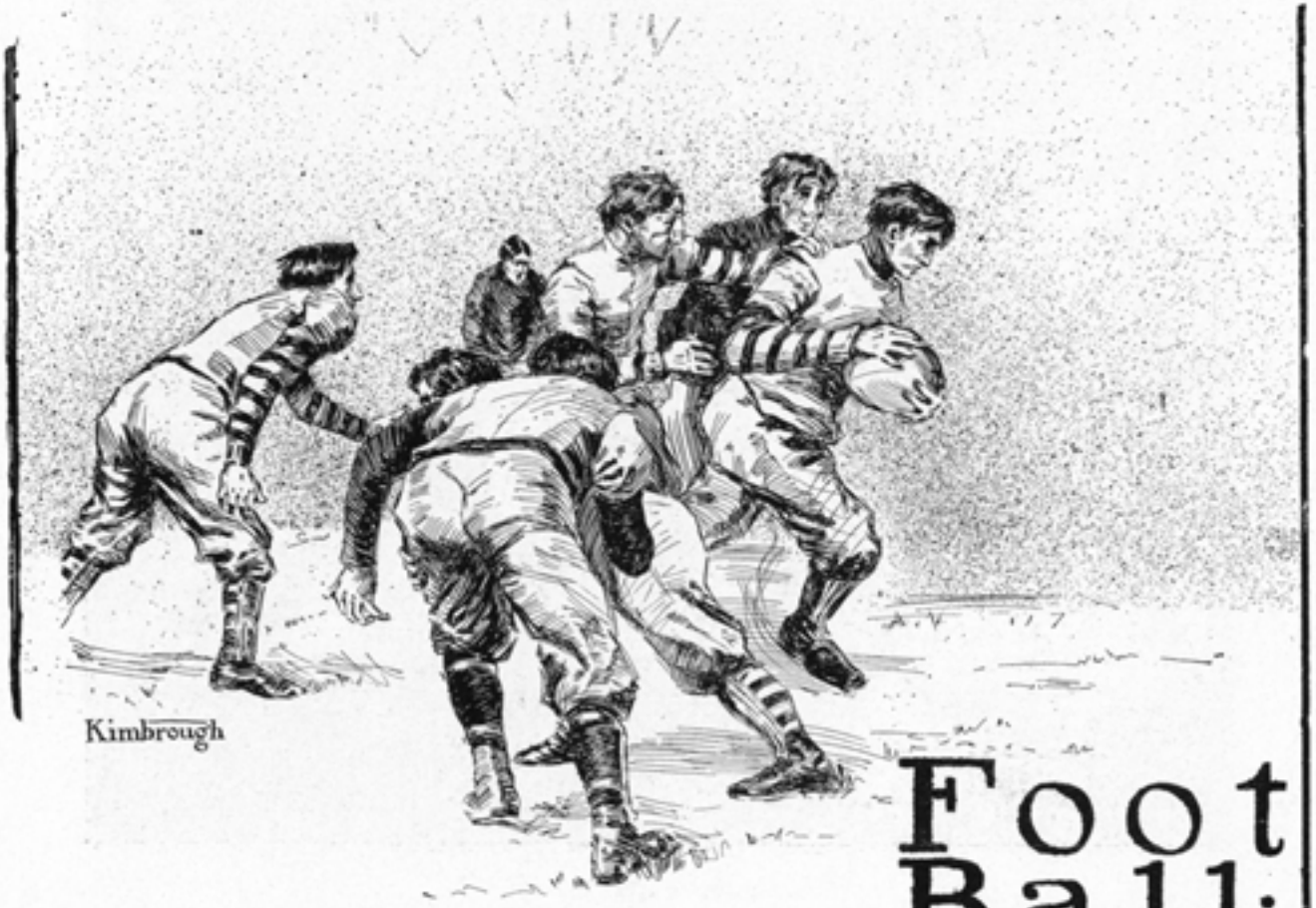


TRACK TEAM

MILES POOLE WILLIAMS NASH MARTINEZ THOMPSON
WATIES SELDEN DAVIS
CUNDELL AVERY WILSON BLACK PEARCE

Best Sewanee Records

Event	*Winner*	*Date*	*Record*
100 Yards Dash	J. A. Selden	1896	10⅕ seconds
220 Yards Dash	D. B. Stanton	1891	24 seconds
440 Yards Dash	F. A. Ruth	1894	52¾ seconds
880 Yards Run	F. W. Van Ness	1895	2 m. 10¾ s.
One Mile Run	J. M. Selden	1894	5 m. 5 s.
120 Yards Hurdle	T. Buchanan	1897	17¼ seconds
High Jump	T. Buchanan	1897	5 ft. 8 in.
Broad Jump	R. S. Rust, Jr.	1894	20 ft. 3 in.
Putting Shot	L. H. Colmore	1896	36 ft 2 in.
Throwing Hammer	P. L. Stacker	1895	106 ft 11½ in.
Pole Vault.	G. Goldthwaite C. Haskell	1893	10 feet



Foot Ball.



FOOTBALL TEAM

LAIRD MILES BRANCH WATSON POOLE BARNES GUTHRIE BRAKE HOGUE BROWN
WILSON SMITH CLAIBORNE FARRAR COLMORE BOLLING JAYNE
GRAY DAVIS WILDER KILPATRICK SEIBELS FRANKLIN
PARROTT NESBIT SIMKINS

Football

1896

G. L. Tucker	*Manager*
St. J. Courtenay	*Assistant Manager*
J. S. Tanner	*Captain*
J. E. Blair (Pennsylvania)	*Coach*

Eleven

E. H. Farrar, C.	L. H. Colmore, R. G.	D. T. Smith, R. T.	J. S. Tanner, R. E.
Oscar Wilder, Q. B.	H. S. Risley, L. G.	F. K. Lord, L. T.	S. B. Laird, L. E.
H. G. Siebels, R. H.	T. Buchanan, L. H.	A. H. Davis, F. B.	

Substitutes

C. Q. Gray, S. B. Smith, A. N. King, G. L. Tucker, Sam Walts

1897

R. W. Hogue	*Manager*
J. H. Brown	*Assistant Manager*
Oscar Wilder	*Captain*
J. G. Jayne (Princeton)	*Coach*

Eleven

E. H. Farrar, C.	W. S. Claiborne, R. G.	D. T. Smith, R. T.	T. S. Parrott, R. E.
Oscar Wilder, Q. B.	L. H. Colmore, L. G.	R. E. Bolling, L. T.	O. Simkins, L. E.
H. G. Seibels, R. H.	R. F. Kilpatrick, L. H.	A. H. Davis, F. B.	

Substitutes

C. Q. Gray, W. B. Guthrie, W. B. Wilson, W. H. Poole, Jno. Barnes, R. I. Branch

Football Records

1891

F. E. Shoup, *Manager* — A. R. Shepherd, Jr., *Captain*

Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt	Sewanee	0–22
Sewanee *vs.* Tennessee	Chattanooga	26– 0
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt	Nashville	4–26

1892

J. B. Wilder, *Manager* — A. R. Shepherd, Jr., *Captain*

Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, October 15	Sewanee	22– 4
Sewanee *vs.* Tennessee, October 21	Sewanee	54– 0
Sewanee *vs.* Virginia, October 29	Richmond	0–30
Sewanee *vs.* Washington and Lee, October 31	Lexington	22–16
Sewanee *vs.* Tennessee, November 2	Knoxville	10– 0
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, November 12	Nashville	28–14
Sewanee *vs.* L. A. C., November 24	Louisville	6– 6

1893

F. L. Coyle, *Manager* — A. R. Shepherd, Jr., *Captain*

Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, October 28	Sewanee	8–10
Sewanee *vs.* L. A. C., November 6	Louisville	10–12
Sewanee *vs.* Alabama, November 11	Birmingham	20– 0
Sewanee *vs.* B. A. C., November 13	Birmingham	32– 0
Sewanee *vs.* Auburn, November 18	Atlanta	16–14
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, November 30	Nashville	0–10

1894

W. B. Hall, *Manager* — A. G. Blacklock, *Captain*

Sewanee *vs.* North Carolina, October 27	Asheville	4–36
Sewanee *vs.* Georgia, October 29	Athens	12– 8
Sewanee *vs.* Nashville, November 10	Sewanee	30– 4
Sewanee *vs.* Alabama, November 15	Birmingham	4–24
Sewanee *vs.* Tulane, November 17	New Orleans	12– 6
Sewanee *vs.* L. A. C., November 19	New Orleans	10–18
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, November 29	Nashville	0–12

1895

R. F. McMillan, *Manager* — A. G. Blacklock, *Captain*

Sewanee *vs.* North Carolina, October 29	Sewanee	0– 0
Sewanee *vs.* Cumberland, November 2	Sewanee	16– 6
Sewanee *vs.* Nashville, November 9	Sewanee	16– 0
Sewanee *vs.* Georgia, November 18	Atlanta	0–22
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, November 26	Nashville	6–18

1896

G. L. Tucker, *Manager* — J. S. Tanner, *Captain*

Sewanee *vs.* Nashville, October 17	6– 0
Sewanee *vs.* Central, October 26	6– 4
Sewanee *vs.* Alabama, October 31	10– 6
Sewanee *vs.* Georgia, November 9	0–26
Sewanee *vs.* Auburn, November 16	6–38
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, November 26	4–10

1897

R. W. Hogue, *Manager* — Oscar Wilder, *Captain*

Sewanee *vs.* Nashvil'e, October 16	5– 6
Sewanee *vs.* Central, October 18	4– 0
Sewanee *vs.* Auburn, October 23	0– 0
Sewanee *vs.* North Carolina, November 5	6–12
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, November 25	0–10





BASEBALL, '97

HOGUE WILDER
WILLIAMS SEIBELS DAVIS YOUNG
SELDEN, J. A. GREEN SELDEN, J. M.
PARROTT RUEF BLACKLOCK TAYLOR EASLEY

Baseball, 1897

R. W. Hogue	*Manager*
W. M. Green	*Captain*
A. S. Twineham	*Coach*
T. S. Parrott	*Scorer*

Team

J. L. Ruef	*Catcher*	W. M. Green	*Second Base*
J. M. Selden	*Pitcher and Third Base*	I. T. Taylor	*Short Stop*
H. G. Seibels	*Third Base and Pitcher*	A. G. Blacklock	*Left Field*
R. W. Hogue, L. G. H. Williams	*First Base*	J. A. Selden	*Center Field*
		R. W. Easley	*Right Field*

Substitutes

T. S. Parrott — A. H. Davis — J. U. R. Young

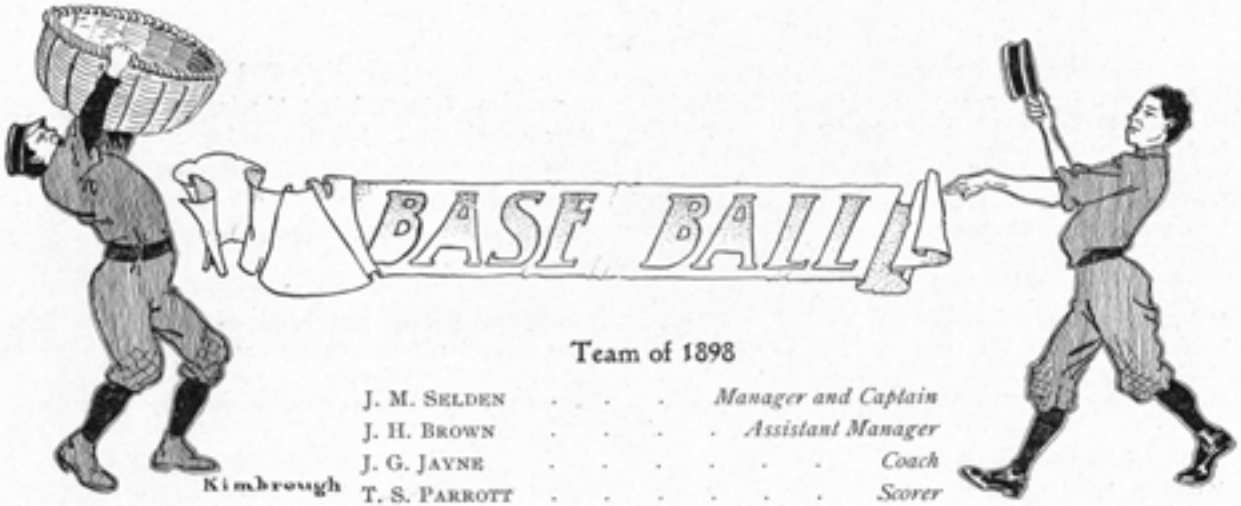
Games Played, 1897

April 19—Sewanee *vs.* University of Nashville	22— 2	May 22—Sewanee *vs.* University of Tennessee	3— 4
April 23—Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt	4— 2	May 27—Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt	3— 2
April 24—Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt	9— 2	May 28—Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt	12—16
May 1—Sewanee *vs.* Cumberland	10— 2	May 29—Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt	4—13
May 1—Sewanee *vs.* Cumberland	4— 0	June 11—Sewanee *vs.* Auburn	4— 1
May 6—Sewanee *vs.* University of Tennessee	8— 3	June 12—Sewanee *vs.* Auburn	4— 1
May 7—Sewanee *vs.* University of Tennessee	10— 7	June 19—Sewanee *vs.* Virginia	3— 6
May 8—Sewanee *vs.* University of Tennessee	26—15	June 21—Sewanee *vs.* Virginia	1— 4
May 21—Sewanee *vs.* University of Tennessee	1—10		



BASEBALL TEAM, '98

SMITH KILPATRICK BROWN SELDEN JAYNE DAVIS HOGUE
WILLIAMS TAYLOR SEIBELS DOUGHERTY SIMS
WATIES SIMKINS WALDEN PARROTT



Team of 1898

J. M. Selden *Manager and Captain*
J. H. Brown *Assistant Manager*
J. G. Jayne *Coach*
T. S. Parrott *Scorer*

TEAM

O. Simkins *Catcher*
H. T. Walden, A. H. Davis *Pitchers*
B. U. Sims *1st Base*
J. S. Dougherty *2d Base*
J. M. Selden *Short Stop*
H. G. Seibels *3d Base*
J. T. Taylor *Left Field*
J. C. Waties, B. B. Hogue *Center Field*
L. G. H. Williams *Right Field*

SUBSTITUTES

R. F. Kilpatrick D. T. Smith

Baseball Records

Inter-Collegiate Games

1892

E. A. QUINTARD, *Manager*

Sewanee *vs.* N. A. C., May 21, Nashville	2—12
Sewanee *vs.* N. A. C., June 6, Sewanee	4— 1
Sewanee *vs.* N. A. C., June 7, Sewanee	3— 6
Sewanee *vs.* Winchester, June 11, Sewanee	32— 0
Sewanee *vs.* Tennessee, June 13, Sewanee	14— 4
Sewanee *vs.* Tennessee, June 14, Sewanee	6— 5

W. D. CLEVELAND, *Captain*

Sewanee *vs.* Alabama, July 1, Birmingham	3— 6
Sewanee *vs.* N. A. C., July 2, Nashville	5—11
Sewanee *vs.* Monteagle, August 12, Sewanee	6— 6
Sewanee *vs.* N. A. C., August 21, Sewanee	6— 5
Sewanee *vs.* Union City, August 31, Sewanee	9— 6

1893

J. B. WILDER, *Manager*

Sewanee *vs.* Alabama, April 24, Sewanee	4— 8
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, April 28, Nashville	1— 0
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, April 29, Nashville	1— 3
Sewanee *vs.* Alabama, May 3, Birmingham	10— 0

W. G. BROWN, *Captain*

Sewanee *vs.* Alabama, May 4, Birmingham	5— 0
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, May 8, Sewanee	12— 8
Sewanee *vs.* Virginia, May 17, Lynchburg	5—13
Sewanee *vs.* Chattanooga Amateurs, May 19, Chattanooga	5— 2

1894

A. E. GREENE, *Manager*

Sewanee *vs.* Tennessee, April 17, Sewanee	5— 2
Sewanee *vs.* Cumberland, April 28, Sewanee	10— 0
Sewanee *vs.* N. A. C., May 5, Sewanee	4— 6
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, May 11, Nashville	7— 1
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, May 12	*9— 0
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, May 13	*9— 0
Sewanee *vs.* N. A. C., May 16, Sewanee	6— 7

H. T. SOAPER, *Captain*

Sewanee *vs.* N. A. C., June 7, Nashville	10—10
Sewanee *vs.* N. A. C., June 8, Nashville	7— 6
Sewanee *vs.* L. A. C., June 9, Louisville	4— 3
Sewanee *vs.* N. A. C., June 11, Nashville	5— 6
Sewanee *vs.* Deppens, June 14, Sewanee	7— 4
Sewanee *vs.* Alabama, June 19, Tuscaloosa	3— 4
Sewanee *vs.* Alabama, June 20, Tuscaloosa	7— 5

1895

A. H. WOODWARD, *Manager*

Sewanee *vs.* N. A. C., April 20, Sewanee	2— 4
Sewanee *vs.* Tullahoma, April 27, Sewanee	4— 0
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, May 4, Sewanee	8—12
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, May 10, Nashville	5— 6
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, May 11, Nashville	9— 6
Sewanee *vs.* Georgia, May 18, Atlanta	2—12

J. S. RAINE, JR., *Captain*

Sewanee *vs.* Georgia, May 20, Athens	15—22
Sewanee *vs.* N. A. C., May 25, Sewanee	5— 6
Sewanee *vs.* Tuscaloosa, June 18, Tuscaloosa	6— 5
Sewanee *vs.* Tuscaloosa, June 20, Tuscaloosa	5—12
Sewanee *vs.* Tuscaloosa, June 20, Birmingham	3— 7

* Both games by default to Sewanee.

1896

M. G. JOHNSTON, *Manager*

Sewanee *vs.* Tennessee, (10 innings) April 22, Sewanee	14— 6
Sewanee *vs.* Tennessee, April 23, Sewanee	17—10
Sewanee *vs.* Tullahoma, April 27, Tullahoma	4— 5
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, May 1, Sewanee	3— 4
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, May 2, Sewanee	13— 5
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, May 8, Nashville	5— 8

J. M. SELDEN, *Captain*

Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, May 9, Nashville	4— 8
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, (12 innings) May 23, Nashville	4— 5
Sewanee *vs.* Alabama, June 17, Tuscaloosa	8— 9
Sewanee *vs.* Alabama, (13 innings) June 18, Tuscaloosa	5— 4
Sewanee *vs.* B. A. C., June 19, Birmingham	4— 1
Sewanee *vs.* B. A. C., June 20, Birmingham	3—14

1897

R. W. HOGUE, *Manager*

Sewanee *vs.* U. of Nashville, April 19, Sewanee	22— 2
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, April 23, Sewanee	4— 2
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, April 24, Sewanee	9— 2
Sewanee *vs.* Cumberland, May 1, Sewanee	10— 2
Sewanee *vs.* Cumberland, May 1, Sewanee	4— 0
Sewanee *vs.* U. of Tennessee, May 6, Sewanee	8— 3
Sewanee *vs.* U. of Tennessee, May 7, Sewanee	10— 7
Sewanee *vs.* U. of Tennessee, May 8, Sewanee	26—15
Sewanee *vs.* U. of Tennessee, May 21, Knoxville	1—10

W. M. GREEN, JR., *Captain*

Sewanee *vs.* U. of Tennessee, May 22, Knoxville	3— 4
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, May 27, Nashville	3— 2
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, May 28, Nashville	12—16
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt, May 29, Nashville	4—13
Sewanee *vs.* Auburn, June 11, Montgomery	4— 1
Sewanee *vs.* Auburn, June 12, Montgomery	4— 1
Sewanee *vs.* Virginia, June 19, Sewanee	3— 6
Sewanee *vs.* Virginia, June 21, Sewanee	1— 4

1898

J. M. SELDEN, *Manager*

Sewanee *vs.* University of Nashville	8— 9
Sewanee *vs.* Tullahoma	26— 6
Sewanee *vs.* Georgia	6—15
Sewanee *vs.* Georgia	3— 5



J. M. SELDEN, *Captain*

Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt	5— 5
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt	1— 4
Sewanee *vs.* Vanderbilt	5—10

Hardee-Sewanee Championships

1869.	Hardees	1879.	Sewanees	1889.	Sewanees
1870.	Hardees	1880.	No games	1890.	Sewanees
1871.	Sewanees	1881.	Hardees	1891.	Hardees
1872.	Sewanees	1882.	No games	1892.	Hardees
1873.	Sewanees	1883.	Hardees	1893.	Hardees
1874.	Hardees	1884.	Sewanees	1894.	Sewanees
1875.	Sewanees	1885.	Hardees	1895.	Sewanees
1876.	Sewanees	1886.	Sewanees	1896.	Sewanees
1877.	Hardees	1887.	Hardees	1897.	Sewanees
1878.	No games	1888.	Hardees		

In the last four years there was no regular organization of the teams.

Sewanee and Vanderbilt

	Sewanee	Vanderbilt
1877	19	12
1878	16	10
1882	9	0
1885	7	3
1886	2	10
	11	3
1887	2	20
1889	8*	7
	1	8
1893	1	0
	1	3†
	12	8
1894	7	1
	9	0
	9	0
1895	8	12
	5	6
	9	6
1896	3	4
	13	5
	5	8
	4	8
	4†	5
1897	4	2
	9	2
	3	2
	12	16
	4	13
1898	5	5
	1	4
	5	10

* Ten innings
† Twelve innings

SOME COMPARISONS

Vanderbilt Won

Baseball	4
Football	6
Debate	2
Oratory	3

Sewanee Won

Baseball	7
Football	1
Debate	2
Oratory	8

Hall League, 1898

Teams Composing League

THE DEVILS, CHAMPIONS 1898 (Percentage, 1000)

J. Mc. W. FORD, Manager
T. S. PARROTT, Captain

H. C. CHAFEE, Pitcher
R. W. HOGUE, Third Base
J. C. THOMAS, First Base
W. L. GILLETT, Left Field
J. EDWARD MILES, Catcher
W. H. YEANDLE, Second Base
T. S. PARROTT, Short Stop
R. NESBIT, Center Field
A. T. BRANCH, Right Field
J. T. MANN, T. B. WILSON, J. B. SMITH, Substitutes

EAST SIDE ANGELS

R. S. JEMISON, Manager
C. S. PARTRIDGE, Captain

GRAMMAR SCHOOL

A. F. COOPER, Manager
C. T. CADE, Captain

SOUTH SIDE

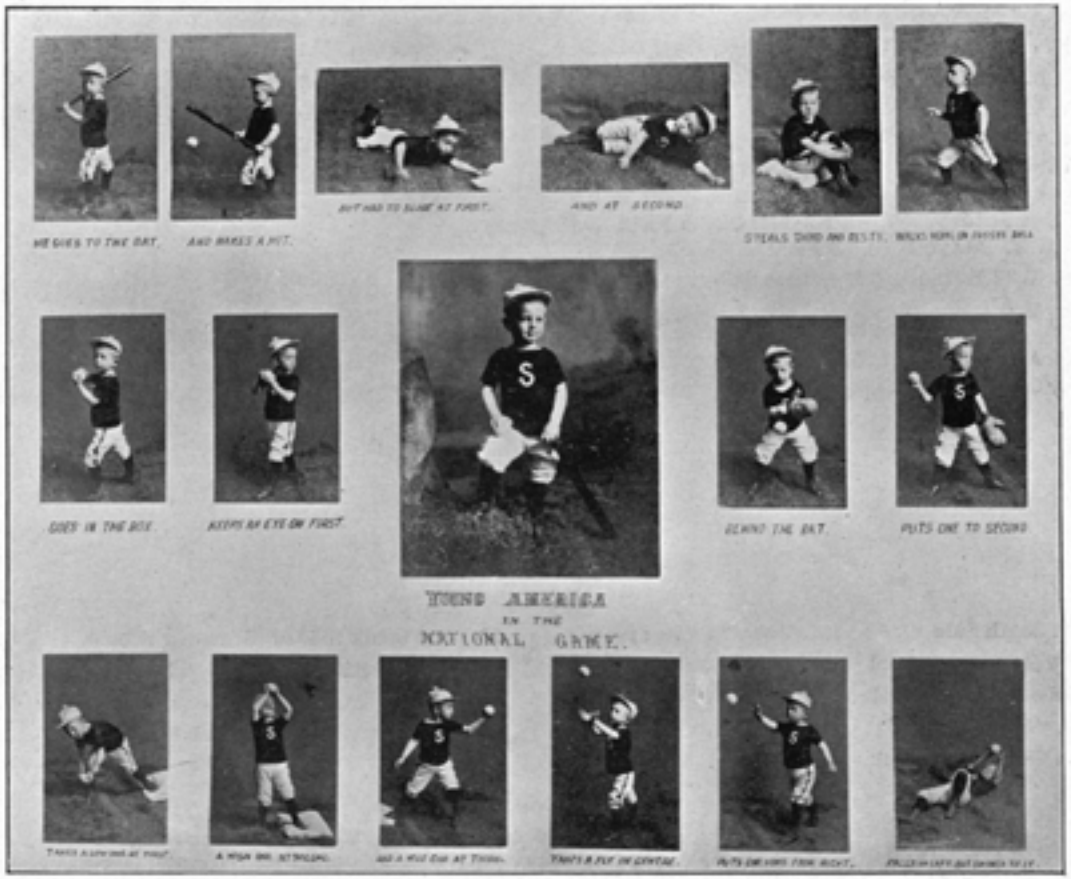
R. C. HALL, Manager
P. S. BROOKS, JR., Captain

SCORES

	"Devils" *vs.* South Side	14— 9	
May 13,	"Angels" *vs.* Grammar School	9— 8	
May 14,	Grammar School *vs.* South Side	17—10	
May 16,	"Devils" *vs.* "Angels"	13— 4	
May 19,	"Devils" *vs.* Grammar School	11— 4	
May 24,	South Side *vs.* Grammar School	15—10	
May 28,	"Devils" *vs.* South Side	15— 7	
June 11,	"Angels" *vs.* South Side (10 innings)	11—10	
June 16,	"Devils" *vs.* "Angels"	5— 3	

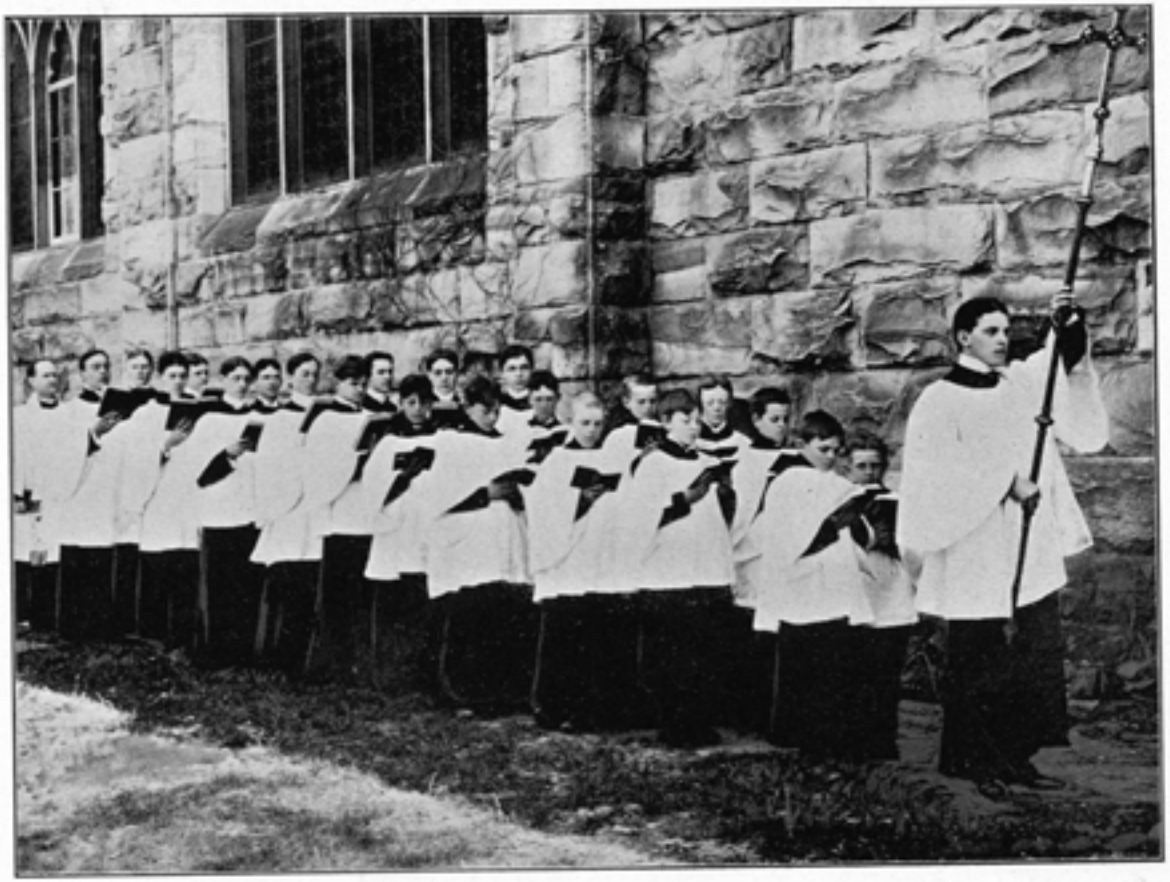
STANDING OF TEAMS

	Games Played	Won	Percentage
Devils	5	5	1,000
Angels	4	2	500
Grammar School	4	1	250
South Side	5	1	200


HE GOES TO THE BAT.
AND MAKES A HIT.
BUT HAS TO SLIDE AT FIRST.
AND AT SECOND.
STEALS THIRD AND RESTS.
GOES IN THE BOX.
KEEPS AN EYE ON FIRST.
BEHIND THE BAT.
PUTS ONE TO SECOND
YOUNG AMERICA
IN THE
NATIONAL GAME.

CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS.





COLLEGE CHOIR



College Choir

Rev. William A. Guerry, M.A., Preceptor

S. Moylan Bird, Organist and Choir Master

C. Quintard Gray, Crucifer

Trebles

Charles Bierry	Frank Black	Louis Brooks	Arthur Cotten
Baldwin Darrow	Charles Fields	Lewis Glass	Ephraim Kirby-Smith
Courtenay Lindsay	Arnold Reese	Daniel Safford	George Safford

Tenors

F. A. Cundell	G. de R. Hamilton	C. Q. Gray	H. M. T. Pearce
	H. W. Starr	W. H. Yeandle	

Basses

H. C. Chafee	R. P. Daniel	E. H. Farrar	C. Gray
	H. Masterson	R. G. de Ovies	



HUGER W. JERVEY, Director J. EDWARD MILES, Secretary C. Q. GRAY, Treasurer

First Tenors

F. A. Cundell L. W. Lidstone
C. Q. Gray Dr. G. B. Thomas

First Basses

Raimundo G. de Ovies S. C. Beckwith
R. P. Daniel A. H. Davis

Second Tenors

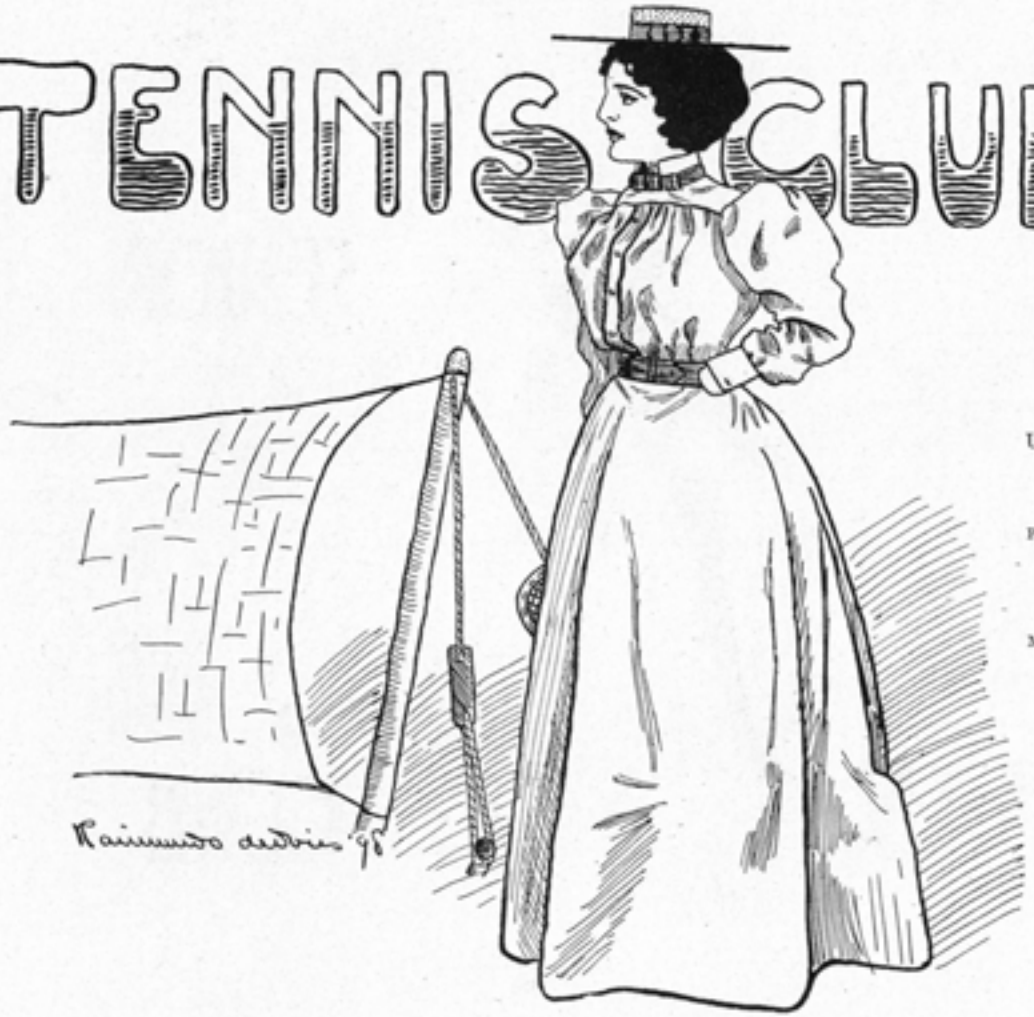
W. H. Yeandle J. E. Miles
J. G. de R. Hamilton

Second Basses

S. M. Bird E. H. Farrar, Jr.
Campbell Gray



TENNIS CLUB



UNIVERSITY TENNIS CLUB

PRESIDENT—

Reginald H. Starr

MEMBERS—

W. A. Guerry
B. L. Wiggins
W. B. Nauts
M. G. Johnston
W. D. Matthews
H. E. Spears

THE SENIOR GERMAN CLUB



Senior German Club

Officers

'96-97		'97-98
C. C. Pinckney	*President*	H. G. Seibels
Telfair Hodgson	*Vice-President*	Oscar Wilder
H. G. Seibels	*Secretary*	Telfair Hodgson
Wm. Henderson, Jr.	*Treasurer*	E. H. Farrar, Jr.

Members

Samuel Cary Beckwith
William Mercer Green, Jr.
Charles Cotesworth Pinckney
Robert Benedict
José Martin Selden
Telfair Hodgson
Thomas Pasteur Noë
Charles Blayney Colmore
William Beverly Westcott
David Alexander Shepherd
Robert Irvine Branch
Henry Goldthwaite Seibels
Huger Wilkinson Jervey
Albert Hurling Davis
Luke Lea
William Henry Yeandle, Jr.
Oscar Wilder
Chauncey Dewey
Edgar Howard Farrar, Jr.
Austin Thomas Branch
Matthew Watson
George Clifton Edwards
Homer Worthington Starr
Dana Tyrrell Smith
Stephen Moylan Bird
William Henry Poole
Taliaferro Milton
Richard West Franklin
Charles Quintard Gray
Charles Stevens Partridge
Edmund Noah Joyner, Jr.
William Bess Thompson
Robert Sorsby Jemison
Overton Lea, Jr.
Alfred Newell King
James Tift Mann
Lamar Worsham Lidstone
Lucien Memminger
Francis Harriman Richey
William Lowry Gillett
Phelan Beale
Bartlett et Ultimus Sims
Frederick Myers Scott, Jr.
James Fouché Matthews
Campbell Gray
Joseph Grégoire de Roulhac Hamilton

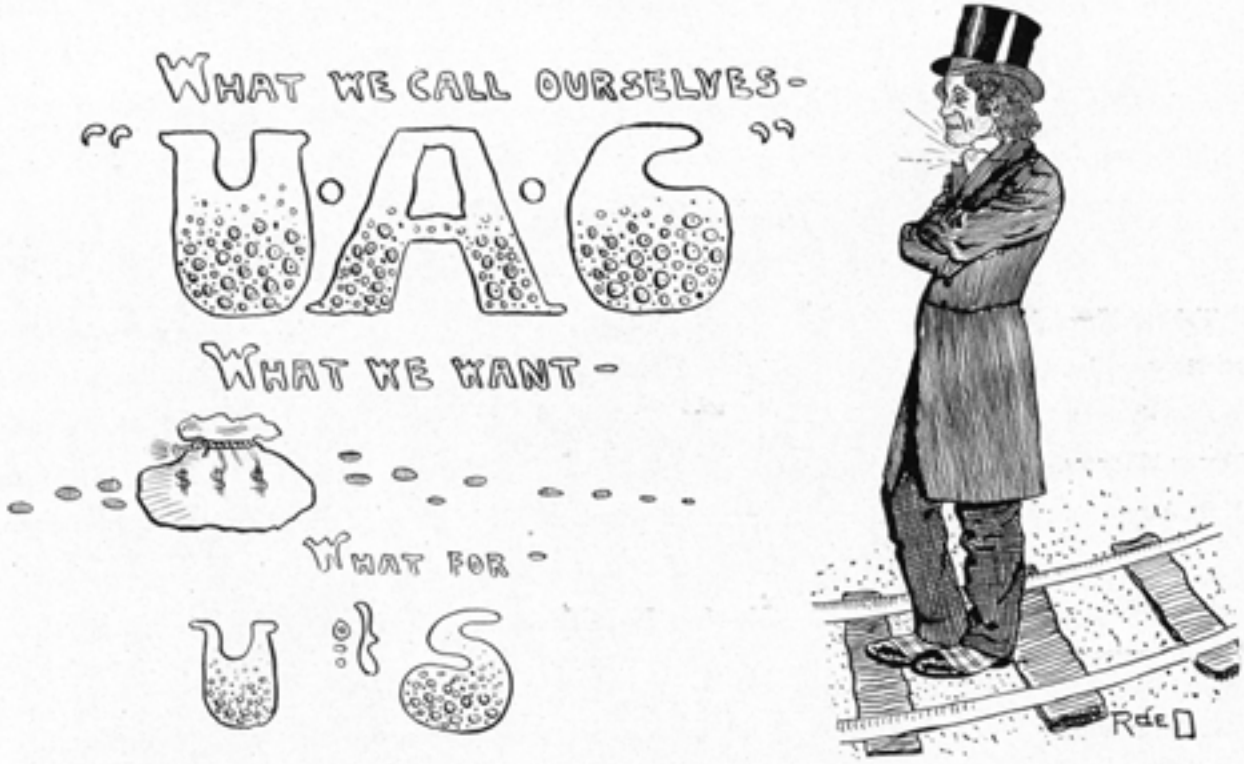

JUNIOR
GERMAN
CLUB
Kimbrough

Junior German Club

Trinity Term, '97	Officers	Lent Term, '98
R. Nesbit, Jr.	*President*	E. S. Laird
W. A. Buntin	*Vice-President*	J. McW. Ford
James Wilson, Jr.	*Secretary*	L. M. Williams
J. B. Adoue	*Treasurer*	B. Wade Kirkpatrick

Members Lent Term, '98

R. G. Arrington
J. C. Avery
B. W. Barnwell
R. P. Black
C. E. Buntin
H. C. Chafee
R. P. Daniel
A. T. Davidson
G. W. Gibbs
C. D. Johnston
R. F. Kilpatrick
J. Martinez, Jr.
R. Nesbit, Jr.
C. A. Robbe, Jr.
J. B. Smith
J. U. R. Young
J. C. Waties
T. C. Williams



R. W. HOGUE *President*
LUKE LEA *Secretary and Treasurer*

Executive Committee

J. E. MILES, *Chairman* C. C. PINCKNEY T. S. PARROTT

Members

RAIMUNDO de OVIES
H. W. JERVEY
G. H. HARRISON
CALHOUN WILSON
J. G. JAYNE
A. H. DAVIS



DIED

As the Result of Overmuch Celebration of Victory,

Hardee Park,

Saturday Night, June 5, 1896.

11 + 1

JOHN CAMPBELL AVERY, JR.

HENRY CAMPBELL CHAFEE

ROBERT CADE

GEORGE PENDLETON EGLESTON

CHARLES DE VANE JOHNSTON

JAMES TIFT MANN

JAMES SMITH DOUGHERTY

JOSEPH THOMAS

Alumni

MILTON BACON

CHARLES QUINTARD GRAY

JOSEPH G. DE ROULHAC HAMILTON

ROBERT WYNDHAM KEELY

Honorary

Albert Hueling Davis

Thomas Sargent Parrott

Alfred Newell King

Charles Quintard Gray

Duncan Cameron Green

Dana Tyrell Smith

Lucien Meminger

Active

Burgess Wade Kirkpatrick

Joseph Underwood Rutledge Young

Ormond Simkins

Douglas Nash

George Wildy Gibbs

John Collins Waties



Alumni

Oscar Wilder

Clarkson Galleher

Alexander Penn Wooldridge

Kennett Malcolm Douglas

Samuel Boden Laird

William Beverly Westcott

Matthew Watson

James Wilson, Jr.



FORD, J. McW.

KILPATRICK, R. F.

LAIRD, E. S.

NESBIT, R. B.

PARTRIDGE, C. S.

WILLIAMS, L. M.

WILSON, W. B.

WILSON, CALHOUN



GALLEHER HALL

Galleher Hall

YELL—Beelzebub, rah! Beelzebub, rah!
North Side Devils, rah! rah! rah!

COLOR—Crimson

Devils

BRANCH, AUSTIN THOMAS. . . .	Georgia	MILES, JAMES EDWARD . . .	Maryland
CHAFEE, HENRY CAMPBELL . . .	Georgia	NESBIT, RALPH, JR.	South Carolina
FARRAR, EDGAR HOWARD. . . .	Louisiana	PARROTT, THOMAS SARGENT . .	Georgia
FORD, JOHN MCWILLIAMS . . .	Louisiana	PINCKNEY, CHARLES COTESWORTH .	South Carolina
HOGUE, BRADLEY BROWN	Alabama	SMITH, JOSEPH	Louisiana
HOGUE, RICHARD WALLACE . . .	Alabama	THOMAS, JOSEPH	Georgia
KING, ALFRED NEWELL	Tennessee	WILSON, THOMAS BUFFINGTON . .	Louisiana
MANN, JAMES TIFT	Georgia		

Baseball Team

(Champions, 1898)

THOMAS SARGENT PARROTT, *Captain*

MILES, Catcher
CHAFEE, Pitcher
YEANDLE, Second Base
BRANCH, Right Field
NESBIT, Center Field

JOHN MCWILLIAMS FORD, *Manager*

PARROTT, Short Stop
THOMAS, First Base
HOGUE, R. W., Third Base
GILLETT, Left Field



Exclusive Occupants

B. W. KIRKPATRICK	Tennessee
LUKE LEA	Tennessee
OVERTON LEA	Tennessee
W. B. THOMPSON, II.	Texas



St. Luke's Hall

Society of Hymen

OBJECT—The amelioration of the sad lot of the daughters of Eve.



Officers

W. P. WITSELL *Exemplar Extraordinary*

"To make a fireside clime
For means and wife,
Is the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

L. G. H. WILLIAMS *Keeper of Love Potions*

"A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her."

S. C. BECKWITH *Dispenser of Tid-bits*

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, again."

Members

F. W. AMBLER

"Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, 'get you gone,' she doth not mean 'away.'"

F. H. HARDING

"If you love me as I love you,
No knife can cut our love in two."

F. H. CRAIGHILL

"Here I stand on two little chips,
Pray come kiss my sweet little lips."

C. W. BOYD

"The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns."

W. H. POOLE

"Except I be with Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon."

W. M. GREEN

"My Mary Ann's a teacher in a great big public school,
She gets a thousand dollars every year;
She teaches French and Latin, and a little German, too—
Such an education has my Mary Ann."

Secret Order of Jesuits

OBJECT—Perversion of Sewanee to Rome.

HAROLD THOMAS *Ranter in Chief*

AMBLER AND BERAN *Spielers in Ordinary*

F. H. CRAIGHILL *Casuist*

H. T. WALDIN *Confessor*

G. W. R. CADMAN *Foreign Missionary*

Del Sarte Club

C. GRAY *Genuflector in Chief*

WEED *Orientator Extraordinary*

SOUTHWELL *Chief Teller of the Rosary*

WINDATE *Swinger of the Censer*

de OVIES, BOBERG, AND BENEDICT *Acolytes*

Order of Deaconesses

MOTHER SUPERIOR SPEARS SISTER NOË SISTER HARDING

SISTER "BEATRICE" HARRADEN SISTER ANDERSON

Anti-Frat. Club

G. H. Harrison *Eminent Supreme Traitor*

Object—The extermination of the fraternity system at Sewanee.

☞Take the famous Georgia Phi's Anti-Frat. Pills before, after, and while eating.

Aiders and Abettors R. W. Hogue
H. J. Mikell
M. G. Johnston
J. H. Brown

Consulting Physician Dr. J. C. Waring

Ananias Club

Officers

H. W. Starr *Liar in Chief*
C. W. Boyd *Lieutenant Liar*
F. O. H. Boberg *Lier in Wait*

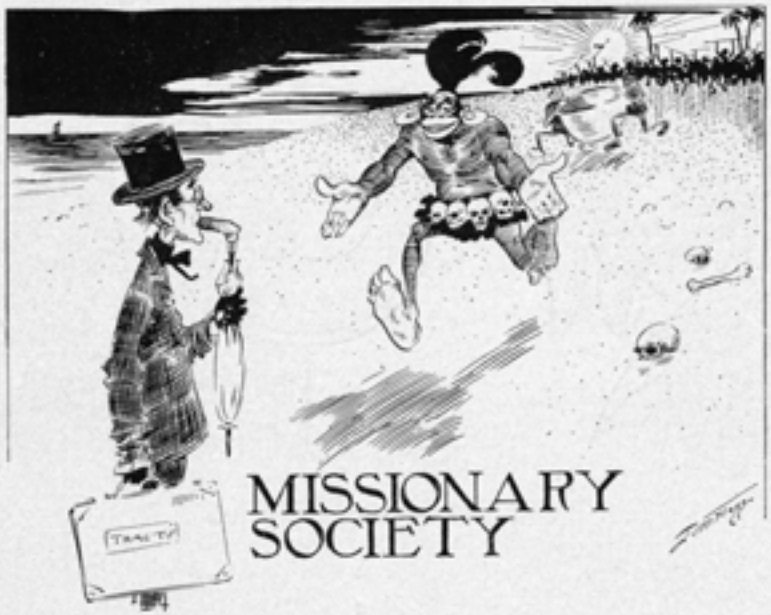
Members

Witsell, Silent Liar
Lonberg, Philosophical Liar
Harraden, Ritualistic Liar
Anderson, Cheerful Liar
Starr, Conscientious Liar
Boyd, Consistent Liar
Boberg, Energetic Liar
Matthews, Grand Past Master Liar

N. B.—It was owing to the strenuous exertions of Mr. Matthews that the Club was founded.

Honorary Members

Mr. Guerry
Dr. Du Bose



Officers

J. H. Brown	*President*
C. B. K. Weed	*Vice-President*
T. P. Noë	*Secretary*
Harold Thomas	*Treasurer*

St. Luke's Brotherhood

Officers

Dean Du Bose	*President*
F. W. Ambler	*Secretary*
J. H. Brown	*Treasurer*



The University Law Club

Officers

C. C. Pinckney, Virginia	*President*
T. S. Parrott, Georgia	*Vice-President*
D. T. Smith, Utah	*Secretary*
R. L. C. Barret, Virginia	*Treasurer*

Members

Oscar Wilder,	Kentucky	A. H. Davis	Kentucky
J. T. Mann	Georgia	L. W. Lidstone	Texas
John Gere Jayne	Pennsylvania	J. S. Dougherty	Georgia

Officers of Law Club Baseball Team

John Gere Jayne	*Captain*	T. S. Parrott	*Manager*

ALABAMA CLUB



YELL—Rah! Rah! Rah!
Alabama, Rah!

COLORS—White and Navy Blue.

Officers

R. W. HOGUE, Marion *President*
H. G. SEIBELS, Montgomery . . . *Secretary*
R. S. JEMISON, Birmingham . . . *Vice-President*
C. S. PARTRIDGE, Selma . . . *Treasurer*

Members

R. G. ARRINGTON, Montgomery
B. B. HOGUE, Marion
J. F. MATTHEWS, Anniston
PHELAN BEALE, Montgomery
R. F. KILPATRICK, Bridgeport
H. B. PARKER, Montgomery
GUY CAFFEY, Montgomery
E. S. LAIRD, Birmingham
H. T. WALDEN, New Decatur
HORACE STRINGFELLOW, Tuscaloosa
G. P. EGLESTON, Mobile

Honorary Members

W. B. HALL, M. A., M. D., Lowndesboro
W. H. MacKellar, M. A., Montgomery
G. B. THOMAS, M. D., Mobile

Daily Club Song: "Mamma's Little Alabama Coon."
Daily Diet: Buttermilk and cracklin bread.
Honored Public Characters: Rube Burrows (died on the field of battle), Rube Kolb (extinct on the political arena).
Favorite Sport: Scientific ballot-box stuffing and stump speaking.
Object: Promotion of putrified politics.
Motto: "The end justifies the means."



COLOR—Lilac
YELL—G-e-o-r-g-i-a,
Georgia Crackers,
—— you say!

Officers

T. S. PARROTT	*President*
J. M. SELDEN	*Vice-President*
R. I. BRANCH	*Secretary and Treasurer*

Members

J. S. DOUGHERTY
J. T. MANN
L. G. H. WILLIAMS
R. P. BLACK
W. H. YEANDLE, JR.
G. H. HARRISON
R. I. BRANCH
R. W. KEELY
A. T. DAVIDSON
B. S. DUNBAR
F. A. CUNDELL
A. T. BRANCH
F. M. SCOTT
C. A. ROBBE, JR.
T. S. PARROTT
F. W. AMBLER
J. M. SELDEN
W. P. WOOLF
H. C. CHAFEE



YELL—Rubby dub dub, rubby dub dub,
Louisiana State Club, rub, rub, rub.

COLORS—Maroon and Black ANNIVERSARY—September 18

Officers

E. H. FARRAR, JR., New Orleans *President*
W. B. THOMPSON, JR., New Orleans *Vice-President*
L. M. WILLIAMS, Patterson *Secretary*
J. McW. FORD, Shreveport *Treasurer*

Members

H. W. BENJAMIN, Atherton P. O.
J. B. ELAM, Mansfield
J. B. SMITH, Shreveport
R. L. THOMPSON, Boise
R. CADE, New Iberia
C. J. SLACK, Rosedale
R. D. SOUTHWELL, New Iberia
T. B. WILSON, Baton Rouge



South Carolina

YELL.—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Ree!
Old S. C.
Down with Tillman's
Dis-pen-sar-ee!
Whoop-la! Whoop-la!
Old S. C.!

MOTTO—"Bibere est vivere" (all blind tiger, too).

Officers

JAMES CASH WARING, M. D., Magister Conviviorum *President*
H. J. MIKELL, "the Cynic" *Vice-President*
HUGER WILKINSON JERVEY, the "Good Thing" *Treasurer*
EDMUND NOAH JOYNER, the Joyous *Secretary*

Just Members

C. W. BOYD, Captured in Oklahoma
C. McBEE, B.Litt., Man of the World
HAROLD THOMAS, "The Hand-Organ Voice of Sewanee"
WILLIAM POSTELL WITSELL, B.Litt., "And Winchester 20 Miles Away"
JOHN HENRY BROWN, Collector Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary
BENJAMIN MACKENZIE ANDERSON, *from Hobart*
ROBERT CLEVELAND, alias "Bob, the Bloody Bandit"
WM. BLACKBURN WILSON, JR., The Terror of Covites
HOWARD SANK RISLEY, High Private, Sewanee Rifles
LUCIEN MEMMINGER, The Garrulous
RALPH NESBIT, JR., The Goat

Honorary Members

DEAN DUBOSE
VICE-CHANCELLOR WIGGINS
DEAN RAMAGE
R. M. DUBOSE, TREASURER



YELL — Hullaballo! Wahoo!
Hullaballo! Wahee!
Hoorah! Hoorah!
Tennessee!

COLORS — Green and White ANNUAL BANQUET — June First FAVORITE DISH — Cornbread

FAVORITE DRINK — Tennessee Cascade Whiskey

Officers

LOVELY LEA, President of Club and Past Grand Keeper of Mystic Cascade

ALCOHOL NEVER KING, Vice-President of Club, Grand Keeper of Cascade, and Worthy Custodian of Spoons

O. VAINGLORIOUS LEA, Secretary of Club and Supreme Supplier of Granulated Sugar and Mint

HUNGRY HODGSON, Treasurer of Club and Puissant Partaker of Lemon Sauce

Members

BLOOMING BARNWELL, Dryad

BUNCHING BEEAN, St. Luke's

BEAUTIFUL BROOKS, Swigger of Apple Jack

BLATANT BUNTIN, Lecturer (Charter Member Anti-Card-Playing League)

CUNNING COLMORE, Fairy

DRINKING DUBOSE, Student

EARNEST EASTER, Candidate for Holy Orders

HOWLING HALL, Club Poet

LADY-KILLER KIRKPATRICK, Writer of Society Verse

MIGHTY McNEAL, Street Preacher

SHOUTING SHEPHERD, Exhorter

SMILING SMITH, Health Officer



Texas Club—A Roaring Farce

Presented April 1, 1898, in the Walsh Memorial Hall, for the third time for the benefit of CAP AND GOWN. Admission: Long-horns, two bits a head; Short-horns, free.

Dramatis Personae

The President (fond of Spinsters)	M. G. JOHNSTON
The Vice-President (a lightning lassoer)	R. W. FRANKLIN
The Treasurer (a disciple of the youthful Brann)	H. W. STARR
The Secretary (a lady-killer)	B. ET U. SIMS
A Youthful Brann	G. C. EDWARDS
An Itinerant Negotiator of Loans	"HOCKEY" HOUGHTON
A Dead Game	"TOO MUCH" JOHNSON
A Good Boy	W. N. EDWARDS
A Bad Boy	E. H. BLOUNT
A Butcher	"PAP" BOLLING
A Sweet Little Catcher	ORMOND SIMKINS
A Factotum	GIBBS
A Caterer (Ice cream and cakes a specialty)	"JACK" WATIES
A Pretty Pettifogger	LIDSTONE
An Organ Grinder	S. M. BIRD

Scene: IT NEVER WAS SEEN.



VIRGINIA

K.

COLORS—
Blue on White.

DRINK—
Mint Julep.

MOTTO—A club whose love of jollity
Extends to no frivolity,
The essence of whose polity
Is "not quantity, but quality."

OBJECT—To furnish "The mother of presidents"
All needed White House residents.

FLOWER—Mint.

YELL—Rah! Rah! Ree! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Vive la! Vive la, Virgin-i-ah!
Who are we? Who are we?
We are the stuff. Don't you see?

C. C. PINCKNEY, *President*
W. S. CLAIBORNE, *Vice-President*
R. L. C. BARRET, *Secretary and Treasurer*

F. F. V's

F. W. AMBLER R. L. C. BARRET S. C. BECKWITH, M. A. F. H. CRAIGHILL, B. A.
W. S. CLAIBORNE TALIAFERRO MILTON C. C. PINCKNEY

Honorary

His Excellency, Governor of the Commonwealth, J. HOGE TYLER
S. M. BARTON, PH. D. W. P. TRENT, M. A. C. W. BAIN, M. A. C. W. BAIN, JR.



Greek Medal

KENTUCKY

'78, Davis Sessums, Louisiana
'83, J. W. Percy, Mississippi
'84, W. A. Guerry, South Carolina
'85, G. R. Bellinger, South Carolina
'86, J. B. Jones, Alabama
'87, O. T. Porcher, South Carolina
'88, J. B. Elliott, Jr., Louisiana
'89, Quincy Ewing, Louisiana
'90, I. Ball, Jr., South Carolina
'91, W. H. MacKellar, South Carolina
'92, C. P. Cocke, Virginia
'93, F. L. Coyle, Louisiana
'94, Spruille Burford, New York
'95, H. L. Morehouse, Wisconsin
'97, G. L. Tucker, Alabama

Latin Medal

MASTER'S

'83, J. W. Percy, Mississippi
'84, E. S. Elliott, Georgia
'85, W. B. Hall, Jr., Alabama
'86, O. T. Porcher, South Carolina
'87, J. B. Jones, Alabama
'88, J. C. Morris, Kentucky
'89, J. B. Elliott, Jr., Louisiana
'90, E. H. Rowell, Maine
'91, W. Barnwell, South Carolina
'92, E. B. Nelson, Michigan
'93, E. D. Johnston, Alabama
'94, R. W. B. Elliott, Tennessee
'95, S. A. Wragg, Missouri
'96, T. P. Noë, North Carolina
97, W. D. Matthews, Florida

French Medal

HODGSON

'72, S. M. Malhiot, Louisiana

LOUISIANA

'78, W. N. Barton, Louisiana
'83, E. S. Elliott, Georgia

RUGGLES-WRIGHT

'84, T. J. De La Hunt, Indiana
'85, A. H. Dashiell, Texas
'86, F. H. Miller, Georgia
'87, B. F. Whitner, Jr., Florida
'88, _____
'89, D. H. Hamilton, N. Carolina
'90, E. H. Rowell, Maine
'91, _____
'92, E. P. Gaillard, South Carolina
'93, W. W. Jones, Louisiana
'94, _____
'95, H. L. Morehouse, Wisconsin
'97 D. A. Shepherd, Tennessee

German Medal

HODGSON

'76, H. H. Lummis, Texas

'86, G. L. Crockett, Texas

VAN HOOSE

'91, E. F. Howard, Mississippi
'92, E. D. Johnston, Alabama
'93, J. M. Northrop, Kentucky
'94, H. J. Mikell, South Carolina
'95, G. L. Tucker, Alabama
'96, T. P. Noë, North Carolina

English Medal

PRICE

'91, Hudson Stuck, Texas
'92, F. E. Shoup, Tennessee
'94, J. A. Chapin, Kentucky,
'96, W. D. Matthews, Florida
'97, H. W. Starr, Texas

DOUGLAS

'95, W. D. Matthews, Florida

English

PRIZE OF BOOKS

'95 (divided), H. J. Mikell, South Carolina; W. C. Robertson, Texas

Rhetoric Medal

MARKS

'90, Louis Tucker, Alabama

Spanish Medal

TEXAS

'85, R. T. Brownrigg, Mississippi
'86, P. F. Green, Mississippi
'88, L. H. Mattair, Florida
'92, F. L. Frost, South Carolina

Elocution

LYMAN

'77, S. W. King, South Carolina
'78, Ralph Steiner, Texas
'79, H. W. Blanc, Louisiana
'80, W. H. Moreland, South Carolina
'81, W. A. Guerry, South Carolina
'82, W. M. Miles, South Carolina
'83, N. B. Harris, Mississippi
'84, C. T. Wright, Tennessee
'85, W. B. Thompson, Texas
'86, J. G. Glass, South Carolina
'87, R. E. L. Craig, Kentucky
'88, Robert Gibson, Texas
'89, P. T. Gadsden, South Carolina
'90, W. D. Cleveland, Texas
'91, A. Boucher, Louisiana
'92, H. C. Semple, Kentucky
'93, A. S. Cleveland, Texas

KNIGHT

'94, S. S. Maclean, Georgia
'95, E. V. Stevenson, Texas
'96, J. S. Tanner, Louisiana
'97, H. Thomas, South Carolina

Oratory

LOUISIANA

'94, M. G. Johnston, Texas
'95, T. T. Walsh, South Carolina
'96, N. Joyner, Mississippi
'97, H. Thomas, South Carolina


GAGS
VOL. I
GAGS

An Apology

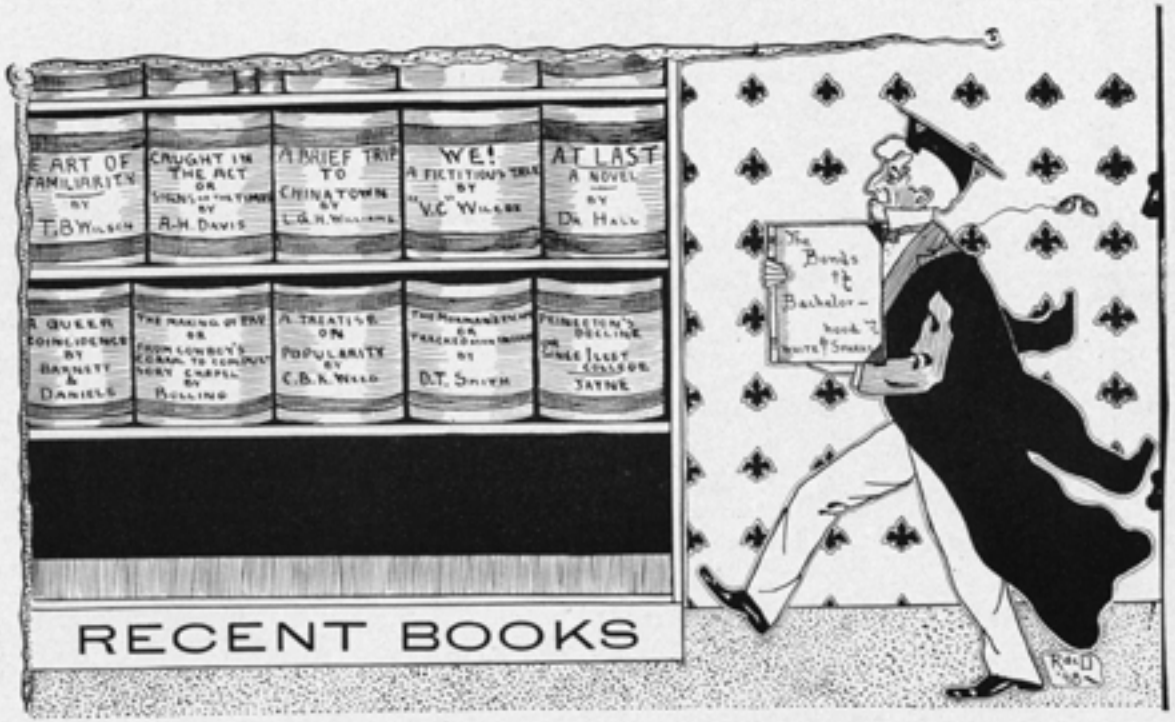
O kind butt of our would-be wit,
If we have ta'en thy name in vain,
Pray damn us not. We *are* a bane,
But funny (?) things have to be writ.

Therefore a scapegoat must be had,
And haply we have hit on thee,
But thou wilt all-forgiving be,
And, really, scapegoats are not bad.

Thou may'st be bashful, knock-kneed, proud,
Perhaps thou hast an up-turned nose,
Red hair, no brains, or pigeon toes,
Perhaps thy socks are somewhat loud.

Now, if we've struck a tender place,
In vulgar parlance, "don't get *sore*,"
Our genius had to find some door—
We beg thy pardon; grant us grace.




E ART OF
T.B Wilson
CAUGHT IN THE ACT
A-H. Davis
A BRIEF TRIP TO CHINATOWN
WE!
"V.C" Wilcox
AT LAST
A NOVEL
Dr. Hall
A QUEER COINCIDENCE
Barnett & Daniels
A TREATISE ON POPULARITY
C.B.K. Weld
D.T. Smith
PRINCETON'S DECLINE
Jayne
The Books of a Bachelor
RECENT BOOKS

Order of the Sacred Toe

MOTTO:

He who honours not his toe
Is a savage here below.

ARCH-ENEMIES: WOOING "PIGGY" WITSELL, WISE DEFENDER MATTHEWS

Officers

MOBILE GULF JOHNSTON	*President*
CONVERSANT GRAY	*Vice-President*
HARROWING THOMAS	*Secretary*
RELIGIOUS DUDE SOUTHWELL	*Treasurer*

Constitution

OBJECT:

It is the object of this Order to banish the crime of toe-pulling from the Western Hemisphere.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS

It shall be the duty of the President to deliver annually a public lecture on the evils of toe-pulling.
It shall be the duty of the Vice-President to *illustrate* the effects of this pernicious practice.
It shall be the duty of the Secretary to disseminate the tenets of this order by megaphonical asseveration.
It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to pay all drafts upon his sympathy presented by the toe-pulled.

INFORMATION

Statistics, pamphlets, and printed lectures are gladly furnished by the President upon application.
Each member upon initiation shall subscribe to and recite the following *resolution:*

When blinded passion stoops to folly
And finds that *men* it can not sway,
What charm can soothe our melancholy,
What act can drive our guilt away?

The only act our guilt to cover,
To hide our shame from ev'ry eye,
We pledge ourselves to quickly smother,
And in a wooden box—to lie.

The first annual meeting of O. S. T. was held May 30, 1897, at which time the President delivered his annual address. The following excerpt (from his speech) eloquently portrays the *raison d'etre* of this Order:

"The future of the universe depends upon us. Whether destruction, disgrace, and black chaos shall reign we are to-day to decide. At the dastardly deed the stars were shaken, and the moon stood still; the earth heaved, the heavens belched forth lightning, empires trembled, and —— I was angry.

Can you not see the rope, the trembling victim, the hostile fingers, the vicarious toe! A dumb, helpless victim offered at the altar of anti-deluvian sport.

The greatest living authority on toe-pulling, Mr. William Bryce, has declared that this relic of barbarism is fast disappearing from our continent. The spirit that prompted the deed was born amid the stygian orgies of the aborigines of America, and we invite every one that can subscribe to the Resolution of this Order to join in with us."

The Only Cloud in the Sky

'Twas Easter-day, and not a cloud in the sky. A fairer morn never ushered in a spring-day in Sewanee; when a fairy sprite that could scarcely tell earth from heaven heard the following dialogue between our Chaplain and Registrar:

Mr. Guerry—What a beautiful Easter! Could anything be lovelier?

Mr. Wilcox—Yes, that's true, but (solemnly) Anderson is sick.



Prize Definitions of a Synagogue

1. From the Greek συναξ, meaning sin, and γωξ, meaning young goose, hence its full meaning—an assemblage of sinful goslings.

2. From the Latin *synagus*—sociable, and *gogus*—grimace—place of sociable grimaces, *e. g.*, Punch and Judy show.

3. From the Latin *sinax*—cynic and *gox*, green—a place of green cynics.

4. Of Greek derivation, signifying the public resort of uncharitable churls.

5. Of French derivation, meaning a time set apart for the expression of facial torment.

6. From an old Anglo-Saxon root, meaning a resting place for earthly saints, especially those who have lost their hair and their manners.

7. A mythological term denoting a barbaric custom in vogue among certain self-constituted, self-righteous, and immaculate rulers of pretentious prehistoric tribes, lately revived in certain unorthodox universities.

A Tribute

There once was a heathen Chinee,
Whose name it was Greenee Wearee,
Why they gave this queer name
To a man of such fame
There be some few that can not yet see.

He started a weekly laundree,
Did this honest, long-beaked Chinee,
With great signs on the fence,
And a basket immense,
His trade he commenced with great glee.

But woe to our guileless Wearee,
He credited no one, did he,
So he could not afford
For one cent to be owed,
And the trouble began here, you see.

From the wrath of this cheerless Chinee
A creditless student did flee;
His wheelbarrow he lost,
Received a chas. horse,†
And remains as our own dear Wearee.

Beckwith and the other "mashers" have declared themselves in favor of *armed* intervention during the summer months. The campaign has begun.

So long as Mr. White remains a persistent bachelor, the question will still be pertinent, "Has not the summer girl a professor instead of a pupil in her eye?"

Mr. King (who has feet)—"Miss ——, can I dance this waltz with you?"
Miss —— (who has toes)—"You might try, Mr. King."

Thompson (trying to translate the French for "I have a cold in my head"): "I—I—feel, ah, funny in m-my head."
Dr. Wells—"Yes, Mr. Thompson, yes. Will you read on, Mr. Blount?

† A popular affliction to the muscles in the leg due to over exertion, and extremely prevalent among ball players.

When the Quadrangle is Completed

Will professors cease from marrying,
And pay tribute then to lore?
Will our football debt be cancelled?
Will our track team ever score?

Then will Trent's dogs still be Calhouns?
Dr. Wells write football rules?
Barton entertain as freely?
Guerry teach the science of pools?

Will the Hoffman Dormitory
Draw to us ten thousand more?
And the praise of English Club book
Loud resound from shore to shore?

Will the synagogue be sinless?
And the mountain cleared of toughs?
Then will Beckwith still be smiling?
Walden eating still cream puffs?

Then will Skeats return a captain?
Caleb have a different name?
"Lady" Jane still pose as handsome?
Will we win Thanksgiving game?

Will Kilpatrick learn what life is?
Branch make efforts to revive?
Wilson cease from woeful warbling?
Easter prove that he's alive?

Will the "Devils" hold the pennant?
Theobald be tall as Spears?
Then will Keeley take his own cure?
Wolff grow wiser with the years?

Will Martinez lead the germans?
"Pots'" shadow fade away?
Bantam Robbe be an ensign?
Southwell learn that he can't play?

Then will Bolling set the fashions?
Will Virginia then claim Chob?
Edwards rise to points of order?
Will Beef Colmore have his job?

Will the Spinsters be forgotten?
Richey return to the bowry?
Hodgson lead the elocution
Class of gay Professor Lowry?

Will old Blackie be forgotten
And the records we once made?
Will our glory on the gridiron,
Diamond and the forum fade?

Will the stream of golden sheckles
Then into our treasury flow?
The professors draw full salary?
When the quad is built—we'll know.

Representing Five Puzzling Students

GUESS THEIR NAMES!











Applied Quotations

"Tremlett Hall, sixty days after."

Some are wise, and some are otherwise —The Law School.

"In thy face I see the map of Jerusalem."—Pinckney.

"All *Gaul* is divided into three parts."—Mud-cat, little Edwards, and Woolf.

"Beauty vanishes, virtue lasts."—Southwell.

Alas! "The slippery nature of tender youths."—Beale.

"Deign on the world to train thine eyes,
And pause a while from letters to be wise."
—J. F. Matthews.

"Learned he was in medicinal lore."—Scott.

"What is the end of fame? 'Tis but to fill a certain portion of uncertain paper."—Hogue.

"One may smile and smile and be a villain."—Gibbs.

"Cogito (?) ergo sum."—Kirkpatrick.

"I have neither wit nor words, I only speak right on."—L. G. H. Williams.

"I don't believe I myself know this."—Dr. Wells.

"Joyous, jolly, jesting joker."—Parrott.

"Noblesse oblige."—W. B. Nauts.

"Monarch of all I survey."—V. C.

"A collect for the day." —J. H. Brown, Treasurer.

"Flippant, pert, and full of *play*."—Jervey.

"All is vanity, saith the preacher."—Harold Thomas.

"The long and short of it."—Ford and Spears.

"Fashioned so tenderly, so young and so fair."—Miss Camille Gray.

"I would not live always."—A. T. Branch.

"And the soft down was stealing gently o'er his fair *cheek*."—D. A. Shepherd.

"And simple truth his utmost skill."—Luke Lea.

"Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave—none but the brave!
None but the brave deserve the fair!"
—Davis and Thompson.

"The listening crowd admire the lofty sound."—Risley and Boyd.

"He was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom and faith."—Mr. Guerry.

"All that I am, all that I have, all that I hope to be, I'd give for beauty."—Woolf.

"Within that magic circle none durst move but he."—Prof. White.

"L'Université, "c'est moi."—B. L. Wiggins, V. C.

"The remnant northward, lying off from Trent."—St. Luke's.

"But in the way of bargain, mark you me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair." —Richey.

"This infant warrior."—"Bunny" Pearce.

"Company, villianous company, hath been the spoil of me."—W. B. Wilson.

"I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little, diced not above seven times a week."—Daniel.

"Thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell, and what should poor Jack do in the days of villiany?"—"Jack" Waites.

"Not stepping o'er bounds of modesty."—Hodgson.

"Oh, reform it altogether."—Edwards.

"See what grace was seated on his brow."—Arrington.

"There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance."—Miles and Pinckney.

"Your name is great."—Weed.

"My sentence is for open war."—Milton.

"They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet quaff immortality and joy."—Chelidon.

"None but himself can be his parallel."—Franklin.

"A little bunch of beedles, bishops, here and there a chancellor in embryo."—Every student knows.

"And melancholy marked him for her own."—Jayne.

"Be not simply good, but be good for something."—Harraden.

"Pleasure soon exhausts us and itself also."– Kirkpatrick.

"Be noble! and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping, but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own."—Dr. DuBose.

"I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further."—W—t—s.

"Sweats to death and lards the lean earth as he walks along."—Farrar.

"By the Lord, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid . . . a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation . . . an excellent plot."—Davis, King, Laird *et al.*

"And all the courses of my life do show I am not in the roll of common man."—Franklin.

"The signs have marked me extraordinary."—Parker.

"At my birth the framed huge foundation of the earth shak'd like a coward."—T. B. Wilson.

"A very ancient and fish-like smell."—Sam Bierry.

"Is rounded with sleep."—Chob Farrar.

"The humor of it."—English Club Book.

"The rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril."—Behind St. Luke's.

"I hold you as a thing enskyed and sainted."—Dougherty.

"Oh, 'tis excellent to have a giant's strength."—Miles.

"When I said I would die a bachelor I did not think I would live till I were married."—W. B. Hall.

"For there was never yet philosopher that could endure toothache patiently."—Hogue.

"Speaking too much is a sign of vanity."—Matthews.

"I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove. I will roar you an't were any nightingale."—Beckwith.

"A lion among ladies is a dreadful thing."—Richey.

"So we grew together like to a double cherry."—Mikell and Partridge.

"Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake."—Calhoun Wilson.

"Masters, spread yourselves."—E. Q. B.

"If the cabinet of the body is so curiously wrought, what is the jewel?"—Laird.

"Nature has written a letter of credit on some men's faces which is honored wherever it is presented."—Houghton.

"Be not ashamed of thy virtues."—Memminger.

"Give because you love to give."—Manager Baseball Team.

"A single profane expression betrays a man's low breeding."

"The time is never lost that is devoted to work."—Thompson.

"How poor are they that love not patience!"—Luke Lea.

"He who makes haste makes waste."—Kilpatrick.

"Whatever you dislike in another person take care to correct in yourself by the gentle reproof."—Matthews, W. D.

"There is nothing so minute or inconsiderable that I would not rather know it than not."—Woolf.

"Folly is soon learned."—Mann.

"No man is always wise."—Yeandle

"A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross."—Mr. White.

"Carve your name on hearts and not on marble."—Parker.

"The plain rule is to do nothing in the dark."—Sam Black.

"After long experience of the world, I affirm before God I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy."—"Uncle Bob."

"Choose such pleasures as recreate mind and cost little."—Theobald."

"Love is master of all arts."—Thompson.

"A man without religion is like a horse without a bridle."—Harraden.

"A pearl is often hidden in an ugly shell."—Bolling.

"Better is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city."—H. Thomas.

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."—Our Bishop.

"Behold thy friend, and of thyself the pattern see."—Partridge and Mikell.

"Better to be despised for too anxious apprehension than ruined by too confident a security."—Prof. Trent.

"An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest."—Mann.

"Cleverness is a sort of a genius for instrumentality."—Wilcox.

"This king of smiles."—Beckwith.

"If a Scot would save his soul he shall not."—Scott.

"These prisoners you shall keep."—Proc. Bird.

"My nephew's trespass may be well forgot. It hath the excuse of youth and heart of blood "—Uncle Care Theobald.

"Do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple —John Beean.

Charge of the Student Brigade

[WITH APOLOGIES TO THE SHADE OF TENNYSON]

I.

Down the street, down the street,
 Past the Walsh onward,
All in Sewanee's dust
 Marched the one hundred.
"Forward, my faithful kids!"
General Polly Parrott bids;
Down through Sewanee's dust
 Marched the one hundred.

II.

"Forward, my faithful kids,
Wave in the air your lids,
Off let your bonnets sail;
Brick, wag your enthused tail."
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to yell or die,
 And on through Sewanee's dust
 Marched the one hundred.

III.

Mercer to right of them,
Caleb to left of them,
Sam Black in front of them,
 Cursed them and thundered;
Shouting the "Rah, Rah" yell,
Boldly they marched, and well
Into the jaws of Trent,
Into see Wiggs, pell-mell
 Rushed the one hundred.



IV.

Then burst the speeches forth,
(Dean Trent was rather wroth),
Burr Ramage made a joke,
E'en Dr. Barton spoke,
 —Then we all wondered!—
Wiggs promised his consent,
Night with sweet songs is rent,
Junior and Gownsman
To the Supply Store went,
Drank to the patriot Wiggs,
 Thirsty one hundred.

V.

When will their glory fade?
Oh, the smooth bluff they made,
 Spaniards confounded!
True patriotic lads
Did proud their warlike dads—
Honor the bluff they made,
The Holiday brigade,
 Foxy one hundred.

The Ghosts of Thompson Hall

The night was densely dark, and raindrops fell
From dark, black clouds that slowly floated by;
The wind was moaning sadly in the trees,
And sudden lightning flashed along the sky,
And from the ivy-covered tower an owl
Complained in solitude.

Deep silence reigned along the lonely street,
And as I wandered home past Thompson Hall
The raindrops ceased to fall; the wind was still,
But darkness cast its gloomy, solemn pall
Around that silent building, where the dead
At midnight hour appear.

Low rumblings rolled across the murky sky,
And then a flash of lightning cleft the clouds,
When to my startled vision came the sight
Of shadowy figures wrapped in sable shrouds,
Beck'ning with long and slowly waving arms
From out the lonely hall.

They are the spirits of the dead returned
To earth, to dwell until the dawning gray;
They come to see the carving richly done
By eager Meds upon their lifeless clay;
And some in silence criticise the work
With weird and ghostly signs.

Again the jagged lightning rent the sky,
And from the windows waved the silent dead.
I saw one airy figure point to me
And then descend the stair with noiseless tread—
I could not screw my courage to the point
That sticks—and so I fled.

A Sewanee Ghost

An apparition, strange and white,
Was moving up the street one night,
It floated high in air!
It closer, *closer*, CLOSER drew,
Weird thoughts of ghosts and goblins, too,
Raised up my rigid hair.

I pinched myself—was this a dream?
I cleared my throat for one loud scream—
(For ghosts run when you "holler").
The monster was but five yards off,
I heard a strangely human cough—
'Twas only Fluke Flea's collar.

To a Smoker

The king sits on an amber throne,
Tobacco is his name;
And willing subjects throng around,
Drawn thither by his fame.

Each with a pipe or cigarette,
Or a perfumed cigar,
They serve their mystic sovereign,
And praise his birthday star.

So add thy incense to the cloud
That daily mounts the skies,
And seek your pleasure while you may,
Until the enchanter dies.

Why They Came to Sewanee

This is a very small attempt to solve a problem queer—
We often hear the question asked, "Why did that man come here?"
For why he gravitated here is not at first quite clear;
But, on a little thought, the truth will very soon appear.

"Poll" Parrott came to spring big words,
And Windiate to flirt.
Tel. Hodgson came to steal fair hearts,
And then to do them dirt.

It's evident why Pinckney came
(We're close to Louisville).
Our intellectual atmosphere
Is what brought hither Kil.

When Andy heard here dogs there did be,
He lit out with hot feet;
And Phelan Beale just had to come
Because he is so sweet.

And Edwards surely must have come
To rise to points of order;
And Farrar sought this bracing clime
From physical disorder.

Daniel ("Potts") escaped from jail,
For going to school beats hanging:
And "Hugger" slid in on a fluke
To bore us with his banging.

Wilcox, P., is way up here
Because there's no fence law;
And Sammy Barton climbed the hill
When he foresaw a war.

Now "Finger" Branch is with us here
To charm with that sweet smile;
And Benny Wells to doff his hat
In Chesterfieldian style.

But "Hocky" hits Sewanee's pikes
To show us how "the boys"
Catch cocktails, take a Turkish bath,
And lose their equipoise.

But they've come to stay,
And they won't go away,
Whatever the pretext, the cause,
Till each has his degree,
Or has roused the V. C.
By transgressing his Spartan-like laws.



My Ink Well

Thou hast been a tried companion
While I've dwelt mid college walls,
Aiding every good intention,
Passing 'xams both spring and falls.

Here's the secret of success, sir,
Paper, paper evermore,
Waste the ink and burn the taper,
Pin thy faith to bulky lore.

From the boisterous step of Junior
To the scholar's classic gait,
Thou hast cooled the ire of proctor
By a tale of "sick" and "late."

And my muse's steps hast guided
To declare a deep, sublime,
Wild, all-mast'ring passion blended
With unending love divine.

And when morning's cool reflection
Showed my acts in sober light,
Thou could change thy dark complexion,
And another note indite.

Many a mark thy kind endeavor
Won for me in days gone by,
When our compact ne'er did sever
Till my pen had drained thee dry.

When the glance of summer maiden
In her eyes her loved confessed,
Thou hast writ a missive laden
For that flut'ring, throbbing breast.

Thee and I, at last, must part, Well,
Chant a dirge for days no more,
In my heart it sinks a death knell,
As I close the college door.

Our modest Chaplain built a pool,
Where we might revel and be cool;
The osiers 'round about grew dank,
The waters rose, and then they sank
In Guerry's tank.

The sides by nightly dews are wet,
The pool itself is dry as yet;
And if you wish that be frank,
The whole affair is very rank—
Our Chaplain's tank.





A snapshot of Prof. Miles!

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
And o'er asymptotes and cycloids mathematic I did pore,
While my think-tank fast was leaking, suddenly there came a shrieking
As of lions, tigers howling, howling just outside the door—
Poole was sneezing, as he can sneeze, as no one e'er sneezed before—
Only this, and nothing more.

Must truth be told?
I dare be bold.
Dr. Piggot
Is no bigot,
But—lov'd of old—
Of manlike mold—
A big (ing) ot
Of purest gold.
Now truth's been told.



His partner cried out on the tennis court:
"What's in the way, why don't you play, and give the ball a lob?"
From over the net comes back the retort:
"You fool to ask why don't I play: what's in the way? Why, Chob."

Though vested interests storm and shriek and rage,
And accusation pelts him thick and fast,
Stedfast to purpose, without change, he dare,
And victory crowned his efforts at the last.

With sighs and groans and genuflexions deep,
With vigils long, when baser mortals sleep,
And kneeling pennance kept on stairways steep,
His wayward soul he tames.

—*Harraden.*

H—— and the Dancing School

Within his loyal heart there burned a flame
Of patriotic fire, intense and strong;
A zeal that put all craven souls to shame,
An ardor that should bring him deathless fame;
A soul that bloody tyrants well might tame,
And crush a mighty wrong.

—*Johnston, in re Cuba.*




ADVERTISEMENTS
CAP and GOWN
CONCERT !!!
TONIGHT
IT PAYS!

Bank of Winchester...

J. M. Donaldson, President
T. A. Embrey, Vice-President
F. A. Pattie, Cashier

Capital, $50,000.00
Surplus, $10,000.00

Winchester, Tennessee

State Depository

University Depository



We respectfully solicit your patronage, promising prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to our care.

A general banking business transacted.

SPENCER JUDD

..Portrait and Landscape Photographer..

SEWANEE, TENN.

The Universal Surprise Store



Is what they call it—perhaps because it is so surprising and unusual to find such a variety of merchandise under one roof in so small a town. We don't keep everything. We have no cigarettes or intoxicating drinks, and we don't keep postage stamps. We can't supply patience, thoughtfulness or Christian charity, but we will gladly do our best to supply your wants in anything else. But bear in mind we may fail.

Unless you are sure your Credit is good, better bring the cash along with you

The University Supply Store

...The Confederate Veteran...

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE



PRICE $1 PER YEAR

CIRCULATION 20,000

ESTABLISHED 1893

Official Organ of the United Confederate Veterans, The United Daughters of the Confederacy, and Sons of Confederate Veterans, and it is patronized by history students in nearly every Northern State. No better testimony is desired than the letter of the late Bishop Quintard, who wrote:

SEWANEE, TENN.
March 7, 1894.

DEAR MR. CUNNINGHAM:

The Confederate Veteran comes to me full of good things, and I wish to thank you for your faithful work in giving to the Confederate Soldiers such an admirable and accurate record of the days that "tried men's souls." The typography, the illustrations, and the whole "get up" leave nothing to be desired. The editorials and letters of correspondents are full of interest to one who took part in the struggle to preserve the constitutional rights of the States.

I am yours with all good wishes.

Headquarters for 'Varsity Teams of '98 in Nashville

The Duncan

L. C. GARRABRANT
Manager

Rates $3 to $5 per day

Nashville, Tenn.

All Styles,
Kinds and Prices

Patent Leather, Tan
Russia, Black, Tennis

Fine Shoes

Maxwell House Shoe Store

Just received a
complete and beautiful line of
Summer and Fall Goods

Nashville, Tennessee

ALEX. WARNER

Phone
1059

Stall No. 17
Market House

Nashville, Tennessee

Mail Orders promptly filled
Purchases carefully packed and shipped by first express



Dealer in
All Kinds of

Fresh Meats

Lamb, Veal
and Beef

Jos. H. Fisher...

Sewanee, Tenn.



The people of Sewanee would save money by inquiring prices of this house before purchasing

Tinware
Stoves
House Furnishing Goods
Hardware
Queensware
Glassware
Lamps
Chimneys
Bath Tubs
Base Ball Goods
Etc., Etc.

The Best
Groceries
The Most
Complete Stock
The Most
Reasonable Prices

Mail Orders
receive careful
and prompt
attention

Crone, Jackson & Company

Importing Grocers

Cor. Market St.
and Square

Nashville, Tenn.

MRS. C. A. BIRN

Dealer in

Choice Cut Flowers

Fresh Cut Flowers Received Daily

Decorations of Floral Designs of any description, made to order on short notice, and reasonable prices guaranteed. Always on hand, a full line of metal wreaths, anchors, crosses, pillows, etc.

606 Church St.

Nashville, Tennessee



James Pott & Co.



Publishers...

Booksellers
Stationers

CHURCH MISSION HOUSE

We can supply you with any book at lowest prices. Write for catalogue for the various departments.

Fourth and Twenty-Second St.
New York City

We have in stock and can supply at lowest prices Theological, Miscellaneous and Standard Works

Books

Send for Quotations. Books not in stock can be had promptly. Full assortment of beautiful stationery. Card Engraving of the Finest Workmanship.

R. W. CROTHERS

246 Fourth Avenue — New York, N. Y.

Fairmount....

A Church School for Girls at Monteagle, in Cumberland Mountains, near Sewanee.

Trinity Term August 2, '98
Lent Term March 23, '99

FACULTY AND OFFICERS

Rev. W. P. DuBose, S. T. D., Chaplain
Rev. Wm. H. DuBose, M. A., Principal
Miss DuBose, Associate Principal
Mrs. H. E. Gilbert, Music and French
Miss Gertrude Freeman, Art
Miss Peronneau, Matron

Miss Julia Rogers, Elocution and Physical Culture
Mrs. M. A. Yerger, Literature
Miss May DuBose, Latin and Mathematics
Miss Jeannette Vickers, German

The advantages of FAIRMOUNT are similar to those offered by Sewanee. Winter vacation with school year extending through the spring, summer and autumn. An out-door life, free from the dangers of close, heated school rooms. Beautiful grounds, with gardens, orchard, vineyard, dairy, and ample play grounds. A high grade of scholarship, and unusual advantages in Music, Art and Elocution. The benefits of a home life, resulting in a healthy physical and spiritual, as well as intellectual, development. FAIRMOUNT is thus an ideal school for the daughters of patrons and friends of Sewanee. For catalogue or special information address



References:
The Bishop of Tennessee
The Vice-Chancellor of
The University of the South

WM. H. DuBOSE
Principal

Monteagle, Tennessee

D. Loveman & Co.

Nashville, Tennessee

Offer to the readers of the CAP and GOWN, through their Mail Order Department, all the trading facilities of a personal visit to one of the best equipped Dry Goods Stores in the South.

Established 1892



Black and Colored Dress Goods
Silks, Tailor, Linen and Pique Suits and Skirts
Corsets, Kid Gloves, Millinery, etc.



MAIL ORDERS—Drop us a line—our entire store service is at your command. Samples cheerfully sent and orders promptly filled, and remember, your money back if you want it, no matter what the cause. Shows confidence, does it not?

B. H. Stief Jewelry Co...

STATIONERY—The finest grades, "correct" style, engraved wedding cards
OPTICAL—Free examination of eyes by our skilled optician
KODAK—We carry a full line of the celebrated Eastman Kodaks and Supplies

Long Distance Telephone No. 304

Diamonds, Watches and Fine Jewelry

Diamond Setters, and Manufacturers of Gold Medals, Society and Class Badges and Pins. Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired, and all work warranted. Mail orders solicited and promptly filled

208-210 Union Street
Nashville, Tennessee

Stief Jewelry Company
Jas. B. Carr, Manager

The University of the South

SEWANEE, TENNESSEE

In the Cumberland Mountains, on an elevated plateau, two thousand feet above the sea level, on the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, about equidistant from Nashville and Chattanooga.

Full courses are offered in the following departments



Theological, Medical
Law, Arts and Sciences
Engineering

The Sewanee Grammar School prepares boys for any college or university

The Trinity Term, 1898
Begins August 4, and ends December 22, 1898

The Lent Term, 1899
Begins March 16, 1899, and ends August 2, 1899

The long vacation is from December to March, thus allowing Southern students to be at home in the most healthful season of the year



Sewanee is a noted health resort, free from all malarial influences, and from danger of epidemics. The climate is cool and bracing throughout the academic year.

The best of everything in the Drug Line

The most complete line of Mineral Waters in the ...South

Open All Night

DeMoville & Co.

....Agents for Willow Brook, the finest of Kidney Waters; when carbonated, one of the most delightful of table waters. The purest and most complete line of Wines and Liquors for family and medicinal purposes. Write for our Mineral Water and Wine Catalogue, also List of Our Preparations

Opp. Maxwell House ..Nashville, Tenn.

Shoes Of Every Description Umbrellas

Telephone No. 67

John Branham

..Shoes..

Special Attention given to Mail Orders

235 N. Summer St. ..Nashville, Tenn.

Fine Tailoring Moderate Prices

Davitt the Tailor

All Garments made by first-class tailors and guaranteed for one year

230 N. Cherry St. ...Nashville, Tenn.

Paints, Oils, Glass Sash, Doors, Blinds

Artists' Materials

..Warren Bros..

Manufacturers of Railroad.. Ready Mixed Paints, Putty, Colors in Oil, Etc.

Cor. College & Church Sts. Nashville, Tenn.

J. H. Freese



The University Tailor

Carries the very latest fabrics in woolens..

Evening Dress Suits

made in the very latest style. Finish and workmanship equal to the best.

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH

Sewanee, Tennessee

Mansfield Hoskins

Board Stables and..

..Livery...

Carriages, Buggies and Traps of all kinds. Baggage Hauled at Reasonable Prices.

Sewanee, Tennessee

In spite of our recent fire we are still doing business at the

..Old Stand..

and are able to offer to customers, old and new alike, prompt and polite attention. Give us a trial.

Fall's Business College

Alexander Fall, President

Bookkeeping, Telegraphy, Penmanship

Shorthand, Typewriting

Call or write for terms

And all English Branches
Thoroughly Taught

Tuition within the reach of all
Good positions for all
when qualified
Complete course
Homelike conveniences
Splendid apartments
Always clean
Good board and moderate rates
Perfect satisfaction given
Call or write for terms

Cumberland
Presbyterian Building
Nashville, Tenn.

Bradford Nichol...

Bradford Nichol, Sr.
Bradford Nichol, Jr.

Dealer in first-class

Furniture

All goods well packed and delivered at depot. Mail Orders carefully filled. Orders respectfully solicited and would refer to his patrons of more than 33 years.



PICTURES
MATTRESSES
Etc. Etc.

J. F. McGowan



Fine Tailoring

506 Church St.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Walton & Osborn...

"Nashville's Hatters"

Dunlap's Celebrated
Miller's Unexcelled
Stetson's



HATS

E. & W. Collars and Cuffs
Peysers 10c Collars
Rain Coats
Night Shirts
Gloves, Etc., Etc.

224
N. Cherry St.
Nashville, Tennessee

Fine Silk and Opera Hats

Dr. Jæger's
Sanitary
Woolen
Underwear

Franklin House

W. M. Boucher, Proprietor

Best Railway Eating House in the South ☙ Headquarters for all teams to and from Sewanee



...Cowan, Tenn.

Novels-Stories

A Child of the Covenant
By Virginia Carter Castleman.
A story which originally appeared in The Living Church, and on account of its warm commendation, is now published in a handsome volume. $1.00 net.

The Three Vocations
By Caroline Frances Little.
Miss Little has made the experiment to reproduce on American soil what in England, in the writings of Charlotte M. Yonge and others, has so excellently succeeded—a Church Novel. 75c. net.

The Royal Way
Via Crucis, Via Lucis
By Isabel G. Eaton.
It illustrates the power and attractiveness of a self denying spirit, and also that through the way of suffering God opens to those who accept it a way of light and happiness. 60 cents net.

Biscuits and Dried Beef—A Panacea
A Story. By L. H. M. 40 cts. net.
"A pathetic and amusing story of the hardships to which some of our clergy are subjected by the inconsiderateness or worse, of those who undertake to see that they who serve at the Altar shall live at the Altar."—*Church Standard.*

"This book is a simple narrative of what many of the clergy have to experience. It is well written, and goes directly to the point aimed at—Church Vestries. We heartily commend it. The book work is fine."—*Diocese of Albany.*

PUBLISHED BY
The Young Churchman Co.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Monteagle Hotel

Monteagle
Tennessee

Six Miles from Sewanee

This well-known hotel has been thoroughly renovated and offers unsurpassed attractions for those seeking rest and quiet enjoyment. Dancing Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

Rates...
Day, $2.00
Week, $7 to $12
Special Rates to Families

Service and Cuisine first-class. The hotel building is spacious and commodious, and has a capacity for three hundred guests.



For further Information Address

R. M. PAYNE
Proprietor

Brandon Printing Co.

Nashville, Tenn.

Engraved Wedding Invitations and
Announcements
Reception and Visiting Cards
Monograms, Coat of Arms
Address Dies, Etc.



What do you think of this book
It is a sample of our printing
A word to the wise is sufficient

Pullman Palace SLEEPING CARS

BETWEEN

NASHVILLE AND JACKSONVILLE, Via Chattanooga, Atlanta, Macon, and Tifton.

ST. LOUIS AND AUGUSTA, Via Nashville, Chattanooga, and Atlanta.

EVANSVILLE AND CHATTANOOGA, Via Nashville.

LOUISVILLE AND CHATTANOOGA, Via Nashville.

NASHVILLE AND MEMPHIS.

NASHVILLE, Via Chattanooga and Asheville to Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York.

N C AND ST L RY

PALACE DAY COACHES ON ALL TRAINS.



W. L. DANLEY, G. P. & T. A.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Columbia Institute..

...School for Girls...

Send for Catalogue

Sixty-Third Year

Mrs. Esther Habersham Elliott Shoup
Principal

Mr. Francis Elliott Shoup
Director of Academic Work

Rt. Rev. Thos. F. Gailor, S. T. D.
Rev. J. R. Winchester, D. D.
Visitors

BEST ADVANTAGES IN ENGLISH, MODERN LANGUAGES, MUSIC AND ALL BRANCHES OF ART



Girls taken through the summer

Address Principal
Columbia, Tennessee

UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH
1100747761